

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

NOVEMBER, 1916

LIVING IN HISTORY

BY AGNES REPPLIER

WHEN Mr. Bagehot spoke his luminous word about 'a fatigued way of looking at great subjects,' he gave us the key to a mental attitude which perhaps is not the modern thing it seems. There were, no doubt, Greeks and Romans in plenty to whom the 'glory' and the 'grandeur' of Greece and Rome were less exhilarating than they were to Edgar Poe — Greeks and Romans who were spiritually palsied by the great emotions which presumably accompany great events. They may have been philosophers, or humanitarians, or academists. They may have been conscientious objectors, or conscienceless shirkers, or perhaps plain men and women with a natural gift for indecision, a natural taste for compromise and awaiting developments. In the absence of newspapers and pamphlets, these peaceful pagans were compelled to express their sense of fatigue to their neighbors at the games or in the market-place; and their neighbors — if well chosen — sighed with them over the intensity of life, the formidable happenings of history.

To-day the turmoil of the world has accentuated every human type — heroic, base, keen, and evasive. The strain of two terrible years has been borne with unflinching hardihood, and sympathy has kept pace with suffering.

But the once clear outlines are growing strangely blurred. We forget that, if history in the making is a fluid thing, it swiftly crystallizes. Men, 'living between two eternities, and warring against oblivion,' make their indelible record on its pages; and other men receive these pages as their best inheritance, their avenue to understanding, their key to life.

Therefore it is unwise to jibe at history because we do not chance to know it. It pleases us to jibe at anything we do not know, but the process is not enlightening. The *English Nation* commented approvingly last June upon the words of an English novelist who strove to make clear that the only things which count for any of us, individually or collectively, are the unrecorded minutiae of our lives. 'History,' said this purveyor of fiction, 'is concerned with the rather absurd and theatrical doings of a few people, which, after all, have never altered the fact that we do all of us live on from day to day, and only want to be let alone.'

'These words,' says the *Nation* heavily, 'have a singular truth and force at the present time. The people of Europe want to go on living, not to be destroyed. To live is to pursue the activities proper to one's nature, to be unhindered and unthwarted in their

exercise. It is not too much to say that the life of Europe is something which has persisted in spite of the history of Europe. There is nothing happy or fruitful anywhere but witnesses to the triumph of life over history.'

Presuming that we are able to disentangle life from history, to sever the inseverable, is this a true statement, or merely the expression of mental and spiritual fatigue? Were the great historic episodes invariably fruitless, and had they no bearing upon the lives of ordinary men and women? The battles of Marathon and Thermopylæ, the signing of the Magna Charta, the Triple Alliance, the Declaration of Independence, the birth of the National Assembly, the first Reform Bill, the recognition in Turin of the United Kingdom of Italy — these things may have been theatrical, inasmuch as they were certainly dramatic, but absurd is not a wise word to apply to them. Neither is it possible to believe that the life of Europe went on *in spite* of these historic incidents, triumphing over them as over so many obstacles to activity.

When the *Nation* contrasts the beneficent companies of strolling players who 'represented and interpreted the world of life, the one thing which matters and remains,' with the companies of soldiers who merely destroyed life at its roots, we cannot but feel that this editorial point of view has its limitations. The strolling players of Elizabeth's day afforded many a merry hour; but Elizabeth's soldiers and sailors did their part in making possible this mirth. The strolling players who came to the old Southwark Theatre in Philadelphia interpreted 'the world of life,' as they understood it; but the soldiers who froze at Valley Forge offered a different interpretation, and one which had considerably more stamina. The magnifying of

small things, the belittling of great ones, indicate an exhaustion of spirit which would be more pardonable if it were less self-assertive. 'A great country in the hour of her conflict,' said Lockhart, 'should not hear the voice of despondency from her children.'

Many smart things have been written to discredit history. Mr. Arnold called it 'the vast Mississippi of falsehood,' which was easily said, and has been said a number of times in a number of ways since the days of Herodotus, who amply illustrated the splendors of unreality. Mr. Edward Fitzgerald was wont to sigh that only lying histories are readable, and this point of view has many secret adherents. Nevertheless, all that we know of man's unending efforts to adjust and readjust himself to the world about him we learn from history, and the tale is an instructive one. 'Events are wonderful things,' said Lord Beaconsfield. Nothing, for example, can conceal, or even obscure, the event of the French Revolution. We are free to discuss it until the end of time; but we can never obliterate it, and never get rid of its consequences.

The lively contempt for history expressed by readers who would escape its weight, and the neglect of history practiced by educators who would escape its authority, stand responsible for much mental confusion. American boys and girls go to school six, eight, or ten years, as the case may be, and emerge with a misunderstanding of their own country, and a comprehensive ignorance of all others. They say, 'I don't know any history,' as casually and as unconcernedly as they might say, 'I don't know any chemistry,' or 'I don't know metaphysics.' A smiling young freshman in the most scholarly of women's colleges told me recently that she had been conditioned

because she knew nothing about the Reformation.

'You mean, —' I began questioningly.

'I mean just what I say,' she interrupted. 'I did n't know what it was, or where it was, or who had anything to do with it.'

I said I did n't wonder she had come to grief. The Reformation was something of an episode. And I asked myself wistfully how it happened she had ever managed to escape it. When I was a little schoolgirl, a pious Roman Catholic child with a distaste for polemics, it seemed to me I was never done studying about the Reformation. If I escaped briefly from Wycliffe and Cranmer and Knox, it was only to be met by Luther and Calvin and Huss. Everywhere the great struggle confronted me, everywhere I was brought face to face with the inexorable logic of events. That more advanced and more intelligent students find pleasure in every phase of ecclesiastical strife is proved by Lord Broughton's pleasant story about a member of Parliament named Joliffe, who was sitting in his club, reading Hume's *History of England*, a book which well deserves to be called dry. Charles Fox, glancing over his shoulder, observed, 'I see you have come to the imprisonment of the seven bishops'; whereupon Joliffe, like a man engrossed in a thrilling detective story, cried desperately, 'For God's sake, Fox, don't tell me what is coming!'

This was reading for human delight, for the interest and agitation which are inseparable from every human document. Mr. Henry James once told me that the only reading of which he never tired was history. 'The least significant footnote of history,' he said, 'stirs me more than the most thrilling and passionate fiction. Nothing that has ever happened to the world finds me indifferent.' I used to think that

ignorance of history meant only a lack of cultivation and a loss of pleasure. Now I am sure that such ignorance impairs our judgment by impairing our understanding, by depriving us of standards, of the power to contrast, and the right to estimate. We can know nothing of any nation unless we know its history; and we can know nothing of the history of any nation unless we know something of the history of all nations. The book of the world is full of knowledge we need to acquire, of lessons we need to learn, of wisdom we need to assimilate. Consider only this brief sentence of Polybius, quoted by Plutarch: 'In Carthage no one is blamed, however he may have gained his wealth.' A pleasant place, no doubt, for business enterprise; a place where young men were taught how to get on, and extravagance kept place with shrewd finance. A self-satisfied, self-confident, money-getting, money-loving people, honoring success, and hugging its fancied security, while in far-off Rome Cato pronounced its doom.

There are readers who can tolerate and even enjoy history, provided it is shorn of its high lights and heavy shadows, its heroic elements and strong impelling motives. They turn with relief to such calm commentators as Sir J. R. Seeley, for years professor of modern history at Cambridge, who shrank as sensitively as an eighteenth-century divine from that fell word enthusiasm, and from all the turmoil it gathers in its wake. He was a firm upholder of the British Empire, hating compromise, and guiltless of pacificism; but, having a natural gift for aridity, he saw no reason why the rest of the world should not be content to know things without feeling them, should not keep its eyes turned to legal institutions, its mind fixed upon political economy and international law. The

force that lay back of Parliament annoyed him by the simple primitive way in which it beat drums, fired guns, and died to uphold the legal institutions which he prized; also because by doing these things it evoked in others certain simple and primitive sensations which he strove always to keep at bay. 'We are rather disposed to laugh,' he said, 'when poets and orators try to conjure us with the name of England.' Had he lived a few years longer, he would have known that England's salvation lies in the fact that her name is, to her sons, a thing to conjure by. We may not wisely ignore the value of emotions, nor underestimate the power of the human impulses which charge the souls of men.

The weariness engendered by the great war in the minds of lookers-on is a natural, but ignoble sentiment. Unpurged by calamity, unchastened by sorrow, unhallowed by duty, we resent the long-continued appeal to our sympathies, the severe strain upon our understandings. We want to be as comfortable in soul as we are in body, we want to go unmolested to Paris and to Switzerland, we want the world to be at peace. Above all, we are tired of heroics. A recent contributor to the *Unpopular Review* strikes a popular note by expressing with admirable perspicuity the resentment of one who dislikes to think about fighting, and who finds herself unable to think about anything else. War, she reminds us sharply, is not the important and heroic thing it assumes to be. We are all misled as to its qualities because we studied American history out of canary-colored schoolbooks which laid undue stress on the 'embattled farmers' of the Revolution, and the volunteers of the Civil War. We were taught so much 'false patriotism' when we were little, that 'more widely directed studies in maturer years have not dispelled

these distorted impressions of our childhood.' She quotes a 'well-known educator' who asks that, if war is to figure in history at all, 'the truth ought to be told, and its brutalities as well as its heroisms exposed.' She professes a languid amusement at our attempts to distinguish between aggressive and defensive warfare, dismissing the subject with a light laugh about the 'rainbow of official documents' which prove every nation in the right. And she is sure that her 'Uncle John,' who died looking after 'tenement people' in an epidemic, was as much of a hero as any soldier whose grave is yearly decorated with flowers.

This is the clearest possible presentment of the annoyance engendered in reluctant minds by the pressure of great events. None of us are prepared to deny that an Uncle John who served the sick and suffering was a hero, or that an Aunt Maria who nursed her neighbor's diphtheritic children was a heroine. But Grandfather Jones who died at Antietam was also, in his humble way, heroic. After all, if none of our grandfathers had been willing to do the plain, rude fighting, we should now be a divided, unfriendly, slave-holding people. Therefore we feel that to put a flag or a flower upon a soldier's grave is a not too exuberant recognition of his service.

As for the brutalities of war, who can charge that history smooths them over? Certain horrors may be withheld from children, whose privilege it is to be spared the knowledge of uttermost depravity; but to the adult no such mercy is shown. Motley, for example, describes cruelties committed three hundred and fifty years ago in the Netherlands, which equal, if they do not surpass, the cruelties committed two years ago in Belgium. Men heard such tales more calmly then than now, and seldom sought the coward's refuge

— incredulity. The Dutch, like other nations, did better things than fight. They painted glorious pictures, they bred great statesmen and good doctors. They traded with extraordinary success. They raised the most beautiful tulips in the world. But to do these things peacefully and efficiently, they had been compelled to struggle for their national existence. The East India trade and the freedom of the seas did not drop into their laps. And because their security, and the comeliness of life which they so highly prized, had been bought by unflinching courage and great sacrifice, they added to material well-being the 'luxury of self-respect.'

To prate about the nobility of war *per se* would be as childish as to prate about its iniquity. Why, the invasion of Belgium was war, and so was its defense. Unless history can help us draw some line of demarcation, we may as well read *Gulliver's Travels*, or the *Abrabian Nights*. To overestimate the part played by war in a nation's development is as crude as to ignore its alternate menace and support. It is with the help of history that we balance our mental accounts. Voltaire was disposed to think that battles and treaties were matters of small moment; and John Richard Green pleaded, not unreasonably, that more space should be given in our chronicles to the missionary, the poet, the painter, the merchant, and the philosopher. They are not, they never have been, excluded from any narrative comprehensive enough to admit them, but the scope of their authority is not always sufficiently defined. Man, as the representative of his age, and the events in which he played his vigorous part — these are the warp and woof of history. We cannot leave John Wesley, any more than we can leave Marlborough or Pitt, out of the canvas. We know now that the

philosophy of Nietzsche is one with Bernhardt's militarism.

As for the merchant — Froissart was as well aware of his prestige as was Mr. Green. 'Trade, my lord,' said Dinde Desponde, the great Lombard banker, to the Duke of Burgundy, 'finds its way everywhere, and rules the world.' As for commercial honor, — a thing as fine as the honor of the aristocrat or of the soldier, — what can be better for England than to know that after the great fire of 1666 not a single London shop-keeper evaded his liabilities, and that this fact was long the boast of a city proud of its shop-keeping? As for jurisprudence, — Sully was infinitely more concerned with it than he was with combat or controversy. It is with stern satisfaction that he recounts the statutes passed in his day for the punishment of fraudulent bankrupts, — whom we treat so leniently; for the annulment of their gifts and assignments, — which we guard so zealously; and for the conviction of those to whom such property had been assigned. It was almost as dangerous to steal on a large scale as on a small one under the leveling laws of Henry of Navarre.

In this vast and varied chronicle, war plays its appointed part. 'We cannot,' says Walter Savage Landor, 'push valiant men out of history.' We cannot escape from the truths interpreted, and the conditions established by their valor. What has been slightly called the 'drum-and-trumpet narrative' holds its own with the records of art and science. 'It cost Europe a thousand years of barbarism,' says Macaulay, 'to escape the fate of China.'

The endless endeavor of states to control their own destinies, the ebb and flow of the sea of combat, the 'recurrent liturgy of war,' enabled the old historians to perceive with amazing

distinctness the traits of nations, etched as sharply then as now on the imperishable pages of history. We read Froissart for human delight rather than for solid information; yet Froissart's observations — the observations of a keen-eyed student of the world — are worth recording five hundred years after he set them down.

'In England,' he says, 'strangers are well received'; yet are the English 'affable to no other nation than their own.' Ireland, he holds to have had 'too many kings'; and the Scotch, like the English, 'are excellent men-at-arms, nor is there any check to their courage as long as their weapons endure.' France is the pride of his heart, as it is the pride of the world's heart to-day. 'In France also is found good chivalry, strong of spirit, and in great abundance; for the kingdom of France has never been brought so low as to lack men ready for the combat.' Even Germany does not escape his regard. 'The Germans are a people without pity and without honor.' And again: 'The Germans are a rude, unmannered race, but active and expert where their own personal advantage is concerned.' If history be 'philosophy teaching by example,' we are wise to admit the old historians into our counsel.

The past two years — sorrowful years in which all sensitive men and women have borne their share of pain, glorious years to which all resolute men and women have paid their tribute of homage — demand also of all intelligent men and women clear thinking based on accurate information. It has come to us to witness history in the making, to live through a world's tragedy, to feel the crushing burden and the noble stimulus of hard heroic life; and the first duty we owe to ourselves and to our brother men is to look facts squarely in the face. No word spoken

to Americans since the beginning of the war was more timely or more urgent than the appeal to our intelligence made by Professor Neilson of Harvard in his Phi Beta Kappa address at Columbia College last June. He did not bid his hearers sympathize with Germany or with England; he bade them to clear their own minds of doubt and confusion, to get at the truth by every avenue within their reach, to know what they thought, and what were their reasons for thinking it. Honesty and courage are never too much to ask, and sagacity is not always too much to hope for.

The 'mental neutrality' which is born of ignorance or of lassitude is unworthy of reasoning beings. We have no intellectual right to be ignorant when information lies at our hand, and we have no spiritual right to be weary when great moral issues are at stake. To jest at rainbow documents is easier than to read them, and yet such reading does not lie so far beyond our scope. Because this war is greater and more terrible than all preceding wars, and because the civilized world is presumably concerned with its causes and results, a wealth of testimony has been laid before the nations. Papers, which were formerly the exclusive property of ministers and cabinets, have been printed for all who choose to read them. They are neither too many for our patience, nor too involved for our comprehension. The Vatican Library would hardly hold the books that have been written about the war during the past two years; but the famous five-foot shelf would be too roomy for the evidence in the case, for the material which will be the foundation of history.

A single volume of but five hundred and fifty pages contains the collected documents relating to the outbreak of hostilities. In it we may find the British Diplomatic Correspondence,

the French Yellow Book, the Russian Orange Book (commendably clear and terse), the Belgian Grey Book, with an appendix containing the much talked-of correspondence with Great Britain, defining Belgium's attitude toward her own threatened neutrality, the Serbian Blue Book, the German White Book, and the Austro-Hungarian Red Book, which is very discursive, and drops into poetry, like Silas Wegg.

The volume also contains the final sheaf of letters and telegrams which were given officially to the press by the governments of Great Britain, Russia and Germany. These fill nine pages only, and they pulse with the swift current of approaching calamity. No reading in the world can ever equal them in sustained and awful interest, and no one who has read them can ever again refer to the 'obscure' causes of the war. The telegram sent by Russia to Great Britain, August 1, 1914, is a search-light upon the troubled waters of Europe. The telegram sent by Prince Henry of Prussia to King George, July 30, 1914, is a revelation of arrogance, cloaked by suave and beautiful phrases. The telegram sent by Emperor William to King George, August 1, 1914, supplies an element of ironic humor in its politely expressed hope that France 'will not be nervous.' The telegram sent by Sir Edward Grey to the Imperial Government at 5.30 p.m. August 1, 1914, sweeps aside all subterfuges, and clears the ground for action. These telegrams were exchanged within three days, while the world held its breath. They lay bare national designs and determinations for every eye to see.

Besides the volume of collected documents we have the correspondence which preceded the entrance of Turkey into the war, the correspondence between Great Britain and the United States concerning the rights of belligerents, a mass of correspondence relating to the condition of prisoners, and the official reports which deal exhaustively with the treatment of civilians in conquered towns and provinces. We have copies of the papers found in the possession of Captain von Papen; and if the von Igel papers are withheld from us, it must be because a paternal government at Washington finds them too bad for an innocent public to read.

Like children, we are forced to guess at things beyond our artless cognizance. These hidden documents and the mysterious journeys of Colonel House across the estranging sea are the war-riddles presented to Americans. Some day we may know von Igel's shameful secrets as well as we know von Papen's. Some day we may be as sadly familiar with Colonel House's mission to Europe as we are with Mr. Lind's mission to Mexico, and Lord Haldane's mission to Berlin. Unofficial emissaries, who are beyond the pale of accredited representation, play a puzzling and perilous part in the welter of diplomacy.

The insignificant gaps in the information proffered us from every side hardly suffice to extenuate a confused and contented ignorance. Differences of opinion must always exist in a thinking world; but the lack of any opinion means only the absence of any thought. If, after studying the ascertained facts, a man is able to say with Professor Kuno Francke that Germany is a democratic country, wholly and happily free from military autocracy, or from any autocracy, 'save that of the intellect'; if he can say with Professor Walz that Germany has befriended Belgium, and emancipated the Flemish race; if he can say with Dr. Barthelme that Germany did not break the peace of the world; if he can echo the words of a German journalist who speaks of the conflict as 'France's unsuccessful war for vengeance,' — then, in God's

name, let him formulate his beliefs, and present his evidence. He will be listened to, and will find sympathy. He will know where he stands, and by dint of looking around him, he may come to recognize the obstacles in his path.

The disintegrating influence in our country is that which assumes that there is no evidence on which to build a conviction, and that a clean-cut point of view is not in this great crisis an intellectual and moral obligation. When Cardinal O'Connell, in an address before the Archdiocesan Federation of Catholic Societies, said that it was not possible for fair-minded men to disentangle truth from falsehood, and place the burden of blame on any nation's shoulders, he specifically denied our intellectual obligation. When President Wilson, in an address before the League to Enforce Peace, said, 'With the causes and objects of the war we are not concerned. The obscure fountains from which its stupendous flood has burst forth we are not interested to search for or explore'; he specifically denied our moral obligation. The Cardinal, in his address, condemned with vehemence, not only those who misrepresented the historical position of the Catholic Church, but those who accepted such misrepresentations without ascertaining their inaccuracy. If we are compelled in justice to search for the truth concerning the Church, we are compelled in justice to search for the truth concerning the war. We cannot in either case evade the duty we owe to our reason. 'The inquiry into the truth or falsehood of a matter of history,' said Huxley, 'is just as much an affair of pure science as is the inquiry into the truth or falsehood of a matter of geology; and the value of the evidence in the two cases must be tested in the same way.'

That the President of the United

States should have told American citizens they were not concerned with the causes and objects of the war is inconceivable. The greatest, or at least the most far-reaching, moral issue which has arisen in nineteen hundred years is offered to the judgment of the world, and we are bidden to ignore it. The rights and wrongs of uncounted millions are at stake, agonies unutterable have dimmed the light of heaven, the whole fabric of civilization rocks in the blast; and our President assures us we are not even interested in knowing where the guilt lies, that it is not our province to sever truth from falsehood! For the first time in our lives we have been offered release from the responsibilities inseparable to man's estate.

The mental and spiritual isolation of a great neutral nation is a heavy asset for the aggressor. When Germany says plainly that she will consider no offer of mediation, and no peace negotiations which seek to take into account the blame for the outbreak of the war, she places a fond but uneasy reliance upon lassitude and bewilderment. Hers is the thief's bargain, 'No questions asked.' She forgets that while she may soothe some of her contemporaries into acquiescence, she can never silence the implacable voice of history. If Darius had said that Greece was invading Persia, and strangling her liberties; if King John had said that he forced the Magna Charta upon his reluctant subjects, history would have corrected these statements before they reached the world. The amazing assertions of Germany regarding the Lusitania's guns, and her amazing denial that she sank the Sussex, were so speedily corrected as to have been hardly worth the venturing. The amazing depositions of the ninety-three German professors were a challenge to history, and these learned men are beginning to realize the hazardous nature of their

defiance. Their attitude toward evidence was the dauntless attitude of Huxley's milk-woman, who, when confronted with a stickleback in the milk, said compassionately, 'Sure then, it must have been bad for the poor cow when that came through her teat.'

That an educated, if befuddled, German should permit himself to speak of 'France's unsuccessful war for vengeance,' staggers the reader. Fifty years ago Mr. E. S. Dallas said in that most agreeable of unpopular books, *The Gay Science*, that German criticism 'begins with hypothesis, and works downward to the facts.' But how far would a man need to burrow to reach the bed-rock of an illusion? A German cartoonist, with a different set of fantasies, depicts England as a huge spider, which, having drained Belgium of her life-blood and flung aside the carcass, is now engaged in the slaughter of France. It would be interesting to study the psychology which makes possible such a conception of the war. As well imagine a cartoon of the little princes in the tower strangling their good and kind Uncle Richard, or of Columbia crucifying Cuba, to the distress of Spain.

The cynicism which affects unconcern when history's greatest and saddest page is being turned is a revelation of uttermost self-indulgence. The impatience expressed for simple, primitive emotions (as childish things which the world should have long since outgrown) betrays ignorance of the human hearts upon which are built the honor and the glory of a nation. When a writer in the *Survey* alludes brutally to the 'cockpit of Verdun,' he steps outside the circle of humanity. There are men, like Coleridge, to whom 'strong

convictions give the cramp'; and they are as weary of heroism as of sorrow. They are sick of living in history, and of the obligation it involves, — the obligation of holding an ideal of truth and justice inviolate in a warring world. The noble words of Cardinal Mercier define this duty for his injured people, and counsel them to spiritual freedom. 'Justice,' he tells them, 'formulates the essential relation of man with man, and of man with God. Patriotism is a sacred thing; and a violation of national rights is in a manner a profanation and a sacrilege.'

These are the words which history will ceaselessly echo, while she tells the story of the great war in pitiless detail, and with blinding truth. We may evade, we may ignore, we may deny; but 'events are wonderful things,' and they are being written on indestructible scrolls for coming ages to read. Not with sorrow and shame only will they be read; but with elation, with the thrill of pride, with humble reverence of soul. There is a stately passage of Lander's, challenging historians to reveal in their true significance the measured movements of men, the splendid and terrible story of the centuries.

'Show me,' he says, 'how great projects were executed, great advantages gained, and great calamities averted. Show me the generals and the statesmen who stood foremost that I may honor them; tell me their names that I may repeat them to my children. Teach me whence laws were introduced, upon what foundation laid, by what custody guarded, in what inner keep preserved. . . . Place History on her rightful throne, and on either side of her, eloquence and war.'

SOME NOTES ON MARRIAGE

BY W. L. GEORGE

THE questioning mind, sole apparatus of the socio-psychologist, has of late years often concerned itself with marriage. Marriage always was discussed, long before Mrs. Mona Caird suggested in the respectable eighties that it might be a failure; but it is certain that with the coming of Mr. Bernard Shaw the institution which was questioned grew almost questionable. Indeed, marriage was so much attacked that it almost became popular, and some believe that the war may cut it free from the stake of martyrdom. Perhaps; but setting aside all prophecies, revolts and sermons, one thing does appear: marriage is on its trial before a hesitating jury. The judge has set this jury several questions: Is marriage a normal institution? Is it so normal as to deserve to continue in a state of civilization — given, that civilization's function is to crush nature?

A thing is not necessarily good because it exists, for scarlet fever, nationality, art critics, and black beetles exist, yet will all be rooted out in the course of enlightenment. Marriage may be an invention of the male to secure himself a woman freehold, or, at least, in fee simple. It may be an invention of the female designed to secure a somewhat tyrannical protection and a precarious sustenance. Marriage may be afflicted with inherent diseases, with antiquity, with spiritual indigestion, or starvation; among these confusions the socio-psychologist, swaying between the solidities of polygamy and the shadows of theosophical union, loses all idea of the

norm. There may be no norm, either in Christian marriage, polygamy, or Meredithian marriage leases; there may be a norm only in the human aspiration to utility and to happiness.

For we know very little save the aimlessness of a life that may be paradise, or its vestibule, or an installment of some other region. Still there is a key, no doubt: the will to happiness, which, alas! opens doors most often into empty rooms. It is the search for happiness that has envenomed marriage and made it so difficult to bear, because in the first rapture it is so hard to realize that there are no ways of living, but only ways of dying more or less agreeably.

Personally, I believe that with all its faults, with its crudity, its stupidity shot with pain, marriage responds to a human need to live together and to foster the species, and that though we will make it easier and approach free union, we shall always have something of the sort. And so, because I believe it eternal I think it necessary.

But why does it fare so ill? why is it that when we see in a restaurant a middle-aged couple, mutually interested and gay, we say, 'I wonder if they are married?' Why do so many marriages persist when the love-knot slips and bandages fall away from the eyes? Strange cases come to my mind: M6 and M22, always apart, except to quarrel, meanly jealous, jealously mean, yet full of affability — to strangers. M4 and many others, all poor, where at once the wife has decayed. When you

see youth struggling in vain on the features under the cheap hat, you need not look at the left hand: she is married. It is true that, however much they may decay in pride of body and pride of life, when all allowances are made for outer gayety and grace, the married of forty are a sounder, deeper folk than their celibate contemporaries. Often bled white by self-sacrifice, they have always learned a little of the world's lesson, which is to know how to live without happiness. They may have been vampires, but they have not gone to sleep in the cotton wool of their celibacy. Even hateful, the other sex has meant something to them. It has meant that the woman must hush the children because father has come home, but it has also meant that she must change her frock, because even father is a man. It has taught the man that there are flowers in the world, which so few bachelors know; it has taught the woman to interest herself in something more than a fried egg, if only to win the favor of her lord. Marriage may not teach the wish to please, but it teaches the avoidance of offense which, in a civilization governed by negative commandments, is the root of private citizenship.

For the closer examination of the marriage problem, I am considering altogether 150 cases; my acquaintance with them varies between intimate and slight. Having been attacked because in a previous article I used this method, I may remark that I have thrown out 116 cases where the evidence is inadequate; the following are therefore not loose generalizations, but one thing I assert: those 116 cases do not contain a successful marriage. From the remaining 34, the following results arise: —

Apparently successful	9
Husband inconstant	5
Wife inconstant	10
Husband dislikes wife	3
Wife dislikes husband	7

Success is a vague word and I attempt no definition, but we know a happy marriage when we see it, as we do a work of art.

It should be observed that when one or both parties are unfaithful, the marriage is not always unsuccessful, but it generally is; moreover, there are difficulties in establishing proportion, for women are infinitely more confidential on this subject than are men; they also frequently exaggerate dislike, which men cloak in indifference. Still, making all these allowances, I am unable to find more than nine cases of success, say six per cent. This percentage gives rise to platitudinous thoughts on the horrid gamble of life.

Two main conclusions appear to follow: that more wives than husbands break their marriage vows, and (this may be a cause as well as an effect) that more wives than husbands are disappointed in their hopes. This is natural enough, as nearly all women come ignorant to a state requiring cool knowledge, and armored only with illusion against truth, while men enter it with tolerance born of disappointment. I realize that these two conclusions are opposed to the popular belief that a good home and a child or two are enough to make a woman content. (A bad home and a child or nine are not considered by the popular mind.)

There is no male clamor against marriage, from which one might conclude that man is fairly well served. No doubt he attaches less weight to the link; even love matters to him less than to woman. I do not want to exaggerate, for Romeo is a peer to Juliet — but it is possible to conceive Romeo on the Stock Exchange, very busy in pursuit of money and rank, while Juliet would remain merely Juliet. Juliet is not on the Stock Exchange. If business is good she has nothing to do, and if Satan does not turn her hands to evil works, he may

turn them to good ones, which will not improve matters very much. Juliet, idle, can do nothing, but seeks a deep and satisfying love: mostly it is a life-long occupation. All this makes Juliet very difficult, and no astronomer will give her the moon.

Romeo is in better plight, for he makes less demands. Let Juliet be a good housekeeper, fairly good-looking, and good-tempered; not too stupid, so as to understand him; not too clever, so that he may understand her; such that he may think her as good as other men's wives, and he is satisfied. The sentimental business is done; it is

Farewell! Farewell! ye lovely young girls, we're off to Rio Bay.

So to work — to money — to ambition — to sport — to anything, but Juliet. While he forgets her, the modern woman grows every day more attractive, more intellectually vivid. She demands of her partner that he should give her stimulants, and he gives her soporifics. She asks him for far too much; she is cruel, she is unjust, and she is magnificent. She has not the many children on whom in simpler days her mother used to vent an exacting affection, so she vents it on her husband.

Yet it is not at first sight evident why so easily in England a lover turns into a husband, that is to say, into a vaguely disagreeable person who can be coaxed into paying bills. I suspect there are many influences corrupting marriage and most of them are mutual in their action; they are of the essence of the contract; they are the mental reservations of the marriage oath. So far as I can see, they fall into 16 classes:—

1. The waning of physical attraction.
2. Diverging tastes.
3. Being too much together.
4. Being too much apart. (There is no pleasing this institution.)
5. The sense of mutual property.
6. The sense of the irremediable.

7. Children.
8. The cost of living.
9. Rivalry.
10. Fickleness in men and 'second blooming' in women.
11. Talkativeness.
12. Sulkiness.
13. Dull lives.
14. Petty intolerance.
15. Stupidity.
16. Humor and aggressiveness.

There are other influences, but they are not easily ascertained; sometimes they are subtle. M28 said to me, 'My husband's grievance against me is that I have a cook who can't; my grievance against him is that he married me.'

Indeed, sentiment and the scullery painfully represent the divergence of the two sexes. One should not exaggerate the scullery; the philosopher who said, 'Feed the brute,' was not entirely wrong, but it is quite easy for a woman to ignore the emotional pabulum that many a man requires. It is quite true that 'the lover in the husband may be lost,' but very few women realize that the wife can blot out the mistress. Case M19 confessed that she always wore out her old clothes at home, and she was surprised when I suggested that, although her husband was no critic of clothes, he might often wonder why she did not look as well as other women. Many modern wives know this; in them the desire to please never quite dies; between lovers, it is violent and continuous; between husband and wife it is sometimes maintained only by shame and self-respect: there are old slippers that one can't wear, even before one's husband.

The problem arises very early with the waning of physical attraction. I am not thinking only of the bad and hasty marriages so frequent in young America, but of the English marriages, where both parties come together in a state of sentimental excitement born of ignorance and rather puritanical restraint.

Europeans wed less wisely than the Hindoo and the Turk, for the latter realize their wives as Woman. Generally they have never seen a woman of their own class, and so she is a revelation; she is indeed the bulbul, while he, being the first, is the King of men. But the Europeans have mixed too freely; they have skimmed, they have flirted, they have been so ashamed of true emotion that they have made the Song of Solomon into a vaudeville ditty. They have watered the wine of life. So when at last the wine of life is poured out, the draught is not new, for they have quaffed before many an adulterated potion and have long pretended that the wine of life is milk. For a moment there is a difference, and they recognize that the incredible can happen; each thinks that the time has come, —

Wenn ich dem Augenblick werd sagen:
Verweile doch, du bist so schön . . .

Then the false exaltation subsides. Not even a saint could stand a daily revelation; the revelation becomes a sacramental service, the sacramental service a routine, and then, little by little, there is nothing. But nature, as usual abhorring a vacuum, does not allow the newly opened eyes to dwell upon a void; it leaves them clear, it allows them to compare. One day two demi-gods gaze into the eyes of two mortals and resent their fugitive quality. Another day two mortals gaze into the eyes of two others, whom suddenly they discover to be demi-gods. Some resist the trickery of nature, some succumb; some are fortunate, some are strong. But the two who once were united are divorced by the three judges of the Human Supreme Court: Contrast, Habit, and Change.

Time cures no ills; sometimes it provides poultices, often salt for wounds. Time gives man his work, which he always had, but did not realize in the days

of his enchantment; but to woman time seldom offers anything except her old drug, love. Oh! there are other things, — children, visiting cards, frocks, skating rinks, Christian Science Teas, and Saturday anagrams, — but all these are but froth. Brilliant, worldly, hard-eyed, urgent, pleasure-drugged, she still believes there is an exquisite reply to the question, —

Will the love you are so rich in
Light a fire in the kitchen,
And will the little God of Love turn the spit,
spit, spit?

Only the little God of Love does not call, and the butcher does.

It is her own fault. It is always one's own fault when one has illusions, though it is, in a way, one's privilege. She is attracted to a strange man because he is tall and beautiful, or short and ugly and has a clever head, or looks like a barber; he comes of different stock, from another country, out of another class — and these two strangers suddenly attempt to blend a total of, say, fifty-five years of different lives into a single one! Gold will melt, but it needs a very fierce fire, and as soon as the fire is withdrawn it hardens again. Seldom is there anything to make it fluid once more, for the attraction, once primary, grows with habit commonplace, with contrast unsatisfactory, with growth unsuitable. The lovers are twenty, then in love, then old.

It is true that habit affects man not in the same way as it does woman; after conquest man seems to grow indifferent, while, curiously enough, habit often binds woman closer to man, breeds in her one single fierce desire: to make him love her more. Man buys cash down, woman on the installment plan, horribly suspecting now and then that she is really buying on the hire system. A rather literary case, case M11, said to me, 'I am much more in love with him than I was in the beginning; he

seemed so strange and hard then. Now I love him, but — he seems tired of me; he knows me too well. I wonder whether we only fall in love with men just about the time that they get sick of us.'

Her surmise may be correct: there is no record of the after-life of Perseus and Andromeda, and it is more romantic not to delve into it. Neither they nor any other lovers could hope to maintain the early exaltations. I am reminded of a well-known picture by Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, showing two lovers in the snow by the sea. They are gazing into each other's eyes; below is written, 'They began saying good-bye last summer.' Does any one doubt that a visit to the minister, say, in the autumn, might have altered the complexion of things? And no wonder, for they were the unknown and through marriage would become the known. It is only the unknown that tempts, until one realizes that the unknown and the known are the same thing, as Socrates realized that life and death are the same thing, mere converses of a single proposition. It is the unknown that makes strange associates, attracts men to ugly women, slatterns to dandies. It is not only contrast, it is the suspicion that the unexpected outside must conceal something. The breaking down of that concealment is conquest, and after marriage there is no conquest, there is only security. Who could live dangerously in Brooklyn?

Once licensed, love is official; its gifts are doled out as sugar by a grocer, and sometimes short weighed. Men suffer from this, and many go dully wondering what it is that they miss that once they had; they go rather heavy, rather dense, cumbrously gallant, asking to be understood, and whimpering about it in a way that would be ridiculous if it were not a little pathetic. Meanwhile, their wives wonder why all is not as it

was. It is no use telling them that nothing can ever be as it was — that as mankind by living decays, the emotions and outlook must change; to have had a delight is a deadly thing, for one wants it again, just as it was, as a child demands always the same story. It must be the same delight, and none who feel emotion will ever understand that 'the race of delights is short and pleasures have mutable faces.'

It is true that early joys may unite, especially if one can believe that there is only one fountain of joy. I think of many cases: M5, M33, where there is only one cry: 'It is cruel to have had delights, for the glamour of the past makes the day darker.' They will live to see the past differently when they are older and the present matters less. But until then the dead joy poisons the animate present, it parts by contrast; the man must drift away to his occupation, for there is nothing else, and the woman must harden by wanting what she cannot have. She will part herself from him more thoroughly by hardening, for one cannot count upon a woman's softness; it can swiftly be transmuted into malicious hatred.

This picture of pain is the rule where two strangers wed; but there are some who, taking a partner, discover a friend, many who develop agreeable acquaintanceship. Passion may be diverted into a common interest, say in conchology; if people are not too stupid, not too egotistic, they very soon discover in each other a little of the human goodwill that will not die. They must, or they fail. For whereas in the beginning foolish lips may be kissed, a little later they must learn to speak some wisdom. In this men are most exacting; they are most inclined to demand that women should hold up to their faces the mirror of flattery, while women seem more tolerant, often because they do not understand, very often because they do

not care, and echo the last words of Mr. Bernard Shaw's Ann: 'Never mind her, dear, go on talking'; perhaps because they have had to tolerate so much in the centuries that they have grown expert. One may, however, tolerate while strongly disapproving, and one must disapprove when one's egotism is continually insulted by the other party's egotism. There is very little room for twice 'I' in what ought to have been 'We,' and we nearly all feel that the axis of the earth passes through our bodies.

So the common interests of two egotisms can alone make of these one egotism. The veriest trifle will serve, and pray do not smile at case M4, who forgive each other all wrongs when they find for dinner a *risotto à la Milanaise*. A slightly spasmodic interest, and one not to be compared with a common taste for golf, or motoring, or entertaining, but still it is not to be despised. It is so difficult to pick a double interest from the welter of things that people do alone; it is so difficult for wives truly to sympathize with games, business, politics, newspapers, inventions; most women hate all that. And it is still more difficult, just because man is man and master, for him really to care for the fashions, for gossip, for his wife's school friends, and especially her relations, for tea-parties, tennis tournaments at the Rectory, lectures at the Mutual Improvement Association, servants' misdeeds and growths in the garden. Most men hate all that. People hold amazing conversations:—

She: Do you know, dear, I saw Mrs. Johnson again to-day with that man.

He (trying hard): Oh, yes, the actor fellow you mean.

She (reproachfully): No, of course not, I never said he was an actor. He's the new engineer at the mine, the one who came from Mexico.

He: Oh, yes, that reminds me, did

you go to the library and get me Roosevelt's book on the Amazon?

She: No, dear, I'm sorry I forgot. You see I had such a busy day and I could n't make up my mind between those two hats,—the very big one and the very small one,—*you* know. Now tell me what you *really* think.

And so on.

It is exactly like a Tchekoff play. They make desperate efforts to be interested in each other's affairs, and sometimes they succeed, for they manage to stand each other's dullness. They assert their egotism in turns. He tells the same stories several times. He takes her for a country walk and forgets to give her tea, and she never remembers that he hates her dearest friend Mabel. Where the rift grows more profound is when trifles such as these are overlooked, and particularly where a man has work that he loves, or to which he is used, which is much the same thing. In early days the woman's attitude to a man's work varies a good deal, but she generally suspects it a little. She may tolerate it because she loves him and all that is his is noble. Later, if this work is very profitable, or if it is work which leads to honor, she may take a pride in it, but even then she will generally grudge it the time and the energy it costs. She loves him, not his work. She will seldom confess this, even to herself, but she will generally lay down two commandments:—

1. Thou shalt love me.

2. Thou shalt succeed so that I may love thee.

All this is not manifest, but it is there. It is there even in the days of courtship, when a man's work, a man's clothes, a man's views on bimetallism, are sacred; in those days, the woman must kowtow to the man's work, just as he must keep on good terms with her pet dog. But the time almost invariably comes when the man kicks the pet

dog, because pet dogs are madly irritating sometimes — and so is a man's work. There is something self-protective in this, for work is so domineering. I should not be at all surprised to hear that Galatea saw to it that Pygmalion never made another statue. (On second thoughts it strikes me that there might be other reasons for that.)

It is true that Pygmalion was an artist, and these are proverbially difficult husbands: after an hour's work an artist will 'sneer, backbite and speak daggers.' Art is a vampire, and it will gladly gobble up a wife as well as a husband, but the wife must not do any gobbling. She does not always try to, and there are many in London who follow their artist husbands rather like sandwichmen between two boards; but they are of a trampled breed, indigenous I suspect to England. I think they arise but little in America, where, as an American said to me, 'Women labor to advance themselves along a road paved with discarded husbands.' (This is an American's statement, not mine, so I ask that I may be spared transatlantic denunciations.)

But leaving aside such important things as personal pettinesses, which too few think important, it must be acknowledged that women seldom conceive the passion for art that can inflame a man. They very seldom conceive a passion for anything except passion. An admirable tendency, for which they blush as one does for all one's natural manifestations. They hardly ever care for philosophy; they generally hate politics, but they nearly always love votes. They are quite as irritating in that way as men, who almost invariably adore politics and detest realities, sometimes lovescience and generally prefer record railway runs. But where such an interest as a science or an art has reigned supreme in a man, and reasserts itself after marriage, she

recognizes her enemy, the serpent, for is he not the symbol of wisdom? Invariably he rears his head when the love fever has subsided. Woman's impulse is more artistic than man's, but it seldom touches art; her artistic impulse is not yet one of high grade; she is the flower-arranger rather than the flower-painter, the flower-painter rather than just the painter. But this instinct that is in all women and in so few men avails just enough to make them discontented, while the great instinct that is in a few men is always enough to make them wretched.

It would not be so bad if they had not to live together, but social custom has decided that couples must forsake their separate ways and ever more follow the same. Most follow the common path easily enough, because most follow the first path that offers; but many grumble and cast longing eyes at side tracks or would return to the place whence they came. They cannot do so because it is not done, because other feet have not broken paths so wide that they shall seem legitimate. When husband and wife care no longer for their common life, the only remedy is to part: then the contradictory strain that is in all of us will reassert itself and make them rebound toward each other. If the law were to edict that man and wife should never be together for more than six months in the year, it would be broken every day and men and women would stand hunger and stripes to come together for twelve months in twelve; if love of home were made a crime, a family life would arise more touching than anything Queen Victoria ever dreamed. But from the point of view of a barbarous present, this would never do, for the very worst that can happen to two people is to reach the fullness of their desire. The young man who raves at the young woman's feet: 'Oh! that I were by your side day and night! Oh!

that ever I could watch you move! I grudge the night the eight hours in which you sleep,' — well, that young man is generally successful in his wooing and gets what he wants; a little later he gets a little more. For proximity is a dangerous thing: it enables one to know another rather well; full knowledge of mankind is seldom edifying. One sees too much, one sees too close. A professional Don Juan who honors me with his friendship told me that he has an infallible remedy against falling in love more often than three times a day: 'Stand as close to your charmer as you can, look at her well, very well, at every feature; watch her attitudes, listen to every tone of her voice — then you will discover something unpleasant, and you will be saved.' That is a little what happens in marriage; for ever and ever people are together, hearing each other, watching each other. Listen to M14: —

'I really was very much in love with him, and only just at the end of the engagement did I notice how hard he blew his nose. After we were married I thought, "Oh! don't be so silly and notice such little things, he's such a splendid fellow." A little later, "Oh! I do wish he would n't blow his nose like that, it drives me mad." Now I find myself listening and saying to myself with an awful feeling of doom, "He's going to blow his nose."'

She never tells him that he trumpets like an elephant. She fears to offend him. She prefers to stand there, exasperated and chafed. One day he will trumpet down the walls of her Jericho.

There are awful little things between two people. Here are some of them: —

M43. When tired, the wife has a peculiar yawn, roughly: 'Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo!' The husband hears it coming and something curls within him.

M98. Every morning in his bath the husband sings, 'There is a foun-

tain fill'd with blood drawn from Emmanuel's veins' — always the same.

M124. The wife buys shoes a quarter size too small and always slips them off under the table at dinner. Then she loses them and develops great agitation. This fills her husband with an unaccountable rage.

M68. The wife is afflicted with the *cliché* habit and can generally sum up a situation by phrases such as: 'All is not gold that glitters.' Or, 'Such is life,' or, 'Well, well, it's a weary world.' The husband can hear them coming.

There are scores of these little cruel things which wear away love as surely as trickling water will wear away a stone. (Observe how contagious *clichés* are!) The dilemma is horrible; if the offended party speaks out, he or she may speak out much too forcibly and raise this sort of train of thought: 'He did n't seem to mind when we were engaged. He loved me then and little things did n't matter. He does n't love me now. I wonder whether he is in love with some one else. Oh! I'm so unhappy.' If, on the other hand, one does not speak out forcibly, or does not speak at all, the offender goes on doing it for the rest of his or her life, and there is nothing to do except to wait until one has got used to it and has ceased to care. But by that time one has generally ceased to care for the offender.

There are ideal marriages where both parties aim at perfection and are willing to accept mutual criticism. But there is something a little callous in this form of self-improvement society. People who are too much together are always making notes, adding up in their hearts bitter little adverse balances with which they will one day confront the fallen lover. Some slight offense will bring up the bill of arrears. A quarrel about a forgotten ticket will give life to the cruel thing he said seven years before about her mother's bonnets, or

her sudden dismissal of the cook, or the dreadful day when he sat on the eggs in the train. (Clumsy brute!)

All these things pile up and pile up till they form a terrible, towering cairn, made up of tiny stones, but of great total weight, just as an avalanche rests securely upon a crest until a whisper releases it. Nearly all marriages are in a state of permanent mobilization. There is only one thing to do — to remember all the time that one could not hope to meet one quite great enough to be one's mate, and that this is the best the world can do. The thought that nobody can quite understand one or quite appreciate one arouses a delicious sorrow and an enormous pride.

Too much together is bad, and too much apart may be worse. As I suggested before, there is no pleasing this institution.

It is easier to live too separate than too close, for one comes together freshly and marriage feels less irremediable when it hardly exists. There really are couples, who care for each other very well, who meet in a country house and exclaim, 'What! you here! How jolly!' That is an extreme case. In practice, separateness means conjugal acquaintanceship. Different pleasures, different friends, perhaps different worlds; indeed, one is mutually fresh, but traveling different roads one may find that there is nothing in common. Of two evils, it is better perhaps to be too intimate than too distant, because there are many irritating things that with reminiscence become delightful. The dreadful day when he sat on the eggs in the train is not entirely dreadful, for he looked so silly when he stood up removing the eggs, and although one was angry, one vaguely loved him for having made a fool of himself. (There are nine and sixty ways of gaining affection, and one of them is to be a good-tempered butt.)

Separateness, naturally, cannot coincide with the sense of mutual property. This is, perhaps, the cause of the greatest unhappiness in marriage, for so many forget that to be married is not to be one. They do not understand that, however much they may love, whatever delights they may share, whatever common ambitions they may harbor, whatever they hope, or endeavor, or pray, two people are still two people. Or if they know it, they say, 'He is mine.' 'She is mine.' If one could give one's self entirely, it would be well enough, but however much one may want to do so one cannot, just because one is the axis of the earth. Because one cannot, one will not, and he that would absorb will never forgive. He will be jealous, he will be suspicious, tyrannical, he will watch and lay traps, he will court injury, he will air grievances, because the next best thing to complete possession is railing at his impotency to conquer. That jealousy is turned against everything, against work, against art, against relatives, friends, dead loves, little children, toy dogs. 'Thou shalt have none other gods but me' is a human commandment.

Men do not, as a rule, suffer very much from this desire to possess, because they are so sure that they do possess, because they find it so difficult to conceive that their wife can find any other man attractive. They are too well accustomed to being courted, even if they are old and repulsive, because they have power and money; only they think it is because they are men. Beyond a jealous care for their wives' fidelity, which I suspect arises mainly from the feeling that an unfaithful wife is a criticism, they do not ask very much. But women suffer more deeply because they know that man has lavished on them for centuries a condescending admiration, that the king who lays his crown at their feet knows that his is the crown

to give. While men possess by right of possession, women possess only by right of precarious conquest. They feel it very bitterly, this fugitive empire, and their greatest tragedy is to find themselves growing a little older, uncertain of their power, for they know they have only one power; they are afraid as age comes of losing their man, while I have never heard of a husband afraid of losing his wife, or able to repress his surprise if she forsook him.

It would not matter so much if the feeling of property were that of a good landlord, who likes to see his property develop and grow beautiful; but mutual property is the feeling of the slave owner. Sometimes both parties suffer so, and by asking too much lose all. Man seldom asks much: if only a wife will not compromise his reputation for attractiveness while maintaining her own by flirtation; if she will accept his political views, acquire a taste for his favorite holiday resorts, and generally say, 'Yes, darling,' or 'No, darling,' opportunely, she need do nothing, she has only 'beautifully to be.' He is not so fortunate, however, when she wants to possess him, for she demands that he should be active, that the pretty words, caresses, the anxious inquiries after health, the presents of flowers and of stalls, should continue. It is not enough that he should love her: he must still be her lover. When she is not sure that he still is her lover, a madness of unrest comes over her; she will lacerate him, she will invent wishes so that he may thwart them, she will demand his society when she knows it is mortgaged to another occupation, so that she may suffer his refusal, exaggerate his indifference.

Here are cases: —

M21

She: He used to take me to dances. The other day he would n't come, he

said he was tired. He was n't tired when we were engaged.

The Investigator: But why should he go if he did n't want to?

She: Because I wanted to.

The Investigator: But he did n't want to.

She: He *ought* to take pleasure in pleasing me.

(The conversation here degenerates into a discussion on duty and becomes uninteresting.)

M4

The husband is a doctor with a very extended city practice. He is busy eleven hours a day and has night calls. His marriage has been spoiled because in the first years the wife, who is young and gay, could not understand that the man, who was always surrounded by people, in houses, streets, conveyances, should not desire society. She resented his wish to be alone for some hours, to shut himself up. There were tears, and like most people she looked ugly when she cried. She was lonely, and when one is lonely it is difficult to realize that other people may be too much surrounded.

A great deal of all this, however, might pass away if one could feel that it would not last. Nothing matters that does not last. Only one must be conscious of it, and in marriage many people are dully aware that they have settled down, that they have drawn the one and only ticket they can ever hope to draw, unless merciful death steps in. There will be no more adventures, no more excitements, no more marsh fires, which one knows deceptive yet loves to follow. It will be difficult to move to other towns or countries, to change one's occupation; it will even be difficult to adopt new poses, for the other will not be taken in. One will be forevermore what one is. True there is elope-

ment, divorce; in matters of art, there is the artist-courage that enables a man to see another suffer for the sake of his desire. But all this is very difficult and few of us have courage enough to make others suffer; if one had the courage to do no harm at all, it might not be so bad, but not many can follow Mr. Bernard Shaw: 'If you injure your neighbor, let it not be by halves.' They almost invariably do injure by halves: he that will not kill, scratches. There is no refuge from a world of rates, and taxes, and bills, and houses overcrowded by children, and old clothes, dull leaders in the papers, stupid plays, the morning train, the unvarying Sunday dinner. It is so bad sometimes that it causes willful revolt.

I sincerely believe that a great many men would be model husbands if only they were not married. Only when everything is respectable and nice there is a terrible temptation to introduce a change; the wild animal in man — which is in a few a lion, in most a weasel — reacts against the definite, the irremediable, the assured. He must do something. He must break through. He must prove to himself that he has not really sentenced himself to penal servitude for life. That is why so few of the respectable are respectable, and why reformed rakes do make good husbands. (Generally, that is, for a few rakes feel that they must keep up their reputation; on the other hand a really respectable man knows no shame.)

Curiously enough, children seem to act both against and in favor of these disruptive factors. It is difficult to deprive children of influence; they must part or they must unite. They are somebody in the house; they make a noise, and it all depends upon temperament whether the noise exasperates or delights. Parents are divided into those who love their children and those who bear with them; generally, men dislike

babies, unless they are rather strong men whom weakness attracts, or unless they feel pride of race; while women, excepting those who live only for light pleasures, give them a quite unreasoning affection. Children are a frequent source of trouble, for the tired man's nerves are horribly frayed by screams and exuberances. He shouts, 'Stop that child howling!' and if his wife assumes a saintly air and says that she 'would rather hear a child cry than a man swear,' the door opens toward the club or public house. Likewise, a man who has given so many jewels that the mother of the Gracchi might be jealous will never understand the appalling weariness that can come over the mother in the evening, when she has administered, say, twelve meals, four or eight baths, and answered several hundreds of questions varying between the existence of God and the esoterics of the steam-engine. Loving the children too much to blame them, she must blame some one, and blames him.

People do not confess these things, but the socio-psychologist must remember that, when a man quietly picks up a flower-pot and hurls it through the window, the original cause may be found in the behavior of the departmental manager six hours before. The irritation of children can envenom two lives, for it seems almost inevitable that each party should think that the other spoils or tyrannizes. It is not always so, and sometimes children unite by the bond of a common love; very much more often they unite by the burden of a common responsibility. Indeed, it is this financial responsibility that draws two people close, because tied together they must swim together or sink together, until they are so concerned individually with their salvation that they think they are concerned with the salvation of the other. That bond of union is dangerous because

marriage is expensive, and because one tends to remember the time when bread was not so dear and flesh and blood so cheap.

There is affluence in bachelorhood; there is atrocious discomfort too, but when one thinks of the good old times, one generally forgets all except the affluence. Of the present one sees only that one cannot take the whole family to the Yellowstone; of the past one does not see the sitting-room, on the hangings of which the landlady merely blew. The wife thinks of her frocks, garlands of the sacrificial heifer; the husband of the days when he could afford to be one of the boys. And, as soon as the past grows glamorous, the present day grows dull; always, because one must blame something, one blames the other. It is so much more agreeable to spend a thousand dollars than to spend a hundred, even if one gets nothing for it. It is power. It is excitement. One thinks of money until one may come to think of nothing but money; until, as suggested before, a husband turns into a vaguely disagreeable person who can be coaxed into paying bills. In the working class especially there is bitterness among the women, who before their marriage knew the taste of independence and of earned money in their purses. It is a great love that can compensate a woman for the loss of freedom after she has enjoyed it.

Nothing, indeed, can compensate a woman for this, except a lover — that is to say, a return to an older state. That is what she turns to, for, strange as it may seem, marriage does not vaccinate against the temptations of love. She does not easily love again, for she has been married, and while it is easy to love again when one has been atrociously betrayed, just because one invests the new with everything that the old held back, it is difficult to love again

when the promised love turned merely to dullness. There is nothing to strike against. There is no contrast, and so women slip into relationships that are silly, because there is nothing real behind them. Boredom is the root of all evil, and I doubt whether busy and happy women seek adventure, for few of them want it for adventure's sake: they seek only satisfaction. That is what most men cruelly misunderstand; they blame woman instead of searching out their own remissness. Sins of omission matter more than sins of commission, more even than infidelities, for love, which is all a woman's life, is only a momentous incident in that of a man. Love may be the discovery of a happiness, but man remains conscious of many other delights. Woman is seldom like that. You will imagine a man and a woman who have blundered upon mutual comprehension, standing on the hill from which Moses saw Canaan. The woman would fill her eyes with Canaan, and could see nought else, while the man gazing at the promised land would still be conscious of other countries. In the heart of a man who is worth anything at all, love must have rivals, art, science, ambition, and it is a delight to woman that there are rivals to overcome, even though it be a poor slave she tie to her chariot wheels.

Marriage does not always suffer when people drift away from their allegiance; in countries such as France notably, where many husbands and wives do not think it necessary to trust, or tactful to watch, each other, the problem does not set itself so sharply. It is mainly in Anglo-Saxon countries, where the little blue flower has its altars, that the trouble begins. A rather fascinating foreigner said to me once, 'Englishwomen are very troublesome; they are either so light that they do not understand you when you tell them you love

them, or so deep that you must elope every time. This is a difficult country.' I do not want to seem cynical, but the mutable nature of man is so ill-recognized and the boredom of woman such a national institution that, when it is too late to pretend that that which has happened has not happened, most of the mischief has already been done. Why a husband or wife who has found attraction in another should immediately treat his partner abominably is not easily understood, for falling in love with the present victim did not make him rude or remiss to the rest of the world. But the British are a strange and savage people. Also, when in doubt they get drunk, so I fear I must leave a clearer recognition of polygamous instincts to the slow-growing enlightenment of the mind of man.

He is growing enlightened; at least he is infinitely more educated than he was, for he has begun to recognize that woman is, to a certain extent, a human being, a savage, a barbarian, but entitled to the consideration generally given to the Hottentot. I do not think woman will always be savage, though I hope she will not turn into the clear-eyed, weather-beaten mate that Mr. H. G. Wells likes to think of — for the future. She has come to look upon man as an equation that can be solved. He too, in a sense, and both are to-day much less inclined than they were fifty years ago to overlook a chance of pleasing. It is certain that men and women to-day dress more deliberately for each other than they ever did before; that they lead each other, sometimes with dutiful unwillingness, to the theatre or the country. It is very painful sometimes, this organization of pleasure, but it is necessary because dull lives are bad lives, and better fall into the river than never go to the river at all. It is dangerous and vain to take up the attitude, 'I alone am enough.' Yet many

do: as one walks along a suburban street, where every window is shut, where every dining-room has its aspidistra in a pot, one realizes that scores of people are busily heaping ashes on the once warm fire of their love.

The stranger is the alternative; he obscures small quarrels; if the stranger is beautiful, he urges to competition; if he is inferior, he soothes pride. But above all, the stranger is change, therefore hope. The stranger — an insurance against loss of personal pride; he compels adornment, for what is 'good enough for my husband' is not good enough for the lady over the way. The stranger serves the pleasure lust, this violent passion of man, and cannot harm him because the lust for pleasure, within the limits of hysteria, involves a desire for good looks, for elegance, for gayety; above all, love of pleasure was reviled of our fathers: whatever our fathers thought bad is a good thing. Our fathers did not understand certain forms of pride: there is more than pride of body in good looks, good clothes, and showing off before acquaintances: there is achievement, which means pride of conquest. I imagine that the happiest couple in the world is the one where each lives in perpetual fear that somebody will run away with the other.

Looking at it broadly, I see marriage as a Chinese puzzle, almost, not quite, insoluble. Spoiled by coldness, spoiled by ardor, spoiled by excess, spoiled by indifference, spoiled by obedience, by stupidity, by self-assertion, spoiled by familiarity, spoiled by ignorance. Spoiled in every possible way that man can invent. Spoiled by every ounce of influence a jealous or ironical world can muster, spoiled by habit, by contrast, by obtuseness quite as much as by over-close understanding. And yet it stands. It stands because there is nothing much to put into its place, because marriage

is the only road that leads a man away from his dinner when he is forty-five, or teaches a woman to preserve her complexion. It stands, like most human things, because it is the better of two bad alternatives. Only, because it stands we must not think that it will never change. All things change, otherwise one could not bear them. I suspect that marriage, which was once upon a time the taking of a woman by a man, which has now grown legalized, and may become courteous, will turn into a very skilled occupation. It will be recognized still more than now that all freedom need not be lost after putting on the wedding ring. As legal right and privilege grow, as women develop private earnings, a consciousness of worth must arise. Already women realize their value and demand its recognition. If they demand it long enough, they will get it.

I suspect that the economic problem is at the root of the marriage problem, for people are not indiscriminate in their relationships, and even Don Juan, after a while, longs to be faithful, if only somebody could teach him how to be it.

Marriage can be made close only by making divorce easy, by extending female labor. For labor makes woman less attractive and to be attractive is rather a trap: how much higher can a woman rise? But the economic freedom of woman will mean that she need not bind herself; she will be able to break away, and in those days she will be most completely bound, for who

would run away from a jail if the door were always left open?

I detest Utopia, and these things seem so far away that I am more content to take marriage as it is, in the hope that unhealthy novels, unnecessary discussions, unwholesome views, and unnatural feelings may little by little reform mankind. Meanwhile, I hold fast to the private maxim that hardly anything is unendurable if one sets up that all mankind could not give one a quite worthy mate. But there is another alleviation: understanding not only that one is married to somebody else, but also that somebody else is married to one's self, and that it is quite as hard for the other party. There are many excellent things to be done; here are a few: —

(1) Do not open each other's letters. (For one reason you might not like the contents.) And try not to look liberal if you don't even glance at the address or the postmark.

(2) Vary your pursuits, your conversation, and your clothes. If required vary your hair.

(3) If you absolutely must be sincere, let it be in private.

(4) (Especially for wives.) Find out on the honeymoon whether crying or swearing is the more effective.

(5) Once a day say to a wife, 'I love you'; — to a husband, 'How strong you are!' If the latter remark is ridiculous say, 'How clever you are!' for everybody believes that.

(6) Forgive your partner seventy times seven. Then burn the ledger.

THE BULU AND HIS WOMEN

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

THE tribes of our neighborhood in the Southern Kamerun belong to the Bantu race. If, as is supposed at this writing to be the case, the Bantu-speaking tribes occupy the southern half of Africa from the seventh degree north of the equator, our neighborhood is in the northern limit of their present occupancy. They are migratory; their drift has been south and west from the heart of Central Africa. Sir Harry Johnston fixes the approximate date at which the Bantu negro left his primal home as not more than two thousand years ago, and notes that he has over-run in his migrations the forest negro, the Nilotic negro, the Hottentot, and the Bushman.

The Bantu is betrayed entirely by his speech. He has no history except as traced and exhibited in his speech; he has no physical distinction or type — only a typical language, and no cohesion except the cohesion of language.

He has wandered, spear in hand, and the spotted skin of a leopard on his shoulder, not in a horde but in broken companies — through the forests and in the grass countries of Africa — these two thousand years. At the crossings of rivers tribes have divided; clans have divided; even families have divided as the bolder members have dared to make a crossing which the weaker ones have evaded; until to-day there are unnumbered tribes, speaking unnumbered dialects, differentiated by local customs, and governed in minor matters by dissimilar traditions. They see each other through a glass darkly.

600

But the white man is a mighty hunter and has tracked them to many a secret lair by his instinct for the spoken word. By him they, who have no care beyond the tribe, are discerned as a race and are endowed with a history; and this constructive work is based, not upon a written word, or a system of hieroglyphics, but upon a spoken word. None of them but carried in those long wanderings a word — a construction — an idiom — that should betray them, the root of them, to the wise white man.

In our neighborhood there are more than ten tribes; we are speaking of the Bulu, one of the Fang divisions of the Bantu people. These, and all West Coast Bantu tribes, have been preserved until a very recent date from that Arab influence which has so much modified the custom of the Bantu people to the East. Our neighbors exhibit that 'culture most characteristically African' which is to be found, Sir Harry Johnston believes, in the forests of the Congo and among the lagoons and estuaries of the Guinea Coast.

The migrations of the Bulu draw near the coast. Other Fang tribes have reached the coast and the ultimate barrier of the sea.

You must not think of our migrations as an agitation — or a definite campaign. There is no sense of encampment in the little brown villages strung on the thread of the forest paths. Only this: ask any aged Bulu where 'his father bore him,' and he will say that he was born in a town toward the rising sun, beyond a river so

many days' journey inland, and deserted now, he will tell you. Ask him where he himself lived when he married his first wife, and he will tell you of a clearing deserted now, or occupied by another tribe — a lesser number of days' journey to the east. Ask of the whereabouts of the young of his clan, and you will find them making clearings along the path toward the sea. Westward and a little south of west drift the Bulu, the tribe of our neighborhood.

The Bulu people are not among the flower of the Bantu. But their language — with its idiom, its irony, its aptness at self-defense, its richness in the expression of sense-perception, — fits the Bulu like their skin. The staccato music of the Bulu tongue is an adequate expression of the Bulu mind. And the man of this neighborhood and of this dialect has a pride in his colloquialisms. Bulu friends of mine have grieved to hear my Bulu corrupted by a journey among the tribes to the north, where the letter *g* fills the pause of our local elision, and have corrected my accent after a journey among tribes to the south — where the letter *k* is articulate in the elision decreed by the Bulu. 'We Bulu,' they have reproached me, 'speak the real talk, — don't spoil it!' And those who have seen the Word of God redress itself in the Bulu (or, I am thinking, in any dialect of the Bantu) have agreed that it is indeed a 'real talk,' not to be lightly spoiled. It is not for nothing that the Bantu negro has conserved in long wanderings the treasure of his unique speech.

And if this negro has been linguistically consistent along so many paths of the grass country and the forest country and the beach, he has been consistent too in his subjection to three great racial ideas: he has everywhere been dominated by the lust of

gain, the lust of women, and the yoke of fetish. Gain and women and fetish, — it is the old trilogy of the world, the flesh, and the devil. Naked and unashamed this trio has walked in all the caravans of all the wanderers of these age-old migrations, until this day, when the supreme religious adventures of the Bantu have to do with the impact of the things of God upon the 'things of goods,' the 'things of women,' and the 'things of fetish.'

Our Bulu, the man, is first and always a master. The white man does not think of him so, but so does the Bulu and so perhaps does the Bantu in general think of himself. In every tribal relation he is, or he purposes to be, a master. He dresses to the part, beach or bush, and the details of his attire (that vary with time and place) have an intentional and recognized significance. That passer-by, netted in tattoo, braceleted with ivory or with brass, armed with a spear, and followed by a retinue of arrogant young bucks, is in his degree a master. As such he moves, he advertises his function in his posture. Whether he be young and beautiful, or old and fat as headmen often are; whether hung with the traditional leopard-skin or coated in a cast-off white man's uniform; whether he be a lesser headman over an obscure village, or a personage of intertribal fame and great possessions, he speaks and moves as master. And this he is by merit — the merit of wisdom in the things of women, the things of goods, and the things of fetish. I think of major headmen known to me, and some inherited from their fathers, and some crept up as parvenus do, but not one could hold his own among the true Bulu if he were not versed in the triple lore of women and goods and fetish.

And if he dresses the part, so does he build his town to the part. The two parallel rows of huts with the clearing

between: these are the houses of the women — the many women owned by the headman, the lesser — how shall I say — flocks or herds, owned by his town-brothers, and the ewe lambs owned by the younger men, or the less successful, or the man whose wives always run away. And at either end of the clearing, across the one and the other opening of the commons, are the palaver houses — the great houses where the men of the village sit, where they eat, where they buy and sell women and ivory — the one with the other. Big towns and little towns, villages of ten houses and great settlements of two hundred, the huts of the Bulu are so disposed; the little bark huts, eight by twenty, or ten by thirty, thatched with leaves, are built in rows with the commons between; and at the entrance of the town the palaver house rises, higher, longer, wider, but built of bark like the little huts, and thatched with leaves. Be sure that the masters sit in the cool brown shade of the palaver houses, with their eyes upon their own. It is for this that the palaver house is so placed in the village.

And if they dress the part of masters, and build to the part, they express the part. Our Bulu is ruthless and cruel, he is dignified and courteous and hospitable, and this because he is a master. The town is his, as headman, or he has, as town-brother of the headman, his portion in authority. An authorized guest will be welcomed, fed, and detained, courteously and with dignity. 'Before we knew the white man,' said old Minkoe Ntem to me, 'we knew friendship and the things of friendship.'

And in years of contact with many tribes of the beach and the bush I have met with how many of the things of friendship; and with discourtesy I have met but once, and that from a negligible source. I see in my heart old Mbité

Kumbale, master of one hundred and eighty women and for unnumbered years headman of his village, sitting of a morning in the brown gloom of his great old palaver house, stripping long ribbons from green reeds, and looking curiously wise, curiously maternal — and like the great god Pan. To the little Bulu pipings of the white woman he lent a courteous ear, speaking of his past when that seemed to please her, and polite to whatever idiosyncrasy of his guest. His long village slept in the morning sun; his able-bodied women were away in their gardens; their old and wise and cruel master was at leisure for the amenities.

For he is a cruel old man. The Bantu men are cruel because they are masters. I am not speaking of cannibalism, although it exists among the Bantu of our neighborhood, in some tribes not at all, in some tribes hardly at all, in other tribes to an appreciable degree — as among the Yebekolo, of whose headmen five were executed by the German government in one year on the ground that they had fostered cannibalism. Of this vice I will not speak at length because, however interesting it is to the white man (and it seems to possess a peculiar fascination), or however dark a shade it has cast upon the Bantu past, — and does still cast upon the Bantu present, — that shadow is in the main upon the past; the vice is a hidden and a vanishing shame. It is quick to disappear among those tribes which come under the observation of the white man. Of all the vices of the negro this most hideous vice least resists its doom, and is a thing remembered with shame long before lesser vices, cruelties, obscenities give way. The cruelties, the vices, the obscenities of the Bantu — there might be a book about these, and there have been books. This paper is an attempt to depict among the Bulu the 'new things.'

It is our custom to think of the Bantu as childlike: he so speaks of himself to the white man, and to the white man he so seems. His limitations are more obvious than the secret trend of his nature. But the Spirit of God takes account of this element of his power and of his weakness — that he is a master. I think that this is so. In how many palaver houses where the masters sit, their eyes upon the sun-struck street of the village, supreme abnegations are taking place. How many men, great in their tribe, rich in the sleek bodies of women, wise in the dark secrets of their race, have stripped themselves of the things of this world, and an exceedingly precious weight of glory; have bent their necks to the yoke of the Ten Commandments, and by the Spirit call Jesus Lord. I have seen a Bulu headman, a leopard skin hanging from his shoulders, go to do obeisance to a white man who was his governor. And arrogance walked with him upon that enforced journey until timidity — that emanation from the presence of the white man — should strike it down. And I have seen three brothers of this headman, any one of whom might have been his successor, pass the broken bread at the communion service — the servants 'with one heart' of a common Lord. The mark of his yoke was upon each of these young men, as upon how many others of their race, who become for his sake poor, and have laid aside their beautiful and terrible arrogance for the garments of humility. Our racial prejudices and the standards of civilization may blind us in this present life to the coming of many masters to the brightness of our Lord's rising. These poor bodies laced in tattoo, these poor black hands that number the things of the world on their ten fingers, bring a kingly oil in the broken boxes of their abnegation.

'I am Nkolenden,' says an old headman to me, 'once the owner of many women, a glorious person, now a servant of God. I will beat the drum for the service.' And so on that Sabbath morning he did; a fantastic figure, not ignoble, in a loin-cloth and a brass-buttoned coat cast off by an army officer. Himself he beat the great call drum, his coat-tails flying, hard at work in the familiar frenzy — a figure for the common herd to gape upon. The headmen in our neighborhood have no great possessions; they are among the lesser fry of African headmen, with no more than a local fame. To such an one as Mackay's Mtesa, or the glorious Khama, or Chaka of the Ngoni, to whose activities in the early part of the nineteenth century over a million enemies owed their death — to such as these the greatest of our headmen is 'as the little finger to the thumb.' But our neighborhood is all their world, and the heart of a headman is a headman's heart. Nkolenden saw himself a king, and his menial act was between him and God, a symbol and a surrender.

And if the Bantu is master, his woman is slave. She is slave to the Bantu triple obsession of goods and sex and fetish. 'A girl,' says the Bulu proverb at her birth, 'is goods.' She may be, among certain tribes, the subject of a tentative bargain before she is born. 'A girl is not known,' says another proverb, 'till the day of her dowry.'

Ask of that little nine-year-old, who is not yet tattooed, whose young head is shaved in designs, — the headdress of the little girl, — whose sleek body is belted with beads, tailed with dried grasses, and aproned with leaves, ask of that childish creature, 'Who is giving goods on you?' and she will know. How many goats have been given, how many dogs and dog-bells, how many sheets of brass, and whether an ivory.

Or if she is to be given in exchange for another woman, — a wife for her father, or a little girl for her brother who must be set up in the world, — she will know that. The name of her tentative master she will know, who comes to consider his bargain from time to time. There he will sit in the palaver house with her father. There will be long talk of dowry, arguments for more or less.

The little girl comes in out of the sun-smitten street with food that her mother has cooked for her father and his guest, — a peanut porridge steamed in a great leaf, a roll of cassava bread, mashed plaintains. She will put her wooden tray at the feet of her masters. She is a precocious child, born to the language of sex. If the buyer is old she will hate him. She need make no secret of this, she may tell whom she pleases that, having 'come to her eyes,' she hates the man who buys her. All but her mother will laugh at the venom of the little tongue, the heavings of the little chest. And the day when her master brings the ivory, or the woman, or the last articles of barter, that day there will be a feast in her father's town and the songs of marriage. If the little girl weeps — why, so they always do, the hearts of children are thus. And in the evening, when the sun goes down the path to its setting and she moves away in the caravan of her husband's people, you will not ask which of the children in that caravan is the little bride; you will know because she weeps.

In her husband's town they will be dancing the marriage dances, they will be singing the songs of marriage. Her husband's kin will be singing little songs of mocking:—

'There is a little goat capering in the clearing, —
A neglect of cooking,
A neglect of work!
There is a little kid capering in the clearing!'

'O little bride, hurry in the house and grind the meal! — hurry!
Hurry and get your hoe, hurry!
O little bride, hurry!'

'While the boiled greens are still quaking she hides the kettle behind the bed!
Hé yé — é!
While the hot greens are still quaking!'

'You come to steal — Hé yé — é!
You come to grudge — Hé yé — é!
You come to deceive — Hé yé — é!'

'There is a weed in this town, there is a little weed — hé!
There is a child with sharp eyes in this town — Hé!'

So sing the husband's kin. And the bride's mother sings too, little conventional petitions that the child be adequately fed, that the tender child be spared — little phrases of maternal solicitude:—

Don't send my child to fish
in the stream
There are little snakes — O!
Don't send my child to fish
in the stream!'

'They count the bananas they feed my child —
They count them!
One, two bananas as they feed my child,
They count them!'

So sings the mother, and the child's kinfolk before they leave her in the care of strange women; and the little girl stands bewildered at the heart of the circling dances.

Or if it be her father's pleasure to delay the delivery of the goods, do not think that the girl is bred in innocence under her mother's roof. She was not born to the possession of her body; this is hired out to her father's material advantage among young bucks — prospective purchasers, men who bring wealth to the town. Not her father only, and her elder brother, may thus make profit of her person, but her husband will do so, in the times of the great clearings when a new town is to be

built, or a great garden planted — she will then serve as hire to strong young men. Through her use a successful hunter may be attached to her husband's service, and she, if she is desirable, may be a token of hospitality to an honored guest. By way of being security she may be lodged with her husband's creditors. How many women wear out weary years in this friendless bondage! Or, not having borne children to her husband, she may be sent on a visit to the town of his tribal brother.

But her children, born of whatever connection, belong not to herself, nor necessarily to their father, but to the man who owns her. To her own father, or other male guardian, if born before marriage, and to her husband if born after marriage. As she is not born to the possession of her body, so she is not born to the possession of her children. Women who have been sold from marriage to marriage may leave little children at every station of that aimless wandering. Thus the slave is branded on the heart.

And it is by way of the heart that the woman is slave to fetish. By her body she is slave to goods, and alas, by the consent of her body, to sex. But by her heart — the pangs of it, its maternal pangs, its hunger for permanent affections, its need to cast anchor in some certain good — by that she is slave to fetish. To keep her husband's love, what love-potions! To ease her jealousies, what evil charms! To safeguard her little one, what plaitings of grass anklets and bracelets, what desperate hopes tied up in little amulets, in little things of magic! And if she die — this slave to fetish — they will tie a belt of bells about her baby's middle, and the sound of these bells will continually drive away that maternal spirit — still a slave.

To such as these in a very definite

sense Christ is a liberator. It is not for nothing that, of the women who have come under my hand, many have fastened with a peculiar tenacity on the verses that say for them, 'He has made the captive free'; 'The truth has made you free.'

This African woman has a bald knowledge of her enslaved state. She is violent, undisciplined; her tongue is a fire and a sword; she is unmoral, unreliable; but she is humble-minded. In the Biblical sense this violent creature, caught in a net of tattoo, bridled and belted with beads, collared and braceleted with brass, this woman — so harnessed in barbarous ornament — is meek and poor in spirit. She is poor in the most conscious and the most pitiable sense. Christ's act of redemption has a tangible and obvious application to herself. I have seen the first words of the Gospel arrest a young Ntumu woman so abruptly that you would have said a hand had been laid upon her, and back of her harness of tattoo and of beads her woman face, so soft and mutable, was stricken to the most profound, the most personal attention. That being, enslaved to goods and sex and fetish, received with what astonishment in that word of the Word of God, her first intimation that there is any escape from the prison of material circumstance! Until she heard that word she was never at any time conscious of a self which could not be bought and sold. Until then she had never conceived of a personal possession of any sort, however humble; and how far she had been from any 'self'-possession! Never before had her self been addressed. And in the moment of that Divine address there was a pause in her universe; the things of the body were smitten to a perceptible arrest. She had been grinding meal; her hand, with the upper stone, lay idle on the nether stone; her eyes were

fixed; in all her hut nothing stirred while that Ntum woman experienced the obscure shock of her first spiritual summons.

To an extraordinary degree there is among the Bulu a solidarity of sex. 'God created all people of two tribes,' the women tell me, 'the tribe of man and the tribe of woman.' The things of one tribe are hidden from the other tribe. There is 'a wisdom of men and a wisdom of women,' though the wisdom of women is a small matter, a matter to laugh at among men. And women, for all they have a housewifely and maternal contempt for men, yet are humble before them, ashamed before them of their age-old accumulation of wisdom, not displaying before them their little treasure of verity garnered from their labors and their loves and their sorrows, 'since the birth of men.' 'I am as stupid as a hen,' is the common feminine self-analysis.

A peculiar shame attaches to the performance of a woman's work by a man; the division of labor is determined by the most rigid custom. None but women grind meal, none but men sew the strips of beaten bark-cloth into squares. And about every handicraft of the tribes there is the law of sex, and the understood element of nobility or ignobility. 'Am I a woman that I should bring in food from the garden? I will starve first.'

And if in the things of labor the customs of sex are very strong, they are much stronger in the matter of fetish. Woe to those who are ignorant in these matters — who confuse the food, the acts, the liberties, which are the privilege of men, with the food and the acts and the liberties which are the forbidden things for women! It is a very literal instance of the one man's meat and the other's poison. I have seen a young Christian woman almost faint away when she came to this crucial

question: 'Do you believe that God created men and women equal?' Back of her stood her Christian husband. She turned her face about until she met his eye; there she received the grave command of his gaze; her arm went up slowly in sign of assent. It was with great timidity that she stepped off into that nobler thought of herself as woman.

'All people are of two tribes,' I am told; and yet again I am told, 'Every man a son of man.' This is the proverbial expression of an understood common humanity. Man and woman, master and slave — every person is a son of man, born to a common lot. Over human foible and error is cast the cloak of this proverb. Sorrow is commiserated in these words. And most this is true in the things of custom and in the things of fear.

To the things of custom the man as well as the woman is slave. 'We Bulu, we do so.' 'It is our custom.' 'Who would question the things to which we are born?' 'From the birth of men we have done thus, not otherwise.' So much for the iron bond of the things of custom.

There is a common enslavement to the things of fear: 'Every man a son of man' is true in the things of fear. In these dim forests every son of man is born to fear. Temporal and material fears he does indeed suffer, but these minor fears are as 'the little finger to the thumb' in comparison with the major fears that are not material fears. Here is the sum of his terrors: fear of other-worldly things as they impinge upon the sunny open of this life, and fear of the unknown adventure 'beyond death.' The white man cannot see how thick they gather about his haunted brother, these 'millions of strange shadows' that tend upon him. We who are born to a singular freedom in the natural world — what can we

know of the relentless pressure upon the human heart of the crowded world of the animist? To him the rocks of this world, its rivers, its forests, all the structure of it and all its ornaments, are not sufficient to afford lodging for the spirit tenants. These inhabit and overflow all material accommodation. These pack the world; and there is a Bulu proverb which says, 'A shadow never falls but a spirit stands.' There are housed spirits and nomad spirits; spirits that are content with their lodging in a fallen tree, in a rock, easy to be propitiated with little offerings of leaves, of shells, of seeds; and there are spirits of an untiring malevolence: wanderers, going to and fro seeking whom they may devour in subtle spirit fashion, open to suggestion from evil men, servants of your enemy, fathers to inhuman cruelties implanted in the human mind, princes in the realms of fear. 'Go,' say these spirits; and alas, the son of man — he goeth! 'Come!' and he cometh! How can the white man know of these things; and knowing in part, how can he tell other white men?

I will tell you of Ndongo Mbé's father and his exile. Ndongo Mbé's father, says Ndongo Mbé, was named Mabalé. And when Ndongo Mbé was little, no bigger than your wrist, Mabalé was caught by a strange sickness, so that he was near death. In those days there was a wise man, a 'witch doctor,' in our neighborhood, — himself he is dead now, but in those days he still breathed, — and the brothers of Mabalé sent for him to come and heal Mabalé. This thing he certainly did, he healed him. And he healed him by a taboo, a very strong taboo. Mabalé recovered from his sickness, but he was 'tied' by the medicine man to this thing: that he must never see a grandchild of his. That he must certainly never do. And so it was that, when

Ndongo Mbé began to be a young man, the heart of Mabalé was hung up; he feared very much lest he see a grandchild — who knew? And that thing would be death. So he took leave of the people of his own house, and of the village where he was headman, — yes, and even of his tribe, — and alone he went away by the paths that go toward the rising of the sun. Alone he went away, to the unfriendly tribes that build their towns far back that way. And in one of those strange towns he built a house for himself. Sometimes one of the men of our neighborhood, going that way to hunt an ivory, has seen Mabalé. He has asked the news of his town and of his family; he has asked news of his grandchildren. All night he and his tribesmen have talked, and in the morning they have parted. But this thing always happened — that Mabalé was quick, after such a visit, to go away from that town. He said in his heart, 'Lest my townspeople, knowing this path, show the way to a grandchild of mine.' Until at last he died in a town far away on the paths to the rising of the sun. And when a passer-by from that strange country told Ndongo of that death in exile, there was a peculiar sorrow in the hearts of that family. The wife of Mabalé turned to the wall and wept. The children and the grandchildren greatly desired to look upon the grave of their father, but they might not, for the many days' journey.

So much for a life wrecked by fear. This story is one of a thousand and is chosen for its lack of gross detail — its freedom from the element of physical torture so common to the Bantu dramas of fear, and so degrading to the ears of a white man.

And of fear of things beyond death I will tell you that here, too, every man is a son of man. 'Death,' say the Bulu, 'does not pity beauty.' 'You till the

ground,' they say, 'that will cover you.' 'There is no limit to death,' they say. And many black men have told me, 'My father died, and when he was near death he said, "Put my spear in my hand, for the path before me is unknown, and it is a bad path."' Look, I pray you, with compassion upon this black man who must venture upon such adventures so equipped! And when you come upon the dead man's little clay pipe and the rusting head of his spear laid out under the sun and the rain at the limit of the village, understand a little why it is that his exiled spirit, so unequipped for the hardships of the way, must return to familiar places and to serviceable things.

For he has a spirit. In his world — overpopulated with spirits — the son of man has his portion. He is conscious of his dual life. There are for him 'the things of the body,' and 'the things of the spirit.' Pain is a thing of the body; grief is a thing of the spirit. The body dies and the spirit survives.

There is a thrilling Bulu word, the word 'Énying.' It is the word for life, and on the lips of the natural Bulu there is an immemorial thrilling phrase, 'I desire life.' For our Bulu conceives himself as a vessel for the fluid manifestations of life. He is filled, or he is emptied, of life; as the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth our Bulu after 'life.' This is his problem — how to acquire 'énying,' or life; how to appropriate a share, or, if may be, a double share, in that precious commodity which he conceives as an element, immanent and manageable if one but knew the secret! For his little vessel — the vessel of his body, with its content of life — is without protection, without, let us say, a lid. His treasure is in a violable vessel. There is more life and there is less; there are thieves of life, and acts of theft; spirit thieves and mortal thieves. There is

a flux of the precious essence. Mabalé on his wanderings was doing all that man could do against a threatened division, to 'hold body and soul together.'

This soul, — this ultimate human portion of the element of life, — what is its substance?

These things are obscure. Elmsie says that among the Ngoni they say, 'His shadow is still present,' meaning that, though on the point of death, the man's spirit is still with him. The wisest Bulu woman I ever knew told me that she was born in the town of Moon-da, where they certainly said that this thing on the wall that followed a man's body — the shadow of him — was the *man*. For certainly his *flesh* was not the man. And in their ignorance they thought, why not the shadow?

All students of the Bantu people are familiar with this solution of the ultimate human problem. Many other Bulu have offered me, timidly, the theory that the spirit of man and his shadow were — perhaps, who knew — one substance. And I was once in a house of mourning where one of the young widows sitting among the ashes took courage from desperation to show me the root of a consuming fear: she had three shadows! The cross lights in that little hut cast a shadow of that terror-stricken child of man on three walls. What were her thoughts of that possession? I cannot say. 'The heart,' say the Bulu, 'goes to hide in the dark.' Only of Christ it is said, 'He did not hunt a man to give Him news of men, because Himself He knew the things that are in the heart of man.' And to that thrilling Bulu cry, — 'I desire life,' — Christ alone answers, 'I have come to give you life and to give it more abundantly!'

[Miss Mackenzie's second article will deal with the Bulu and the Ten Commandments.]

THE NATION'S CRIME AGAINST THE INDIVIDUAL

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

THE incurable optimists who feel called upon to find a saving virtue in every evil and in every loss a compensation have been comforting the world since the outbreak of the great war with the assurance that the nations of Europe would arise purified and ennobled from the ashes of the war's destruction. It is not difficult to share this hope, but it gives us little comfort if we have any sense of proportion and are able to see what the individual is paying for a possible ultimate gain to the nations. We cannot help but think of the thousands of graves on the countrysides of Europe that are mute testimonies to the tragedy of individual life as revealed in this war, when we are asked to accept these optimistic assurances. The heroes and victims will not arise from their graves, though Europe may rise from its destruction.

This war presents a tragic climax to a pathetic history of individual life in its relation to the nation. The history is a pathetic one because the individual has held a pitiful place in society from the very beginning. The race has never had an adequate appreciation of his unique worth, and has always been too ready to claim his loyalty for petty ends. In primitive society the individual owned no property that the tribe could not claim, and he dared no action that its customs did not sanction. His life was valuable only in so far as it could be used to realize tribal and national ambitions. Since primitive society lacked the direction of public opinion, these ambitions were

dictated by the caprice of the rulers. Whether the ruler was a tribal chieftain, racial king, builder of empires, or feudal lord, he sacrificed the individual's life in any venture or adventure to which he was prompted by his jealousy or avarice, his pride or passion. No cause was too petty to be advanced by blood; no price in human values too high to be paid for its advancement. History is not lacking in national ventures that can be morally justified, but on the whole it presents a dismal succession of petty jealousies, often more personal than national, of cheap ambition and unrighteous pride, all of which claimed the individual as a victim.

To this history of individual life this war is a tragic climax, because it convinces us that the forces of history have not favored individual life as much as we thought. Before the war there was a general tendency to regard the moral weaknesses and injustices of nationalism as relics of primitive days which the forces of modern civilization were gradually overcoming and eliminating. But the war has taught us that the nationalism of to-day is distinctly modern in some of its aspects, in its faults as well as in its virtues.

To begin with, the nation has never been so powerful as it is now. Two forces have contributed to its power. One is the rise of racial self-consciousness which began with the fall of the Roman Empire, or, to be more exact, with the disintegration of the Empire of Charlemagne. The development of nations upon the basis of racial unity

proceeded slowly during the Middle Ages, hampered as it was by the power of feudal lords and by the custom of dividing a kingdom among all the heirs of the king. Nevertheless, racial solidarity gradually became the basis of political power. Among the nations of to-day Germany is perhaps the best example of national power based on racial solidarity. It is not an empire of peoples, and, popular opinion notwithstanding, it seems not to cherish the imperial ideal; it feels that its power is derived from the intense self-consciousness of a single race. That is more or less true of all modern nations, although most of them control several minor races without absorbing them.

The other, and even more potent, cause of modern nationalism is the advance of democracy. There is a peculiar irony in this fact. Democracy, we rejoiced to believe, favored the individual. It is indeed based upon a greater appreciation of personal and individual values, and has resulted in their development. But, although it may have espoused the cause of the individual, it has strengthened the power of the race with even greater success. The democratic tendencies of modern history have done more to free the race from the tyranny and caprice of its rulers than to free the individual from exploitation by the race. They have taken the supreme power of history out of the hands of the few and lodged it with the many, but they have done less to secure the liberty of the one against the power of the many. Democracy has trodden in the paths of constitutionalism and constitutionalism gives stability to the state. A government established upon law and deriving its power from the people is naturally more stable than were the governments that lived by the power and fell with the weakness of individual rulers. Its power to exploit the in-

dividual is correspondingly enhanced.

The accumulation of national debts is a striking example of this development. Primitive states would not have dared to make unborn generations responsible for stupendous national debts in the making of which they had no part. They refrained from this policy of modern states, not because they had more conscience but because they possessed less power. They lacked the credit to amass large debts. When constitutions did not fix the order and mode of succession, kings could not guarantee the payment of debts by their successors and therefore quit fighting when their exchequer was empty. The enormous national debts of to-day are obviously by-products of constitutionalism. The stability of modern governments is making the nation more powerful than it has ever been in history. There was a time when other communities disputed the nation's claim to the loyalty of the individual. In the Middle Ages the church, the empire, and the fief competed with the nation for supremacy; and in more recent times the class tried to establish itself as the ultimate community. But when this war broke out, class consciousness, so carefully nurtured before the war, was impotent before the passion of patriotism and the superior organization of the nation. The ruthless manner in which the belligerent nations have been able to suppress opinions that differed from the national policy, arouses the suspicion that the latter is a more potent factor in modern nationalism than the former.

The possession of power does not necessarily imply its unrighteous or oppressive use, although it generally awakes suspicion. We have no right to assume, therefore, that the nation is oppressing the individual because it is powerful enough to do so. However, if a strong nationalism is not in itself

oppressive of individual life, certain conditions of contemporary civilization seem to have conspired to make it so. One of these is the development of individual life and personal values. The individual soul stands for more than it once did, both in its own eyes and in the esteem of its fellows. The German scientist Haeckel contended in a recent article on the war that his nation was bringing greater sacrifices than any other belligerent because the personal life-value of the German soldier was higher than that of the black and yellow fighters in the ranks of the Allies. This claim is based upon a significant truth, though Haeckel's partisan application of it is rather far-fetched. Civilization has increased the value of the individual soul. More and more man emerges from the mass and takes a distinctive place among his fellows. Education has given him the independence of his own opinions. His Christian faith has made his happiness the very goal of history and his destiny independent of the future of his race. Science has tamed the hostility of his bitterest enemy, nature. Nature has always favored the race against the individual.

So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life.

But the ingenuity of man has bent many of her forces to his own uses. All of these factors have given the single life a higher value and a more unique worth. When a nation demands these lives it is asking for greater sacrifices and is inflicting more acute pains and agonies than did the primitive state when it summoned its men. The artisans and professional men, the business men and thinkers who are manning the trenches of Europe and whose blood is drenching its battlefields, mean more or meant more to their friends, stood for more in their communities, and

added more to the sum total of human values than the soldiers of ancient armies who could follow the standards of their leaders and espouse their country's cause without forsaking any particular task or abandoning any distinctive place in their community. Were modern nationalism no stronger than of old, this development of personal values would make its demands upon them more cruel and painful.

The methods of modern warfare serve to aggravate the pain of sacrificing individual values for racial ends. In the face of the development of individual life modern warfare demands an unprecedented suppression of individuality and sacrifice of personal values. Modern armies still need men, more than ever before, but the very qualities that make their lives worth while in civic life and endow their personalities with a unique distinction are least needed in the modern army. Both the ascendancy of the machine, of modern artillery, in warfare, and the machine-like character of the army itself have caused this state of affairs.

So impersonal is the modern machinery of war that not even the individuality of its manipulators stands out distinctly. The greatest war of all history has produced very few heroes and great personalities. Courage is still an asset in the army of to-day, but not that romantic valor, so celebrated in ancient histories, in which the qualities of personal prowess and initiative predominated. The courage that is needed to-day is the submissive courage that executes strategical plans without understanding them and obeys commands without fathoming their purpose. Thus grimness is overshadowing the romance of war, and machine-like precision has become more necessary than spectacular heroism. This is the reason why modern warfare is so fruitful of mental agony as well as

of physical pain. The individual, never more eager for a unique distinction among his fellows, has never been more completely lost in the mass than in the modern army.

The development of military methods that has made this suppression of individuality necessary has proceeded in the face of diametrically opposite tendencies in civil life. There was a time when the trumpets of war were a signal of relief from the benumbing ennui of peace. At that time the pursuits of peace were in the hands of slaves, and it was the business of gentlemen to fight—for war presented these gentlemen with the largest opportunities to distinguish themselves and gain 'immortality.' But since then the hazards and problems that make life interesting and the tasks that make it worth while have multiplied as rapidly in civil life as they have decreased in military pursuits. Thus to-day the nation at war not only fails to satisfy the desire of man for a 'place in the sun,' but actually robs him of the place which he enjoyed in civil life. Modern warfare is cruel, not only because of its extravagant waste of human life, but because of its barbaric indifference to personal values. Not only the *Massengrab* is symbolical of the tragedy of individual life in war. In one sense the uniform is as truly, though not as vividly, symbolical of that tragedy which consists as much in the suppression of individuality as in the sacrifice of individuals.

But the final indictment of modern nationalism is not that it demands such great sacrifices. If modern warfare did nothing more than demand greater sacrifices and inflict more cruel pain than before, it might be endured. Mankind has not outgrown its capacity for sacrifice or outlived its need of it. This war has taught us that prosperity has not made men as flabby

and complacent as we thought it had. We see the individual wronged by the nations, not because they demand so much of him, but because they demand so much to so little purpose. We are grieved, not because democracy has given the nation so much power, but because it has endowed it with too little conscience. Though democracy may have freed us of the capricious adventures of tyrants, it does not seem to have delivered us from the unrighteous pride and avarice of the race. This does not mean that the moral character of the race has not developed as well as that of the individual, but the former does not seem to have held pace with the latter. At any rate, too many of the purposes involved in national ambitions and of the issues involved in national struggles are of a kind that will not and should not appeal to the conscience of the individual, if he is permitted to regard them sanely and is not blinded by the chauvinistic passion that national crises so easily unloose. Man is not unwilling to make sacrifices, but he has never longed more for issues that will hallow his sacrifices and make them worth while.

The nations of to-day are hard pressed to meet this demand. Perhaps this is true, not so much because they lack conscience, but because conditions over which they have no control have robbed their issues of their ultimate character. There was a time when the nation was man's ultimate community and he had no higher obligation than to serve its interests. But he no longer lives in his country alone. He is a citizen of the world. He draws his spiritual sustenance from all the races. Their geniuses instruct him in their wisdom and their moral struggles enrich his spiritual life. All humanity serves the modern man and puts him under obligations by that service. He does violence to his conscience if he presses

the interests of his race against the interests of the wider spiritual community in which he lives.

Of course, this larger community is poorly organized and its claims upon man's loyalty are not put with the force with which the nation can put them. Its interests are, moreover, so varying that the individual may never be certain that he is seeking the greatest good of the greatest number. Altruism does not easily lend itself to quantitative tests. But it can be tested qualitatively. The individual may not be able to judge whether the purposes of his nation will ultimately serve humanity, but he can determine with reasonable certitude whether they will serve the ends of justice. Perhaps this is why devotion to moral principles has been a more potent motive of altruism than loyalty to communities. Mediæval history offers a striking example of this fact. The different communities of the Middle Ages which competed with each other in claiming the loyalty of men were not unsuccessful, and their petty enterprises never failed to enlist supporters; but the altruism and courage manifested in national and feudal struggles was eclipsed by the unmatched moral fervor and romantic altruism of the Crusades, whose supreme motive was not loyalty to a community but devotion to moral and spiritual principles.

The modern nations have not been slow to appreciate this desire for principles that transcend man's obligation to the nation, through which he might judge and with which he might justify his loyalty to a limited community. That is why most of them have been trying to play the rôle of champions of righteousness and civilization. Unhappily, however, they cannot play their rôles convincingly except for those who want to be duped to ease their consciences or to save their opti-

mism. Their claims do not breed conviction, not only because in this particular war moral issues were afterthoughts that did not dictate the contending alliances, but also because it is no longer possible for any nation to claim sole championship of any particular cause or principle. The fundamental things of life transcend national limitations and outrun national barriers more easily than ever before. If a nation has contributions to make to civilization it is no longer necessary, if indeed it ever was, that it force them on an unwilling world through the sword or prove their merit by the force of arms. We can go to school with the different nations and appropriate some of their unique achievements without being their political slaves. There was a time when national provincialism did set some limits to the propagation of ideals and principles which a particular nation has conceived, and made it necessary and defensible, to an extent, that it propagate these by extending its dominion. For that reason the Roman legionary could regard himself more truly a champion of civilization than the German soldier; and the citizen of Athens could more justly claim to be the protagonist of democracy than the soldier of England. The internationalizing of most of the higher values of civilization has robbed the nation of the right to dignify its struggles by declaring these to be involved. Thus the modern soldier's hope of finding some universal values and transcendent principles involved in his nation's struggle and hallowing it, is more certain of disappointment than ever before.

It is unnecessary to establish here that the principal cause of modern warfare is commercial rivalry. Economic issues underlie practically all national animosities. Nations have other and worthier ambitions than the

one to be prosperous; but only their economic ambitions seem to call for physical combat with their neighbors. The others they can realize in peace. There may be exceptions, but to enumerate them would lead us too far astray. We are speaking generally, and in that sense it is true that commercial supremacy—or, to put it more broadly, prosperity—is the end for which the modern nation demands the sacrifices of its citizens. This, then, is the stuff that modern nationalism is made of, at least in so far as it is manifested in modern warfare. What a pitiful thing it is that the Pomeranian peasant or the miner of Wales is asked to sacrifice his life in a struggle that is to determine whether future generations of Hamburg or Liverpool merchants shall wax rich from overseas commerce and the exploitation of undeveloped countries! That is the tragedy of modern nationalism—it offers the modern man, with all his idealism and sensitive moral instincts, no better cause to hallow his sacrifices than the selfish and material one of securing his nation's prosperity.

It is, by the way, a sad commentary on contemporary civilization that commercial competition is so strongly national. We try to be international in our spiritual interests, and send missionaries to other lands to bestow our spiritual possessions on other nations; but we build tariff walls and develop national commerce at the risk of bloodshed, in order to keep our material possessions strictly for ourselves and if possible develop a prosperity beyond that which other nations enjoy.

If the purposes for which the nation claims the sacrifices of its citizens are not worthy ones, the question arises why these sacrifices are still so successfully demanded and so readily made. One answer is that the nation is still powerful enough to claim, though its

purposes are not always great enough to deserve, the individual's sacrifices. Another answer is that the average man is not able to fathom the real motives that underlie national policies and cause national struggles. But the principal reason for the satisfaction which the modern soldier is still able to find in the sacrifices he makes, is that in times of war loyalty and courage are made ultimate virtues for which men are honored without regard to the ends which these virtues may serve. But by peculiar irony, history applies other standards to the actions of men than those of the tribunals of contemporary opinion. It sees many men as fools who were heroes in their own time. For it loyalty is not an end in itself. It looks to the ends that this virtue may serve. That is the reason posterity often honors men for their non-conformity, while contemporary opinion respects them for their conformity; that is why there are as many rebels as patriots on the honor rolls of history. The state owes man issues that will hallow his sacrifices, not only in his own eyes and in those of contemporaries, but in the estimation of history; it owes him issues that have a value for civilization and through which he may perpetuate his life in history.

The individual of to-day feels that the nations are not fulfilling this obligation and that he is being wronged by them. But the cause of the nation is no more righteous if he does not feel this and is duped by pretexts that hide the real issues. The willingness of men to die in struggles that effect no permanent good and leave no contribution to civilization makes the tragedy of individual life all the more pathetic. The crime of the nation against the individual is, not that it demands his sacrifices against his will, but that it claims a life of eternal significance for ends that have no eternal value.

CHILDREN WANTED

BY LUCY PRATT

THEY were sitting at the breakfast table when the morning mail came in. There was something for Mr. Henry Tarbell — there was always something for him; there was something for Mrs. Henry Tarbell — there was usually something for her. The only thing at all unusual was that there was something for Master Crosby Tarbell. It was rather a strange-looking document, too. Beside the address was a picture of a pony with a long, sweeping tail, and just under the pony were some words. Crosby was learning to read in a school which was proud of its 'phonetic method,' and he read the words slowly, with many little lip sounds to help him on.

'Would you like a pony for your vacation? You can have her free.'

His father's glance fell on the picture.

'Hullo, where does all that come from?'

'It says I can have her free,' began Crosby, with a characteristic pause in the middle of his sentence which always gave the effect of steadying the inclination to a slight tremble in his small, earnest voice; 'it says — I can have her free.' His face flushed. 'Can I — have her, father?'

'Where would you keep her?' inquired his father casually, opening a letter. 'In the kitchen?'

'No, in the — in the barn! They used to keep a horse there — before we lived here! I — I could keep her in the barn!'

'M—m, barn? I'm afraid she would n't recognize it.'

'But there's a stall there! A nice stall! *Could n't* I have her?'

His father looked up again.

'What's this? A prize contest? Oh, I see.' He smiled absently as he went on with his mail. 'Yes, it's safe to say you can have her — if you can get her.'

Crosby's face flushed slowly again, and his eyes looked very bright.

'If you can get her,' repeated his father, pushing his chair back and looking at his watch, 'but you can't, Crosby. There isn't a chance in a thousand that you could.' He put his watch in his pocket and looked at his wife. 'Well, I must go. Come on, old man. Better take your pony correspondence outside! Too good a day for the house.'

From the low porch-steps Crosby waved an absent good-bye, his eyes still on the pictured pony. As he tore away some yellow seals a letter fell out, and he creased the big folder again and cautiously sat down on it so that it would n't blow away. Then he spread the letter across his knees.

It was more than half an hour later that he looked up and drew a long breath of relief. It was the first really full-sized breath that he had taken since he began the letter — and he had just finished it. His eyes dwelt on the last sentences again, and as he pulled the folder from under him, they traveled back to the beginning.

'I have some good news for you!' It read more easily this time. 'What would make you happier than anything else you can think of? To have me tell you that you can have a pony

of *your own*?' The characteristic, slow flush came into his cheeks. 'Well, that is just what I *am* going to tell you! Because on the twentieth of August we are going to give away to some boy or girl, one of the prettiest little Indian ponies you ever saw. Her name is "Lightfoot," and *you can have her if you get started right away*. The thing is to start right out —' Oh, he understood the rest perfectly! He was simply to get subscriptions for *the most delicious breakfast food that had ever been boxed for the public market!* Its name? Buttercup Crisps! He was simply to get the names of people who were willing to put their names down for one order or more of Buttercup Crisps!

'Buttercup Crisps!' he whispered, and caught another deep breath at the mere sound of it, as he opened up the big folder. '*A Prize for Every Contestant!*' It stared at him in huge letters, and his eyes traveled swiftly from the shining bicycle to the little mahogany writing-desk, to the violin, to the beautiful gold watch — then rested again gently, lingeringly, on THE PONY. Just once again his glance shifted to the sentence which seemed to shine out from all the others. '*Her name is "Lightfoot," and you can have her if you get started right away.*'

He gathered up all his papers and went in.

'Mother —' he began, but he found that he needed a steadying pause at the very beginning. 'Mother — can I go out — for a little while? I want to — do something.'

She looked at the folded sheets in his hand.

'Oh, Crosby, that's so foolish!' she protested. 'You know you could n't get that pony, no matter how hard you tried.'

'Well, can I go?' he repeated, sticking characteristically to the original question.

'Oh, yes, I suppose so. But I would n't waste my time over *that*, if I were you. It's too warm a day.'

He was already storing all the papers and pictures inside his waist for safe keeping, and as he marched steadily down town toward 'the centre,' he kept one hand of protection upon them and made out a careful plan of campaign. He must go to every house in town, beginning with the one right there, next the post-office. But it was n't a house. It was a store. Never mind, he would begin with the store. He felt very strange, though, as he stood before the counter, while the man behind it waited, flirting some string which hung down from a suspended ball, and evidently quite ready for business.

'Would you like —' began Crosby, his voice growing so faint that he had to swallow to get it back again; 'would you like — some Buttercup Crisps?'

'Like some *what*?' bawled the man.

Crosby had an idea that he might get arrested if he asked that again, at least if he did n't make some variation, so he launched desperately into another construction.

'It's something — to eat! For breakfast! Buttercup Crisps! It comes — in boxes.'

'Well, what about it?' questioned the man behind the counter distractedly.

'I — do you — do you want some?' continued Crosby bravely.

'No, I don't,' declared the man behind the counter with both strength and finality. 'T would n't make any difference *what* it came in! I'm so over-run now with these breakfast concoctions that there ain't room left for anything else!'

'Yes, sir,' returned Crosby politely, and walked out to the street again.

It was n't a very promising beginning, to be sure, but it was a relief to have that first dreadful plunge over.

Perhaps it would n't be so bad after that. And he marched on to the next house, which *was* a house and not a store. A middle-aged colored woman, in an ample white apron, came to the door and stood smiling at him while he screwed his courage into words again.

'Would you like — would you like — to try a few Buttercup Crisps?' he asked, with a fleeting consciousness that he had made a really elegant effort.

'W'at's dat, chile?' inquired the woman of color in kindly tones.

'Buttercup Crisps!' stammered Crosby. '*Crisps!* A few —'

'One o' dese yere breakfus' fancies, I s'pose?' came the kindly encouragement. 'An' it soun' good, too, doan't it? But' — she lowered her voice to a note of confidential intimacy — 'dey doan't 'low me ter transac' no business at de do', chile, no matter *w'at* yer offers. Dey would n' trus' it!'

'Yes 'm,' returned Crosby faintly, and walked down the steps. It made him positively dizzy to think of asking that question again. But his hand rose mechanically to the folded papers under his waist, and once more a vision of a beautiful, long-tailed pony swept before his eyes.

'It said I could have her if I got started right away,' he reasoned steadily, 'and I have got started right away, so I — I guess I better keep right on.'

He looked so hot and tired when he came in to dinner that his mother glanced at him questioningly.

'Why, Crosby, where *have* you been? You look perfectly roasted. Is it so hot in the sun? Well, don't go out again this afternoon until it's cooler.'

'I'm not — so very hot,' he assured her. But he thought, himself, that he would n't go out again right away. He had been to a good many houses that morning, but for some reason he had not a real name to show for it. He had

not seen the right people! Most of them had been servants, and of *course* they could n't have bought Buttercup Crisps — if they had wanted to. No — he must begin asking for 'the lady of the house.' And he must become more familiar with the literature of his folder. Its advertising value was his chief asset.

He set forth the next morning with new hope and confidence. And something very exhilarating soon happened. The very first 'lady of the house' who smiled down at him from her doorway, as he explained with conscientious, steady pauses, the full meaning of his call, and then, pointing to the pictured pony, explained, with even longer steady pauses, that he wanted to get her for a prize — why, that very first generous lady decided that she would give him her name for six boxes of Buttercup Crisps! Crosby fairly tottered with the monstrous significance of it. But as he drew more papers out from under his waist and found the page where subscribers' names were to be written, she glanced it hastily over.

'Yes, now I am to give you seventy-five cents,' she explained kindly, as she wrote her name, 'and it tells you in this little notice here that that counts you one point. It says, too, I see, that it takes six points to become a contestant.'

'Everybody gets a prize,' explained Crosby; and he unfolded the beautiful folder again with its large and frequent letters of assurance still staring joyously.

'Yes, but —' She looked down at his small, upturned face, and flushed with a kind of helpless shame, — 'but don't you see, dear child — it tells you here, in fine print, that it takes *six* points to become a contestant?'

Crosby looked puzzled. 'Every contestant gets — a prize,' he repeated

slowly. 'Does that mean that if you work—and get names—that perhaps you won't get a prize either?'

'That's just what it means, and I would n't bother with it if I were you. You see it means so much work for you—and it's so uncertain.'

'But the letter—was written to me,' explained Crosby. 'And the Pony Man says—I can't lose!'

'Well, then he's saying what is n't so. Because you can lose very easily, and I'm very much afraid that you will. But if you want to keep trying,'—she just touched his cheek with her hand,—'I—I hope that you will be successful!'

He went down the steps with a troubled face, tying three silver quarters into the corner of his handkerchief. So he did not yet understand all those printed documents! He looked up and down the warm, tree-lined street, and sat down under the first tree, spreading them all carefully out upon the grass. When he got up and started on again, he still looked troubled, but there was, too, a look of patient determination about him—entirely characteristic. He understood it all now. He understood about the points.

At dinner-time his eyes looked very bright. He had six names on his list for varying and assorted orders of Buttercup Crisps! As he brought out all his money and showed it to his mother, she smiled at him and told him that he was wasting his time. But he looked back at her with bright, confident eyes, as he went out again, his precious papers still buttoned under his waist.

As his campaign went on with steadily growing success, he trudged off as regularly as possible every morning, back again at noon and again at night. His mother listened and smiled at explanations of wonderful progress, at the growing list of names, and occa-

sionally his father half listened, and smiled too. After perhaps three weeks of it, there came a day when Crosby's most confident hope, at all times unwavering, became a thing which seemed to soar away with him into a kind of pony heaven, where he heard only the word 'Lightfoot,' and saw only one beautiful animal with a long, sweeping tail, because it kept flashing so continuously before his eyes. That was the day when he was obliged to send for a new subscription blank. That was the day when his hope, if it had ever in the past wavered even unconsciously, became a thing of absolute fixedness. And when there were seven new names on the new blank, and his little bag of money was so fat and heavy that he doubted whether it would hold any more, anyway, he had a conference with his mother about dates, and decided that it was time—it was the *day* to send everything—all the returns—to the Pony Man. She helped him, with the same smile of forbearance, about the money-order, made out with such dashing effect by the man at the post-office, and together they got off an impressive-looking envelope full of impressive-looking matter. It gave just the last touch of safety and surety to it all to have his mother helping, and Crosby looked up at her with shining eyes.

'You can ride in the pony-cart—after the pony comes—can't you?'

It took longer pauses than usual to keep things steady that time, and her glance wandered to his bright eyes.

'Would you be very much disappointed if it did n't come?'

A puzzled reproach crept over his face. She felt guilty of an unwarrantable suspiciousness of nature as he looked back at her—and then hurried off to the old stall in the barn. It seemed so strange not to have to think about names any more. He could give

all his time to the barn now. He wished that it was a nicer one, but with a little well-spent labor he thought he might make it very presentable, after all.

It was the next morning, after he had been working there with a fixed, concentrated pucker between his eyes for almost three hours, that a small boy from the next house appeared.

'Say, Crosby,' he began, 'there's a lady lives up there on the hill road — you know, after you've crossed the long bridge and turned up on the hill road?' Crosby nodded. 'Well, there's a lady lives up there says she'll be glad to help you. You know, for the pony you're trying to get. I was telling her about it yesterday, and she said she did n't know anything about the breakfast food, but she'd be glad to help you just the same.'

'But I've sent the names already,' explained Crosby, looking perplexed with fortune's almost immoderate favors.

'Well, send hers alone. Can't you do that?'

Crosby meditated. 'What house did you say she lived in?'

'It's the only house up there on the hill road. You know! The big, white house. You could n't miss it.'

'I guess I better go up there then.' He glanced out to the street, where the sun simmered on the white, hot road, and wiped some little beads of perspiration from his forehead. Then he walked slowly out through the yard.

When, what seemed a long time afterwards, he dragged himself in from the simmering, white street again, his legs pulling listlessly behind him, he even forgot, for the time being, what the walk had all been about, and sat down vacantly on the cool step in the shade, his cheeks burning a deep, dull red. Then he remembered and pulled himself up again. And that evening

another letter started on its way to the Pony Man.

The next morning he waked up with a confused consciousness that something important was hanging over him. Gradually it came back quite clearly. It was the twentieth. And then, for the first time, he became aware of facing a quite unheralded question of challenge. *Was there any doubt about the pony's coming?* His long list of subscription names flashed before his eyes, his big, shining pile of money, his mother's smile, the post-office man's 'whew!' of admiration before he made out the money-order, the promises in the letter if he began 'right away' and worked — and he had worked all the time ever since! There was but one possible answer to that question. The pony would come — to-day — before night.

He stumbled gayly down the stairs as he thought of all that he was going to do that morning in the barn. It was such a strange, rickety little affair, that barn; it did seem to look so much more like a shed than anything else, that he was continually haunted by his father's words: 'Barn? I'm afraid she would n't recognize it.' But he could make it clean, anyway, if it was n't new — He looked up at the battered manger, from his kneeling position on the floor, as he scrubbed with soap and water, and wondered what he could do about that. Something he was sure. Why, there were plenty of ways to do things if you only had sense. He thought he must be mistaken when he heard his mother calling him to dinner; but then, when he stopped and looked around, he felt a tired glow of satisfaction. The walls and floor of the old stall had not changed color, as he had hoped they would by washing, but they looked damp, and clean, too. Across the battered front of the manger was tacked a shining but crooked piece of clean,

brown paper, and inside was a fresh little pile of grass and three large, round ginger-cakes beside it. But Crosby's eyes traveled most lovingly to a small row of implements which hung down from the wall, at one side, from nails which he had pounded in. Of course ponies had to be groomed, and he looked up proudly at the small, clean brush, hanging by a string and suggestive no longer of the sink, at the worn whisk-broom next, at the broken comb, and finally at a little, shrunken last winter's glove, with its fingers cut off evenly, which completed the line. He would wear that glove when he did his daily grooming.

'I'll finish everything after dinner,' he meditated, and went in.

When he came back, a saucer of milk trembled dangerously in one hand, and with a faint, half-conscious smile flickering about his mouth, he put it down on the floor in the corner.

'She'll be thirsty when she gets here,' he reasoned, and then, half apologetically, he glanced down at a big, loose bunch of summer goldenrod, supported by the other hand. Standing high on his toes, he propped it very jauntily over a time-worn beam just opposite the door. 'To look nice when she comes in,' he whispered; and then he cast round a final look, sighed a tired sigh of satisfaction — and went out and closed the door.

He wandered about restlessly that afternoon, and finally, with a queer, light feeling in his head, that he associated dimly with the long walk on the hill road the day before, he turned out of the yard and struck off across the street in the direction of the railroad station. He wanted to inquire about trains and the station was near. Besides, he knew the station-master, and he would tell him just what he wanted to know. To be sure! The station-master was both alert and intelligent.

'A pony from New York?' he echoed. 'You're expecting a pony from New York? Well, now I hope you are n't going to be disappointed about it! You say it was to leave New York to-day? Well, there's a New York-Boston train that gets in here at half-past six. That's the last one there is. So if there's any pony coming, she'll be on that train, won't she? Yes, if she's coming at all, she'll be on that train.'

'Half-past six? What time is it — now?' questioned Crosby.

'It's just half-past four. Now, you don't want to hang round here for two hours. No, you run home and make yourself easy. I pass your place on my way home to supper, and if you're outside I'll let you know whether there's anything for you. But I would n't get my hopes up too high.'

Crosby looked up gratefully. He had not even heard the last sentence. He was already making his way out of the station and back home again, wondering just how he could spend all that time.

Two hours later, his father came swinging up the walk. Crosby, sitting on the grass close to the sidewalk, hardly saw him. He thought he saw some one else — away down the walk, moving slowly towards him.

'Hullo, Crosby,' began his father cheerfully. 'What you doing? Looking at the view?'

Crosby smiled faintly, but his eyes were straining away down the walk.

'You look pale, son; what's the matter? You'd better come in to supper.'

'No, it is n't going to be ready — quite yet, mother said.'

His father gave him another questioning look and went on into the house.

'What's the matter with Crosby?' he asked inside. 'He looks as if he'd been frightened half to death.'

'Oh, he's worrying himself to pieces about that pony. He's been fussing round in the barn all day long. He really thinks he's going to get it, I suppose.'

'Pony? What pony? Has he been working himself to death over *that* business? What's he been doing in the barn?' He walked through the house and down the back steps and crossed the yard. Then he opened the door which led directly into the old stall and stopped.

'Oh, Lord above us!' he whispered.

Never, since he was a child, a child like the one who had just looked up at him from the grass, had such an overmastering desire swept over him to sit down, right where he was, and drop his head down into his hands — and cry.

'Oh, Lord above us!' he whispered again faintly, pushing his hand up to his eyes.

It was all just as it had been left, the old walls and floor with great splinters scoured out of them everywhere, the manger with its shining, crooked front of clean, brown paper, the little hanging row of grooming implements, the small brush, the worn whisk-broom, the comb, the little old glove, the pile of grass in the manger, and the three ginger-cakes, the saucer of milk in the corner — and the jaunty bunch of goldenrod nodding down upon it all from the beam just opposite the door.

He pushed his hands blindly to his eyes again; then he went out, closed the door, and walked down the yard where Crosby was sitting — no, he was standing, standing and looking dumbly after a man who was walking away and blowing his nose.

'Crosby,' began his father huskily, 'Crosby — come into the house, come in to supper — I want to see you.'

Crosby looked up with dry, hunted-looking eyes, and his chin trembled just perceptibly.

'I'm coming — in just a minute,' he began, with a quivering appeal in the dry, hunted eyes to be left — to be left alone — just for a minute!

His father turned and went up the steps, while Crosby's gaze shifted mechanically back to the man who was going on up the street. But he turned, too, slowly, and crossed the yard to the barn and opened the door and went in. He hoped no one had seen it, and he pulled off the brown paper from the manger and wrapped it round the pile of ginger-cakes. Then he reached up for the little row of grooming implements and took them down one by one.

When Crosby was three, he had tumbled down on a brick walk one day, and had sat up winking vaguely while drops of blood ran down his face — and tried to smile at his mother. It had never been just natural for Crosby to cry when he was hurt, but as he came slowly back into the old stall and stooped down to take up the saucer of milk, something dropped with a splashing sound into the milk, making rings away out to the edge. He raised his arm and dragged his hand across his eyes, and then he reached up for the jaunty bunch of flowers on the beam. But that strange, light feeling in his head, dimly associated with the hill road, seemed to confuse him again — and he could n't just remember what he was going to do next. As he pushed open the door, he tripped over some scattered goldenrod, and then went stumbling along to the house.

'He said — I could have her — if I got started right off — he said — I could have her — if I got started right off — he said — he said — he said I could have her — if I got started —'

His mother met him at the door.

'Come in — Crosby —' she began brokenly, 'come in —'

'He said — *I could have her — if I got started right off!*' he shrieked out in

a high, quivering, babyish wail, 'and — I *did* — get started — right — off —'

'Hush — hush! You have worked — so hard! You are so tired!' She looked, with frightened eyes, at his dully burning cheeks.

'Take him up to bed — let me take him up,' came a husky voice behind them; and he was lifted in his father's arms and carried upstairs.

As they undid the straining buttons of the well-filled little waist, some papers dropped down to the floor and the man stooped and picked them up. He looked at them and put them in his pocket.

'I'm going to call up the doctor,' he whispered.

But after the doctor had come and gone, he went upstairs again and sat down by the bed, while his shocked eyes sought the small, still upturned face. It was so characteristic of the boy that, in a high fever, he should not chatter in delirium, that he should not scream wild things about a pony, that he should only lie there quietly, with his eyes closed and his face turned upwards. For a long time the watcher by the bed looked down in the flickering half-light, and then he went downstairs to his study and shut the door. When he had read the papers, which he took from his pocket, from beginning to end, he placed a clean sheet sharply on the desk before him, and with his mouth closed into a taut, straight line which relaxed into no curve of compromise as his pen marched down the sheet, Mr. Henry Tarbell wrote a letter to the Pony Man.

He sealed and directed it — and walked out of the house, with long strides, to the post-box.

It was many days later that he hung over the bed where a child lay tired out with fever, and gently said something that he thought might bring a little light back into the white face.

'They did send you a prize, Crosby, after all! A first-class little prize that has just come this morning! Look!' And he held up a small but crisply ticking watch upon a cheaply shining chain.

Crosby reached up his hand. 'I don't believe — it would keep the — right time — would it?' he asked slowly, with a suspiciousness quite new. And his unwavering eyes sought his father's.

'*Why* did they — write such a — lie to me — about the pony?' he challenged faintly.

'Forget it, boy!' returned his father gayly. 'We'll have a pony yet! We'll have to have one to get the color back into your face, I'm thinking! Say, sonny, I'm glad you got the old stall fixed up for it, are n't you?'

The unwavering eyes were still upon his father, and the first entirely unresisted tears that any one had ever seen in them since he stepped out of his baby's dresses and marched forth to life, with brave but unaccustomed feet, and steadying pauses, slipped quietly down the white cheeks.

'*You — you* would n't — talk that way — unless you meant it!' whispered Crosby.

AN ENCOUNTER

BY ROBERT FROST

ONCE on the kind of day called 'weather breeder,'
When the heat slowly hazes and the sun
By its own power seems to be undone,
I was half boring through, half climbing through
A swamp of cedar. Choked with oil of cedar
And scurf of plants, and weary and overheated,
And sorry I had left the road I knew,
I paused and rested on a sort of hook
That had me by the coat as good as seated,
And since there was no other way to look,
Looked up toward heaven, and there, against the blue,
Stood over me a resurrected tree,
A tree that had been down and raised again —
A barkless spectre. He had halted too,
As if for fear of treading upon me.
I saw the strange position of his hands —
Up at his shoulders, dragging yellow strands
Of wire with something in it from men to men.
'You here?' I said. 'Where are n't you nowadays?
And what's the news you carry — if you know?
And tell me where you're off for — Montreal?
Me? *I'm* not off for anywhere at all.
Sometimes I wander out of beaten ways
Half looking for the Orchid Calypso.'

ALCOHOL AND LIFE INSURANCE

BY EUGENE LYMAN FISK

I

APPROXIMATELY two thousand million gallons of alcoholic beverages are consumed each year in the United States. This whole vast aggregate is created from materials such as starch and sugar, which are necessary for the sustenance of mankind. Prodigious quantities of good food, soundly adapted to the human machine, are expensively treated and destroyed to make alcohol. Surely there is matter here for consideration in connection with the high cost of living.

But the alcohol question far transcends consideration of expense. In considering its importance to humanity, our inquiry naturally separates into three lines of investigation. First, there is its food value, because for ages alcohol has been used on the table. Rightly or wrongly, it has found its way into the good society of nourishment and hospitality. Second, its social value, its peculiar effect on brain and nervous system, entirely apart from its energy-providing or tissue-sparing qualities. Third, the demands it makes on the pocket and body, on mind and life.

These questions are of enormous social and economic importance. If real happiness, even though fleeting, if real energy, though only for the creative moment, can be secured for the price of a drink, let us all drink! Let us teach our wives and children to utilize these blessings of alcohol, if such there be, while also teaching its dangers. If the steady use of alcohol is beneficial to nor-

mal people, let us convert the total abstainer from his evil ways of neglect, and teach him the great benefit of indulgence. Let us warm him up and civilize him; let us show him what he is missing in life. But bear in mind that the question is put in a rigidly literal sense: Can real happiness and energy be secured *for the money price of a drink?*

This is a matter to be settled by logic applied to evidence. Unfortunately, as Spencer has said, the judgments of most men, even on the more important affairs of life, are determined rather by feeling than by evidence. This is peculiarly true as to the alcohol question.

As Dr. Haven Emerson recently expressed it, it is difficult for the physician who has seen the ravages of alcohol among hospital and dispensary patients to be impersonal and impartial in discussing it. Its ill effects are so frightful, the misery it unquestionably causes so widespread, that the impulse is to banish it forthwith from the earth rather than to take any further chances with its effects on humanity.

On the other side, however, we have the testimony, not to be lightly treated, of those who have used it temperately and value it; whose ancestors have used it temperately and valued it; who regard it as one of the solaces of mankind in a world that is all too full of weariness and sorrow and fatigue; who look upon it in part as a food, in part as a useful sedative to over-active or strained faculties which are battling with an existence daily growing more complex: such people would agree with

John Fiske, that alcohol 'diminishes the friction of living' and 'bridges over the pitfalls which the complicated exigencies of modern life are constantly digging for us.'

Regulation and moderation, rather than total abstinence, appeal to such thoughtful people as a reasonable compromise with alcohol. There are others — a very large percentage — who do not think at all, but just drink, and drink, and drink.

Those who are seeking to come to some conclusions as to the ultimate functions of alcohol and the desirability of its restriction to inanimate machines whose insides it cannot injure, would do well first to measure its total effects on humanity. Why go through the throes and agonies of debate and propaganda until we have settled the question as to whether or not the so-called moderate drinker needs to be disturbed in his indulgence, either by education or by legislation?

In a strictly scientific sense, of course, no drinking is moderate that causes any injury to the body, however slight, or that in any way impairs the efficiency of the mind or body. If alcohol in the smallest doses usually taken produces injurious effects and in any way lessens the efficiency of the body, then there is no such thing as moderate drinking. The question, Does moderate drinking shorten life? is a contradiction in terms. The logical form of the question is, Does alcohol in the smallest quantities customarily used as a beverage shorten life, impair the efficiency of the human body, or in any way adversely affect the mind, character, or career of the user?

What then are the sources of evidence?

Common observation of the obvious effects of fairly free indulgence in alcohol is not without its value. Every sensible person recognizes that there is a

danger-line in the use of alcohol long before visible intoxication is reached, and that life and character and action may be unfavorably affected by steady drinking. The most comprehensive and exact source of information, however, should be the death-rate among large masses of human beings who have used alcohol, as compared with other large masses, alike as to age and general condition, who have not used it. Fortunately, there is a large body of important evidence on the subject, which has lately been much increased in volume and in accuracy by the investigations of American life insurance companies.

In addition to the experience on large groups of lives as regards mortality, and the incidence of special forms of disease, we require the testimony of the laboratory as to the effect of alcohol on individuals — the measured effect of small doses, or at least doses approximating the smallest amount that would be used as a beverage. What action lesser amounts may have is a purely academic question, not confronting us in the workaday world. We also need the testimony of the clinic and of the sick-room as to the apparent effects of alcohol in therapeutic doses, its apparent influence on the course of disease. This latter evidence is less exact, yet not without its value when combined with evidence from other sources.

Now, the purely statistical evidence derived from life-insurance experience must be interpreted in the light of the evidence from varied sources on the effects of alcohol on the human organism. To accept the life-insurance figures at their face value would be unscientific and unsafe. Furthermore, the life-insurance statistics must also be considered in the light of evidence as to how they were accumulated, the various factors entering into the selection of insured lives that might influence the mortality in the classes considered.

The first important compilation of life-insurance experience showing the comparative mortality of abstainers and users, was that of the United Kingdom and General Provident Institution of Great Britain. This institution was founded at a time when the total abstainer was looked upon as a 'queer duck,' probably mentally unbalanced and certainly physically weak. In fact, this particular company was founded by a man who had been asked to pay an extra premium because he insisted on being a total abstainer. Later in the history of the company both classes were accepted, abstainers and users, but in no case those who were other than temperate in the use of liquor.

The records of this institution show that during the period from 1866 to 1910, the users of alcohol, who were about equal in number to the non-users, and selected as high-grade, temperate 'risks,' showed a mortality 37 per cent in excess of that exhibited by the abstainers. These figures are particularly significant because the users of alcohol showed a lower mortality than that of British insured lives generally. Thus the comparison was made with a high standard of excellence, and yet the abstainers excelled the standard to a marked degree.

It is of interest to know that, while in the course of the company's whole experience the excess mortality among users was 37 per cent, the mortality among users between the ages of 35 and 40 was 83 per cent in excess, showing the influence of some extremely unfavorable factor at that critical period. Was it alcohol? Let us wait and see.

The best evidence of the reality of the saving among the abstainers is the action of the company in paying bonuses to the abstainers, and the action of other companies in anticipating such bonuses by charging lower premium rates to abstainers. The saving is just

as genuine and positive as that affected by a manufacturer who is able to reduce the cost of manufacturing hats, or automobiles.

Other British and Scottish companies — the Sceptre Life, the Scottish Temperance Life, the Abstainers' and General Life — show similar experiences; not over so long a period or for such a large group, to be sure, but the evidence is all in one direction, the excess mortality among users ranging from 37 per cent to 51 per cent. These figures, though widely quoted by temperance reformers, have not until recently been accorded their full value by actuarial authorities in this country. Various explanations other than the influence of alcohol were offered, and the fact that they were chiefly British figures deterred many from accepting them as reflecting probable conditions among insured risks in this country.

Ekholm, reporting the experience of the Swedish Life Insurance Company, 1897-1906, on about 35,000 lives, of whom somewhat more than half were abstainers, found a general difference of 6 per cent in favor of abstainers, even in that brief period. Beyond the age of 44 the difference was 26 per cent in favor of abstainers. Here, too, the trend of the mortality (the difference in favor of the abstainers increasing with increasing age of the policies) suggests that on an experience as extended as that of the British company the abstainers would show an advantage of approximately the same degree.

Ekholm, again quoted by Quensel in the *Year-Book* of the United States Brewers' Association, claims that, to settle the question properly, comparison should not be made of abstainers with users; but that the mortality among those using alcohol in varying degrees should be compared with that among abstainers, so that zero might be compared with slight indulgence,

moderate indulgence, free indulgence, and so forth. He states that such statistics are now being collected in Sweden, but that it will take a long time to complete them.

Fortunately, we have in this country comprehensive evidence exactly along these lines. In 1908, forty-three American life insurance companies — the older established, 'old line' companies, few of which had made any important effort to establish a total-abstaining class — undertook to investigate their mortality experience among various classes of 'border-line' risks, such as overweights, underweights, those with histories of various illnesses, and the like, and included in the investigation the mortality among the users of alcohol, classified according to the degree of their indulgence. No investigation was made of total abstainers. There was also computed the relative death-rate from such organic diseases as pneumonia, Bright's disease, and cirrhosis of the liver among the various classes of drinkers, and among those engaged in the various branches of the liquor trade.

II

The investigation covered the period between the years 1885 and 1908, and its great value lies in the fact that the material was drawn from the records of 2,000,000 policyholders, and that all individuals were excluded from the study except those of sound average condition when insured. The final groups studied were, therefore, pure, or homogeneous, except for their varying use of alcohol or their varying exposure to alcohol as determined by their occupations. All extraneous influences, such as overweight, underweight, impaired family history, or personal history, were excluded. The results may be subdivided as follows.

First, those who were accepted as

standard lives, but whose histories showed occasional alcoholic excess in the past. The mortality in this group was 50 per cent in excess of the mortality among insured lives in general, equivalent to a reduction of over four years in the average lifetime of the group.

Second, individuals who took two glasses of beer, or a glass of whiskey, or their alcoholic equivalent, each day. In this group the mortality was 18 per cent in excess of the average.

Third, men who indulged more freely than the preceding group, but who were considered acceptable as standard insurance 'risks'. In this group the mortality was 86 per cent in excess of the average.

It should be borne in mind that these comparisons are made with the general class of insured individuals, both users and non-users of alcohol. Comparison with total abstainers alone would probably show much greater differences. It is noteworthy that in these drinking groups the death-rate from Bright's disease, pneumonia, and suicide was above the normal, and that among the steady so-called moderate drinkers — those using more than two glasses of beer or one glass of whiskey daily — the death-rate from cirrhosis of the liver was five times the normal.

The story becomes monotonous in its uniformity: wherever we find alcohol we find higher mortality, and a mortality consistently increasing with an increasing use of alcohol. But we must follow on the story to the end.

The collection of these insurance statistics was made under the direction of a committee of actuaries and medical directors selected by the representatives of the important life insurance companies of this country because of their peculiar fitness for the task. This committee, of which Mr. Arthur Hunter was chairman, constituted an extremely conservative as well as highly

specialized body of intelligence; indeed, these men were fairly saturated, not only with scientific, but with business conservatism, for their main purpose was to ascertain facts from which principles of business action could be derived. Alcohol was merely one feature among many that were investigated, and the conditions were such that no possible bias could influence the results. Nevertheless, these figures have been attacked by some and belittled by others, on the grounds that they were loosely assembled and that the varying practices of the contributing companies in accepting risks tended to make the results misleading and interfere with a well-balanced study of the conditions.

To test the general consistency of the figures, Mr. Hunter analyzed the experience of the company of which he is actuary, the New York Life, with the following results:—

Those drinking beyond 'Anstie's limit' (one and one-half ounces of absolute alcohol daily¹) were classified as steady free users. The mortality in that class was double that among the general body of policyholders accepted at regular rates: that is, the extra risk on these lives was as great as in cases of heart disease, syphilis, and other diseased or impaired states that loom much larger in the mind of the average drinker than does his indulgence. In fact, the insurance company treated these cases accordingly, and placed liens on the policies, or charged 'rated up' premiums, to provide against the expected high mortality. This was 'cold business'; no bias, no sentiment, but a charge for the risk, just as would be the case in an extra fire or marine risk. The man who passes Anstie's limit goes into a sub-standard class, and a poor sub-standard class at that. While individually he may escape, he

¹ Equivalent to about three ounces of whiskey or about one quart of beer. — THE AUTHOR.

belongs to a class that is fated to lose twice as many men in the same space of time as the general average.

Further figures from the same company show the following:—

	<i>Approximate Extra Mortality</i>
Excessive use of alcohol a short time prior to date of application	80 per cent
Excessive use of alcohol not recently, but within 5 years of date of application	45 per cent
Entire class with history of excess, including above and also those whose last excess occurred more than 5 years prior to date of application	60 per cent ²

This confirms the clinical judgment expressed recently by Dr. Bernard Sachs, the neurologist, at a meeting of the New York Academy of Medicine, that alcoholic excess always leaves some permanent injury on the life.

The figures of the New York Life Insurance Company show that among those who had taken a cure for alcoholism, but were temperate at time of acceptance, the extra mortality was 70 per cent. In the experience of the forty-three companies, among those who had taken a cure, but remained total abstainers up to the time of acceptance, the mortality was 35 per cent above the normal. Those who had been heavy drinkers, but who had reformed without taking a cure, showed an extra mortality of 32 per cent, doubtless because of stronger will-power and sturdier nervous constitution. These comparisons are made, as has been stated, with the general class of insured lives. In order to measure more closely the effect of so-called moderate drinking, Mr. Hunter has recently brought together a considerable group of experiences in which the relative mortality among abstainers and users in a number of American companies is shown.

² Among these classes the death rate from apoplexy, Bright's disease, and suicide was high. — THE AUTHOR.

The Manufacturers' Life of Canada, the Security Mutual of New York, the Mutual Life of New York, have all published experiences which have now been brought up to recent date, and in addition the results in the Northwestern Mutual, the Phoenix Mutual, the Peoria Life, the Equitable Life of New York, and the New England Mutual are shown. Through Mr. Hunter's kindness I am able to produce these figures.

The Mutual Life's experience from 1875 to 1889 showed a mortality among abstainers 23 per cent less than among users. It was also found that the death-rate among beer-drinkers was almost the same as among wine- and spirit-drinkers. A second investigation by Dr. W. E. Porter, medical director of the company, covering the years 1907 to 1912, showed the mortality among total abstainers to be 17 per cent less than among temperate, and 26 per cent less than among moderate, users. These are doubtless minimum figures, as they cover only a few years, and do not give time to reckon with the full adverse effects of alcohol, especially as the cases under investigation had only recently been accepted after careful medical examination.

In the New England Mutual Life, Dr. Dwight reports the mortality among abstainers to be 17 per cent less than among those rarely using, 29 per cent less than among temperate, and 53 per cent less than among moderate, users. These classes were fixed by the habits at time of acceptance for insurance. The results were almost parallel with cases of tobacco-users, except that the free users of alcohol showed a much higher mortality than free users of tobacco.

The Northwestern Mutual's experience exhibited some curious conditions. Temperate beer- and wine-drinkers showed a mortality only about 3 per

cent in excess of abstainers, while whiskey-drinkers and heavy beer-drinkers showed a death-rate 25 per cent higher than the abstainers. This company had a clause reserving the right to cancel a policy for intemperance, and there was no attempt made to determine whether the abstainers continued their mode of life, as is usually done in companies maintaining a separate abstainers' department. Furthermore, this company ruled very strictly in accepting users of alcohol, so that the abstainer is compared with an unusually temperate type of insured 'risk'.

In 1900, the Equitable Life established an abstainers' class and admitted new entrants until 1906. People were eligible who had been total abstainers for a number of years. The dividends were effective at the end of ten years, and depended on the mortality in the abstainers' class. Judging from cases in which dividends have been paid, the death-rate in the abstaining class has been at least 25 per cent less than in the general class.

In the Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company, of Hartford, the mortality among abstainers accepted between 1851 and 1861, as compared with mortality in the general group of policyholders accepted since 1861, showed an advantage of 15 per cent among abstainers, notwithstanding the improvement in insurance mortality that has taken place in recent years.

The Security Mutual Life, of Binghamton, New York, established a total-abstainers' class in 1900. Up to the present the mortality for this class is 30 per cent less than for the general class.

The Manufacturers' Life of Canada has had an abstainers' section for the past twenty-nine years. In 1906-1910, the difference in favor of the abstainers was 40 per cent; in 1910-1916, 35 per cent. These gains of the abstainers are over a very favorable general mortality,

which tends to strengthen the view that the chief reason for the mortality difference is alcohol.

The Peoria Life has had an abstainers' section for the past seven years, and reports a difference in favor of abstainers of 25 per cent.

Another important American company gives me the following figures: abstainers show a death-rate 37 per cent lower than moderate, but not daily, drinkers; 32 per cent lower than steady users drinking less than three glasses of beer or two whiskies daily; and 50 per cent lower than those using more than three glasses of beer or two whiskies daily. All members of these drinking classes were accepted as supposedly temperate standard risks.

Not the least important feature of the investigation conducted by the forty-three companies was the mortality figures in occupations where alcohol figured as a hazard.

These were as follows:—

<i>Hotels</i>	<i>Death-rate above the normal</i>
Proprietors, superintendents, and managers not tending bar	35 per cent
Proprietors, superintendents, and managers tending bar	78 per cent
<i>Saloons and billiard rooms, pool rooms and bowling alleys with bar</i>	
Proprietors and managers not tending bar	82 per cent
Proprietors and managers tending bar	73 per cent
<i>Breweries</i>	
Proprietors, managers, and superintendents	35 per cent
Clerks	30 per cent
Foremen, maltsters, beer-pump repairmen, and journeymen	52 per cent
<i>Distilleries</i>	
Proprietors, managers, and superintendents (15% below normal)	
Traveling salesmen and collectors for distilleries, breweries and wholesale liquor houses (excluding lifelong total abstainers) . . .	28 per cent

Wholesale Liquor Houses

Proprietors and managers	22 per cent
Clerks	12 per cent

Restaurants with bar

Proprietors, superintendents, and managers not tending bar	52 per cent
Waiters in hotels, restaurants, and clubs where liquor is served . . .	77 per cent

These figures indicate that saloon-keepers have a death-rate higher than that of underground mine foremen; that brewery foremen, maltsters, and the like have a death-rate higher than electric linemen, glass-workers, city firemen (laddermen, pipemen, hosemen), metal grinders or hot-iron workers, although there is nothing in the brewery or saloon business *per se* that is at all hazardous or unhealthful, aside from the possible temptation to drink and its collateral hazards. Proprietors of distilleries are obviously not so directly exposed to temptation or to other adverse influences that obtain in the retail liquor trade; this accounts for the favorable mortality.

Among hotel-keepers tending bar the death-rate from cirrhosis of the liver was six times the normal; from diabetes, three times the normal; from cerebral hemorrhage or apoplexy, nearly twice the normal; from organic diseases of the heart, nearly twice the normal; from Bright's disease, nearly three times the normal; from pneumonia, nearly twice the normal.

For brewery officials insuring under 45, the death-rate from cancer and other malignant tumors, cerebral hemorrhage and apoplexy, organic diseases of the heart, pneumonia, and Bright's disease, among the proprietors, managers, and superintendents is about twice the normal, and from cirrhosis of the liver three times the normal. The death-rate from suicide is nearly twice the normal.

While there are individual differences in various companies, due to the vary-

ing standards of selection and classification, nevertheless the general trend of mortality is the same in all companies and shows that 'Old Mortality' and 'John Barleycorn' are exceedingly good cronies. Wherever you find alcohol you find the following formula at work: More alcohol=higher death-rate.¹

III

Nevertheless, scientific caution and veracity impose the obligation not to accept the life-insurance figures at their face value, but carefully to analyze and interpret them in the light of available knowledge regarding the physiological effect of alcohol, and also with due regard to the conditions under which these risks were selected. In judging the matter, all preconceived notions and traditions arising from the fact that alcohol has been closely interwoven with our social fabric for centuries should be excluded. Its age-long use is no proof that it is not a noxious and destructive agent, holding back the human race from higher planes of living. The postulate that time has justified alcohol involves an affirmation that we hold present conditions permanently satisfactory; that crime, immorality and

disease have reached an irreducible minimum.

There is, as a matter of fact, no evidence that man is either physically or mentally superior to what he was in the days of 'the Greeks, our masters.' On the contrary, there is much evidence that man is physically degenerate, notwithstanding the fall in the total death-rate due to the checking of epidemic disease and infant mortality. Both with and without alcohol nations have risen and fallen. The *post hoc ergo propter hoc* principle of reasoning is as unsafe in interpreting the effect of alcohol upon life-insurance mortality as its effect upon the historical progress of nations. In considering these things we must avoid the fallacious implication in the expression, 'survival of the fittest,' and remember that many organisms and races survive because they are barely just good enough, not because they have reached perfect adjustment and attained the highest possible development.

In reviewing the evidence offered by the life insurance companies, we must scrutinize the conditions under which the 'risks' were accepted. Whatever may have been the earlier ideas regarding total abstinence, it is well known that the non-abstaining policyholders in the British company whose experiences have been quoted were very carefully selected; indeed, the greater confidence in the longevity of abstainers manifested by the establishment of special departments for them no doubt influences the management of such companies to accept slightly impaired abstainers with greater confidence than slightly impaired users; hence there is no reason to believe that the general physical or social type of the abstainers was superior to that of the general class.

In the American companies especially, the custom has been to rule strongly

¹ Mr. Charles F. Emerson, Dean Emeritus of Dartmouth College, has been good enough to furnish me the following figures as to graduates of the College in Classes 1868 to 1878.

Deaths within 25 years of graduation

Non-users of liquor	13 per cent
Users of liquor	26 per cent

Deaths within 35 years of graduation

Non-users of liquor	22 per cent
Users of liquor	41 per cent

This is a small group, and would require close checking as to the homogeneity, except for alcohol, of the drinkers and non-drinkers; but in the light of the larger statistical evidence, it offers interesting confirmation of the fact that high mortality follows the flag of alcohol. — THE AUTHOR.

against the alcoholic. One large company with which I was connected for many years had an almost inflexible rule that intoxication within one year of the date of application disqualified a candidate; free drinking, exciting some doubt as to the future, disqualified for a period of at least three years after reform, if not permanently, depending upon the extent of the habit; and treatment for the liquor habit called for rejection. It will be noted that this was wise practice, according to the mortality figures just produced.

It is extremely important to bear this in mind, for the reason that these standards of selection show that the mortality figures as to drinkers are derived from supposedly favorable types, and that many individuals in the general population admitting the same degree of indulgence would show a higher mortality. That is, a policyholder admitting an indulgence of three glasses of beer daily would show a lighter mortality than the average man in the population indulging to the same degree. The application of a person suspected of being seriously tainted with liquor is never knowingly accepted on standard forms of insurance by any company. The same principle holds good for persons engaged in those special occupations in which liquor is a hazard. The habits of all such candidates are closely scrutinized, and the benefit of any reasonable doubt is given to the company rather than to the applicant.

It is commonly stated that, inasmuch as these classifications as to the degree of drinking were based on the applicants' own statements, they cannot be accepted as accurate, and that the excess mortality among the alleged moderate users of alcohol was due to the admission of cases of marked intemperance or to the subsequent development of intemperance among members of that class. Some allowance must of

course be made for such a factor, but the broad assumption that the life insurance companies accepted without question the testimony of applicants as to their habits is without warrant.

Even in the British companies, some evidence as to character other than the applicant's own statement is required; and the medical examiner is also required to pass upon the apparent truthfulness of the statements regarding the use of liquor, past and present.

In American companies, there is a very careful investigation made of the habits of life of all applicants. The 'moral hazard' is considered quite as carefully as the physical hazard, and a life that is morally impaired or seriously threatened with moral impairment is rejected. In other words, a man who is in danger of life-failure is not considered a good 'risk.' Liquor is one of the main factors in impairing the moral hazard. A life insurance company looks on this matter from a cold-blooded business standpoint, entirely apart from any standards of social morality. Men are often rejected because of drink who are still socially respected; and men are accepted for life insurance who are not socially respected, provided their habits are not injurious to health and their future seems reasonably secure. There has for years prevailed among life-insurance offices a distrust of the man who drinks every day, even in so-called moderation; and the applications of such persons are always scrutinized very carefully before acceptance. In the main, therefore, the classification of these persons with respect to their consumption of alcohol may be regarded as sufficiently accurate for the purpose of the inquiry.

IV

The question of the relative physical condition of abstainers and of the vari-

ous classes of insured drinkers having been considered, let us inquire as to the relative social character of the two groups. It has often been claimed that abstainers are a mean lot, often too stingy to die or indulge in anything except long life, and that they are drawn largely from occupations characterized by conservative living, such as that of clergyman, schoolteacher, college professor, and the like. In this connection, a summary of the statements of Mr. Roderick McKenzie Moore, Actuary of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution, is entitled to a large measure of confidence. I have the best means of knowing that he is a man governed by scientific caution and veracity, desirous of presenting the facts free from bias, purely as a contribution to science.

He has stated that 'the total-abstainer class' was not nursed, or favored to produce a low mortality. So far as could be determined (and many of the risks came in personal contact with the officers) they were of the same general class as the non-abstainers. They were written by the same group of agents, for the same kind of policies, for the same average amounts, *and were in the same general walks of life*, and of the same general financial condition. They were almost equal in numbers to the general class and did not form a small high-grade section of the policyholding body. On the contrary, greater care was exercised in the selection of the users of alcohol because of the less favorable experience anticipated with them, and many border-line 'risks' were accepted in the abstaining class because of a feeling that their abstinence would neutralize some unfavorable factor.

These statements of the expert, who has personal contact with many of the cases in question, are of greater value than the off-hand criticisms of those

who have no first-hand knowledge of the group and who have never taken the trouble carefully to read and digest the evidence.

As to American evidence along similar lines, the analysis of the Security Mutual's abstaining group also shows that total abstainers are drawn from every class in the community.

Clergymen	4 per cent
Farmers	19 per cent
Clerks	15 per cent
Miscellaneous (men earning \$15 to \$25 per week)	62 per cent

There is a widespread impression that total abstainers are greatly in the minority in the population and among insured lives. To throw some light on this subject, two companies, at my request, followed back for a number of months their recent applications, which were in such form that the total abstainers could be distinguished from the users of alcohol. In the Postal Life 64 per cent were abstainers; in the Germania Life 55.8 per cent were abstainers. The rejection rate, excluding those who were rejected on account of intemperance, was about the same in the two classes of applicants, suggesting that total abstainers are in fact only average people, not a small group of 'health cranks.'

In the New England Mutual an analysis of 180,000 cases insured during the past sixty years showed 24 per cent abstainers and 11 per cent rarely using alcohol, or about 35 per cent practically abstaining from alcohol. The abstainers from tobacco were in about the same proportion. The low mortality among the abstainers in this company has already been mentioned.

The experience of the Life Extension Institute among the individuals it has examined is along similar lines. These examinations were for hygienic or life-lengthening purposes, and included large groups of supposedly healthy,

'average' people whose employers had subscribed for this service. Among industrial workers 45 per cent were abstainers. Among commercial workers (low average age) 72 per cent were abstainers.

The possible influence of psychopathic or "nervous" states and of excessive use of alcohol in the non-abstaining group must be considered, as already suggested. But here caution is necessary, and the evidence I have submitted bearing upon the characteristics of these groups and the standards maintained in their selection must be clearly borne in mind. That such conditions — existing psychopathic states and already attained intemperance — were factors of any considerable importance at the time of

acceptance, is not to be regarded as a reasonable hypothesis. Psychopathic conditions, including excessive or palpably injurious indulgence in alcohol, developing after the 'risks' had been on the books, must be accepted in the main as a charge against so-called moderate drinking. They are quite as much a possible effect of moderate drinking as any of the many other pathological conditions that are known to result from steady drinking, such as cirrhosis of the liver, fatty liver, or kidney affections, or the various forms of nervous disease or life-failure that may result from the psychic disturbances due to alcohol.

[The second of Dr. Fisk's papers will deal with Alcohol and Physiology.]

OUR RELATIONS WITH FRANCE

BY ARTHUR BULLARD

PRESIDENT WILSON'S address before the League to Enforce Peace, and his acceptance speech, were significant. For the first time in our history official sanction was given to a new policy of accepting the responsibilities of active participation in world-politics. If we are to seek alliances in Europe, it is of prime importance that we should choose our friends carefully. It is the object of this paper to present arguments in favor of giving our preference to Republican France.

This war is bringing a larger and ever larger number of our citizens to the conclusion — now expressed by the President — that Washington's ad-

vice in regard to 'entangling alliances' has lost its reason. The policy of isolation which he advocated was obviously dictated by weakness. To-day we are strong. In the early years of our national life, if we had entered a European alliance, it would have been to seek protection. We would have had to go — cap in hand — begging alms. We could have had no influence in forming the policy of the allies who consented to shelter us. To-day, with no false, spread-eagle pride, we can claim a larger measure of equality. Our friendship is now desired. Our wishes will receive due consideration.

Mere mechanical progress — quite

aside from our accession of strength — has also lessened the force of Washington's advice. Steam and submarine cables have made the world smaller by knitting it more closely together. Before many years aircraft will cross the ocean. Such isolation as the founders of our country found wise is no longer possible. So the desirability of definite understandings — in one form or another — with some of the European nations becomes every day more evident.

Many advocates of this new policy have centred their efforts on propaganda for an Anglo-American accord. Friendship with the British Empire — more especially with the self-governing dominions — is almost a necessity for us. It is hard to imagine any satisfactory future which is not based on cordial coöperation with the great Canadian commonwealth. But, in a previous paper, I have tried to point out that Britain — like our own country, like every country — is a house divided against itself. Every nation is the theatre of an internal war, the ceaseless conflict between progress and reaction. If the British Tories maintain the supremacy which the stress of this war has — perhaps only temporarily — given them, there is little hope of cordial relations, and less hope of utility from a paper accord. If, as we must hope, liberal democratic counsels prevail in Britain, the mutual advantages of an Anglo-American understanding are obvious. In so many ways there is direct contact between our two peoples. Hostility would be as tragic as civil discord, as distressing as family quarrels. But our desire for friendly relations with the mother country is not based on the ties of blood. It is not England, but English Liberalism that we admire. We are not Anglophiles, but lovers of liberty.

The arguments in favor of close co-

operation with the French Republic have not been so often stated, but they are none the less compelling. We have no long land frontier with France as we have with the British Empire. But surely the fact that we cannot do each other immediate hurt is no cause why we should not be friends. France should have a first place in our consideration of European accords, because she was our first friend. The military aid which the court of Versailles gave us — to spite their rivals of Windsor — is the smallest part of our ancient debt. This help was of very real value to us, but small indeed compared to the wealth of ideas we borrowed so freely from the French thinkers of those days.

Our political institutions are a medley. Some of them, like our language, we inherited, willy nilly, from England. Some of them we consciously chose from France. The ideas of Rousseau, much more than the political theories of the mother country, inspired us in our first efforts toward democratic liberty. The things which have given us a national individuality, which have differentiated us from 'colonials,' — who in Vernon Lee's epigram are 'people who mispronounce English,' mere unsuccessful imitators, — are the ideals we borrowed from France.

And such ideals were of more value to our fathers, are of more value to us, than the military assistance of the French monarch. It is to the spirit of the Encyclopædists much more than to the sword of Lafayette that we are so deeply indebted.

A second reason why we should give preference to France in considering European accords has to do with present utilities and future hopes rather than with the debts of the past. If we are in earnest about our republicanism, we should choose republicans for our friends.

Do we to-day believe passionately in the Republic? Do we wish to hand down to our children the liberties our fathers bought us with their blood? If so, we must not hide our convictions and desires. We shall not help the cause of republicanism at home by pretending that we are indifferent about it abroad.

Our fathers believed that kings and castes were impediments in the development of human liberty. Earnestly and outspokenly they believed that their ideals of popular government would triumph. The record is plain: they hoped that the free people for whom they were forging institutions would be the leaders and light-bearers of republicanism the world around. It was manifest weakness that dictated Washington's cautious advice. It was necessary for us to solidify our own political life before risking adventures — even in the Good Cause — abroad. For the thirteen original states to have offered their support to the struggling republicans of Europe would have been merely laughable — as though Liberia should espouse the cause of the black folk against the whites. But as soon as we had grown a little stronger, Monroe dared to pledge our protection to the republics of this hemisphere. Our strength has multiplied since then. Have we lost our ardor for political liberty?

The Great War has accelerated the evolution which was inevitably drawing us from isolation to an active rôle on the stage of world-politics. The old, comfortable policy no longer suffices. More sharply defined relations with the nations of Europe are necessary. We are strong enough to choose our friends. Shall we give our preference to those most heavily armed or to those who sympathize most heartily in our political aspirations?

This is an issue we cannot evade. If

we are to enter into closer contact with the peoples of Europe, we must inevitably throw our influence — and it will be great — for or against the political theories we profess to revere. The conflict between equal citizenship, republicanism, and the rule of privileged classes in the monarchies, is too bitter to permit neutrality. If we, the greatest republic, pass by those who cherish our ideals to seek friendship with those who despise them, it will be a bitter blow to republicanism in Europe. And such abject renunciation will have its inevitable result at home.

It was from the philosophers of the French Revolution that we learned these ideals. It is in France that they are most honored in the Europe of to-day. The Divine Right of kings has few defenders left. But, outside of France, the republicans of the Old World are everywhere in desperate struggle with the theory that government should be by, for, and of the better born. We cannot enter the council of world powers without taking sides in this controversy. We shall cut a sorry figure indeed if we assume an apologetic attitude toward our home-spun institutions. We shall be denying our dearest aspirations, if we do not proudly give our preference to those who share them.

There is a *realpolitik* argument in favor of an alliance with Republican France, which will perhaps have more weight with some than a sentimental appeal for loyalty to our ideals. History abundantly proves that the strength of coalitions lies, not in the number of soldiers, but in the similarity of desires which inspires the constituent nations. Current events point the same moral. To the mere statistician, the Powers of the Entente were always immensely stronger than the Germanic Alliance. But it is obvious that Britain and France and Russia,

Belgium and Servia, Italy and Portugal — and now Rumania — have not been fighting in unison, have not been inspired by the same ideals. It has taken them two years to acquire a tardy and precarious unity. The Central Powers have been stronger in action than on paper because their desires, even if more predatory, are more uniform. The durability and strength of an alliance depends more on similarity of aspirations than on mere numbers.

In superficial ways we differ largely from the French. They are an ancient people and we very young. They are homogeneous and we so 'hyphenated.' The structure of their economic life is different from ours. France has been worked over so long that wealth is only acquired by industry and thrift. No Frenchman has ever discovered gold in his backyard; none hopes to. We rely overmuch on such luck. But when subtraction is made of such surface differences, the residue is strikingly similar. We have more in common with the French than with any people of the Old World.

The war has brushed away an old prejudice. No nation of degenerate pleasure-lovers, no people enslaved by vice, could have stood up with such sublime and simple heroism under this storm of war. The mass of our people to-day recognize as never before that 'frog-eaters' is an inadequate epithet. It is regrettable that opportunity has not been given us to live down our bad reputation in France. Such ill-repute is always mutual. Those of our tourists who have brought us back descriptions of the French, based on experience in the night cafés of Montmartre, are those who spent much money and time in such resorts. We have too often judged the French by their stories. But just as often the French have judged us by them. The current

French opinion of us is not flattering. We can only hope that, if some great misfortune, such as war, falls upon us, we may disprove their estimate of us, as they are in these days so nobly disproving our light judgment of them. The present universal admiration of the way in which the French have borne the first shock of the war, and held the pass till their more slow-moving allies could come up, is a sound foundation for a new and more intimate friendship.

But even admiration is not so firm a basis for international friendship as similarity of political aspirations. The French have kept faith with the ideal — which we borrowed from them and have made fundamental in our own institutions — of respect for the citizen, of the common dignity of man. It is rather the fashion nowadays for the erudite to scoff at the unscientific idealism of their Declaration of Rights and of our Declaration of Independence. But a habit of mind exists in both countries — and it is a small matter whether it was the cause or is the result of these old manifestoes — which is the basis, the necessary basis, of true republicanism. That General Joffre should chance to be of humble parentage no more surprises the French than it surprises us. In the rest of Europe, where the gradations of the social hierarchy are so minute and precise, such democracy has never taken root. Robert Burns's statement that a man's a man for a' that' is true to life in France. In England it is still poetry — an unrealized aspiration.

Once the barrier of language is passed, the American in France finds himself at home in political matters. The difference in speech is a very real handicap. If we read French books and newspapers as easily as we read those printed in London, there would be no novelty in the idea that our polit-

ical life is essentially the same. The French have not realized their ideal of 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity' any more successfully than we have provided an equal chance for 'life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness' to all our citizens, but the same basic assumption of equal human dignity is as ingrained in their politics as in ours. It was from them that we learned such aspirations.

With a somewhat different constitution and better electoral machinery, the French voters are facing the same issues as we. Their republican experiment has been more stormy than ours. They had, first of all, to free themselves from a stubborn past. But these battles with kings and nobles and priests, which we never had to face, they have won. And to-day the common people of France are face to face with a plutocracy surprisingly — and depressingly — like ours. We are not only in accord on the basic principles of government. Our methods of political graft are as like as two peas. Such similarities are inherent, for after all the problems of republicanism are everywhere the same — the same high idealism, the same faulty human material.

France also — to a degree unknown in the other Great Powers of Europe — shares our devotion to the principle of democratic education. The City of Paris has raised a statue to Danton. On its pedestal are his words: '*Après le pain, l'éducation est le premier besoin du peuple.*' The statue of another great Republican, Gambetta, stands before the Louvre. Out of his thousand speeches they have chosen to carve in the stone one on behalf of free, universal public schools. The French, as clearly as our fathers, have realized that free, democratic education — equal intellectual opportunities for all citizens — is the cornerstone of the Republic. There is deep signifi-

cance for all lovers of liberty in the dry statistics which show the per-capita expense of the national schools of France. And their ideal of education — like ours — is to make, not efficient, loyal subjects, but free men and citizens. France is our logical ally.

A third reason — the strongest of all — why we should include France in any project of European accords is to avoid the obvious danger of Anglo-Saxon Imperialism which is involved in a dual alliance with Britain.

After this war, if the Entente is victorious, Great Britain, with her colonies and dominions, will be the most powerful political unit in the world. If we reach a 'gentleman's agreement' with her, there will be no material reason why we should not rule the world for a space and divide between us the fullness thereof. Moderate military development on our part would make possible an Anglo-American empire more complete than the dream of any Cæsar. Calling it a 'League to Enforce Peace' would not alter the facts.

Once established, such a régime would last as long as the people of the East found it tolerable. If our statesmen were wise enough to share the profits with the Slavs, it might perpetuate white domination for many centuries. It is so feasible a project that it inevitably tempts our own imperialists and those of Britain. Calling it by its right name might defeat its purpose. So 'trade supremacy,' the 'conquest of foreign markets' are the phrases in current use. An official of the United Fruit Company once told me that his corporation owned two thirds of the active capital in Costa Rica. Sixty cents out of every dollar produced by the Costa Ricans goes to absentee American stockholders. There is no impossibility in the way of generalizing this situation. The International Corporation — a dozen similar enterprises

here and in England — is working in this direction. Such commercial Cæsarism would require military strength to defend its investments, but, combined with Britain, we would have that. We could live at ease, as the Athenians, Romans, and Venetians did of old, on the immense tribute of wealth that such a traders' empire would bring us. We should rarely have to fight, and we could hire mercenaries for that. We could quiet all social discontent at home by largess of bread and circuses. And there would be enough glory to satiate even the most hungry.

But democracy has never survived such imperial adventures. There is no reason to suppose it ever will. Nothing breeds tyrants at home so surely as the practice of tyranny abroad. We are too deeply attached to our hard-won liberties, too strongly resolved on winning new freedoms, to embark consciously on such a course. The danger to us lies in the chance that we may ignore the danger. If we fall before the temptation of Cæsarism, it will be because — like former democracies — we did not in time realize that our Cæsar was ambitious. Even after a hundred years of historical research it is hard to tell when Bonaparte ceased to be a sincere republican.

But no matter how unconscious we may be of such a danger, it is the constant preoccupation of Continental statesmen. No matter how innocent our intentions might be, the announcement of a British-American alliance would mean to the rest of the world that the menace of Anglo-Saxon domination was real and immediate. It would be resisted more bitterly, if less hopefully, than the threat of Germanic hegemony.

We are an enigma to the people of Europe. Our ideals and aspirations are little known. But they have seen us acquire Texas and California, the

Philippines and Porto Rico. They expect us to 'take' Mexico. They have also watched the growth of the British Empire. It will occur to very few of them to hope that the Liberals of America and Britain might combine to establish a League to Enforce Justice. All the world would see in such an accord the triumph of imperialism in both countries. The seeds of new jealousies, heavy with the inevitable harvest of war, would be sown.

It is possible, even probable, that the diplomats who arranged the Triple Entente — France, Britain and Russia — really desired to establish a peace of justice. But the better their intentions were, the more lamentable was their failure to make their professions convincing. It was not altogether the fault of the Germans that they believed that Delcassé, Lord Lansdowne, and King Edward were hostile to them. Professions of good intentions are of small value unless they are believed. Probably the greatest weakness of Sir Edward Grey is that few people outside of England believe what he says.

The possible dangers to the rest of the world from an Anglo-American alliance are so great that it would be naïve folly not to foresee the suspicions and fears and hatreds it would generate. No matter how vociferously we announced our love of peace and equity, nobody would believe us. There is no better way to avoid such misunderstanding of our intentions than to openly proclaim our friendship with Republican France.

The old brand of alliances has been sadly discredited by this war. Their framers always overflowed with oratorical assurances that their object was to 'preserve the peace of Europe.' But the alliances they made were — in spirit, if not frankly in works — offensive as well as defensive. They were always aimed *against* some rival. 'The Bal-

ance of Power' implied opposition, the weighing of one hostile army against another. It is not too much to hope that the accords of the future may have a different tone. If we are able to maintain our neutrality to the end of this struggle, we shall be peculiarly well placed to aid in drawing up the formulæ of the New Diplomacy.

We should seek inclusive, not exclusive, accords. Our arbitration treaty, which we were willing to sign with any nation which accepted its principle, was a step in the right direction. We should carefully avoid in our treaties clauses which might be construed as exclusive, as *against* any peoples. We should make our liberal purpose clear by seeking first a formal understanding with the great Republic of Europe. But we should so frame the document that any other nation — belligerent or neutral — which loved liberty might sign it. That must be the far ideal of all who seek peace — an equitable accord with all the world.

Our immediate diplomatic programme — if we decide to give up Washington's policy of isolation — should be a treaty with France, so drawn that all the Liberals of Britain would see in it an invitation to cordial coöperation, so worded that our own imperialists and those of England would recognize that it was a death-blow to the dream of Anglo-American

Cæsarism. When the war is over the party truce, made in the face of danger, will be broken at Westminster. The Coalition Cabinet will fall. The old, old struggle between aristocratic imperialism and democratic liberalism will begin again in England. An invitation to join a Franco-American accord will be of great value to the British Liberals in this conflict. They could offer their voters peace, and their opponents could offer only new armament taxes, new wars. France, as ardently as we, must hope for a Liberal victory in England. There is no way in which we could more directly and effectively help to this end than by offering to Great Britain a definitely liberal alliance.

A Franco-Anglo-American agreement would be free from the imperialistic dangers of a dual alliance with Britain. By its liberal tone it would disarm the suspicions of the rest of the world. It would benefit the two European partners by putting us as a buffer between them in the inevitable frictions of colonial competition. Unless it became unbearably aggressive and unjust, no one would risk attacking it. It would prove a magnet, drawing to it other nations. Such an alliance, if it welcomed all who shared its ideals, might develop into a true League of Peace — a federal organization of the world.

SOME FALLACIES IN THE MODERN EDUCATIONAL SCHEME

BY ALFRED E. STEARNS

I

For a number of years thoughtful men and women have viewed with increasing apprehension, if not alarm, the growth and spread of radical ideas in American education. The public school from its very nature has suffered most from the inroads of modern pedagogy; but institutions of all kinds, public and private, higher and lower, have felt the effects of the pressure, and in greater or less degree have been forced to modify courses of study, methods of work, and even ideals. Just now the strength of this pressure is greater than ever before, backed as it is by educational authorities and foundations whose ability cannot be questioned and whose financial resources enable them almost to force upon the public the acceptance of the ideals they advocate. The education of the past is everywhere on the defensive; old ideals are being undermined; methods that have served for generations are scorned as unworthy; and finally, to complete the destruction, we are frankly asked to tear down the old structure, carry away the very foundation-stones on which it has rested for centuries, and build anew.

Just what material we are to use in this new structure the modern pedagogical 'experts' are not yet quite ready to tell us. Never mind! The old structure is inadequate. Therefore away with it! Time, an overruling Providence, the

adaptable American genius, or perhaps, best of all, the American pedagogical 'expert,' in due season will furnish both plans and material.

Before we examine in detail the criticisms and suggestions of these modern 'experts' in education it will help us to consider briefly, and in a general way, the broad contrasts between the old education and the new: not the individual studies so much as the ideals and aims involved; for unless we are seeking a definite goal subjects and subject-matter are of little importance.

Early education in America centred largely in New England and was colored by English ideals. Settlers as they moved westward carried with them the ideas and methods to which they were accustomed, and schools and colleges arose to testify to the depth of their convictions. This early education was frankly designed to be intellectual and moral. The development of character was its chief object. It has been criticized on the ground that it was intended primarily to meet the needs of those who were training for the Christian ministry, men who were avowedly to become the intellectual, moral, and religious leaders of the communities in which they lived; and that in consequence it failed to provide for those who were destined to fill other positions in life. The public has been too ready to accept this criticism at its face value without investigating the facts on which it is based. Education

has suffered greatly in consequence, for destructive criticism invariably appeals to the common mind, and that too before a constructive remedy has been offered.

It would be hard to find this early ideal of education more clearly stated than it is in the constitution of Phillips Academy, penned by the hand of the then Lieutenant Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, in the year 1777. Mr. Phillips was not a clergyman. By profession he was a business man. But he became a statesman and a judge; and he was always and primarily an intelligent, broad-minded, and public-spirited citizen.

'But above all,' he writes, 'it is expected that the Master's attention to the disposition of the Minds and Morals of the Youth under his charge will exceed every other care; well considering that, though goodness without knowledge (as it respects others) is weak and feeble, yet knowledge without goodness is dangerous, and that both united form the noblest character, and lay the surest foundation of usefulness to mankind.' In another paragraph, after specifying the subjects to be taught, and in order to emphasize the main purpose of his foundation, Mr. Phillips closes with these homely but significant words, 'but more especially to learn them [youth] the great end and real business of living.' And this same spirit and these same ideals inspired the large majority of those who throughout this land founded the hundreds of schools and colleges that in the passing years have done so much to make this nation truly great.

No doubt a candidate for the Christian ministry, then as to-day, would profit by an education that sought to realize such high ideals as these. But the writer was concerned with youth in general, and he knew, as every

thoughtful, intelligent man must know, that the ultimate strength of any nation lies in the character of its citizens, no matter how efficient they may be on practical lines. Character must be the foundation. And character did not mean to these far-sighted men mere moral goodness. Character, then as now, was composed of the trained mind plus moral strength. Build on that foundation whatever type of building you please. It will be the stronger and the better because it is built on rock. We must search far to find a higher ideal of education than this. Its faults, regarded from present-day conditions, are to be found, not in what it advocates, but in what it omits. New conditions have developed new needs; and these needs must rightly be satisfied. But they cannot be satisfied with permanent benefit to the country and the world if the true basis of education, so clearly recognized by our fathers, is ignored or deemed outworn.

The modern educational ideal so loudly proclaimed by its advocates furnishes a marked contrast to the old. At its basis it is frankly materialistic and utilitarian. Practical efficiency is its goal. Not all will admit the truth of this assertion; but the more one studies the subject and uncovers the influences that are chiefly responsible for these modern theories of education, the more one is forced to admit the soundness of this contention. And whether one admits it in full or not, there can be no doubt that the materialistic spirit so overwhelmingly present in our American life to-day has been a powerful factor in shaping and coloring our modern educational ideals. 'Fit our youth for life,' is the insistent demand of the new. 'Fit our youth to live,' is the cry of the old.

Four years ago a typical American business man with a son to educate wrote as follows: 'I want my boy to

specialize. I want him to have the following and nothing else — Mathematics, French, German, Spanish (not the average schoolroom language, but instruction that will enable him to speak them). I want him to have the opportunity for manual training, so that he may develop a strong mechanical turn that he has. — I do not want any Latin, History or Grammar. The boy might, if he has time, take English Literature. My only reason to make a change is because I must have him develop along the lines I have indicated, not a lot of instruction that will do him no good in after life. We cannot afford to waste our time in that way in these days.'

This letter expresses with commendable frankness the opinions held by thousands of American parents of the present day, opinions with which our American schoolmasters are altogether too familiar. Its author has clearly in view the goal he seeks for his son. That goal is avowedly materialistic. With that goal in view, and with his own intellectual limitations, the father is perhaps consistent in demanding a narrow and limited course of study. But the man of wider scholarship and broader vision will refuse to admit that the boy in question would not make in the end a better business man, even in the limited sphere which his father had in view, if he had acquired in the course of his training some knowledge of history, grammar, and English Literature. Yet this is a fair sample of the kind of pressure that with increasing force has been exerted in recent years against our American educational institutions. The public high school, the avowed servant of a local public, has felt the pressure most and at first hand. Largely through the public school this same pressure has been extended to the higher institutions. The state universities are practically moulded by it. Insist-

ent demands are made that subjects of a practical nature wholly, and designed primarily to meet the needs of pupils who will not or cannot continue their education beyond the high-school stage, shall be accepted for admission by our colleges and universities. Public pressure so pronounced cannot well be ignored. In varying degrees the higher institutions have yielded to it, until it is hard to recognize in the child of to-day the parent of the past.

But not alone in the goal sought for does the new education differ from the old. The contrast is equally marked when we examine subject-matter and methods. The old curriculum was largely linguistic; the new is primarily scientific and technical. The old laid stress on the value of mental discipline; the new denies that such a thing as mental discipline, save within the narrowest limits, exists. The old accepted as a self-evident truth the value of hard and strenuous work *per se*; the new denies this value save as that work is directed toward a definite end and along the lines of the pupil's interest. The old was based on the conviction that history and literature, ancient as well as modern, had their lessons to teach and their inspiration to give even to the pupil of 'these days,' and that an insistence on the mastering of the general facts of history and a familiarity with the thoughts of great writers would better fit a man to meet the demands of life and would give him a reserve force of resources to draw upon over and above the narrower demands of his everyday life; the new would limit history to the study of those facts alone that can be made to fit into immediate modern needs, and would confine the study of literature to the limits of a pleasant pastime.

Surely there is enough here to convince us of the wide divergence between the new education and the old.

And there is ample room for argument. From the strength of their backing and the wide publicity given to their utterances one might infer that the modernists in education had the field pretty much to themselves. But it is a significant fact that, with no matter how great assurance the 'expert' may proclaim his views, the majority of schoolmasters and many of our leading college authorities, whose business it is to deal at first hand with, and with all sides of, the youth committed to their care, refuse to be converted by these modern theorists and steadfastly decline to accept as true what their everyday experience convinces them is false. Not that they are unwilling to admit that there is much in the modern views that is sound. Far from it. They have accepted much and are ready to accept still more. But they are not willing to destroy the very foundations on which much of their best work has so long and so securely rested, or to swallow without a struggle the absurd nostrums which, in the name of education, are being so generously concocted for them in the laboratories of the modern pedagogical 'expert.' The modernists have gone too far.

II

Let us examine for a moment, and in brief detail, some of the most significant and radical of these modern views. Under the auspices of the General Education Board two striking pamphlets have recently been issued, one by President Emeritus Charles W. Eliot of Harvard University, entitled *Changes Needed in Secondary Education*; the other by Mr. Abraham Flexner, entitled *A Modern School*. Mr. Flexner has even more recently published in the *Atlantic* an able and interesting article under the title 'Parents and Schools.' These three articles,

both because of the known ability of their authors and because of the wide publicity which has been given them, will supply us with all the material needed for our discussion.

Dr. Eliot is chiefly concerned with the seeming lack of observational studies in the curricula of many of our best American schools. This is not a new complaint. Those who are familiar with Dr. Eliot's ideas of education know how long and how insistently he has advocated the introduction of observational studies. Unique modifications made in the entrance requirements of Harvard University under his leadership testify to the strength of his conviction. Dr. Eliot's views on any subject, and especially education, are justly entitled to profound respect. No one will accuse him of dabbling in 'fads' and 'fancies' as so many modern 'experts' are accustomed to do. And yet it is a serious question in the minds of many observers whether the changes introduced by Dr. Eliot into the admission requirements of his own university have given any tangible evidence of the development among its students of that coördination of eye and hand and mind and that increased mental alertness which are claimed as their goal. Some even are skeptical enough to believe that the reverse is true.

No doubt there is much to be said in favor of Dr. Eliot's contention as to the value of observational work. Many of our schools are acting in this belief, and most of them provide far more opportunity for observational study than even Dr. Eliot admits; for school programmes tell but half the tale. That the boy on the country farm has unique opportunities for this kind of study and must profit significantly thereby cannot be denied. That these opportunities are rapidly disappearing with the increase in urban life is no

less true. But it is a serious question whether artificial laboratories and extended school curricula can ever be made to supply what has been lost. Much of the farmer-boy's labor was done from a sense of duty and as a matter of course. Therein lay a large part of its permanent value to the individual. Recreation was play and pleasant. Work was work, and frequently hard and disagreeable. The interests of the boy were not consulted. Schoolmasters are only too sadly aware of the fact that, when students are left to their own devices in making use of such artificial opportunities for observational studies as schools can supply, interest points to the line of least resistance or the easiest subject offered; and even interest wanes as the work progresses. And yet we are assured that the interest of the individual pupil should be our guide in planning courses of study for undeveloped boys and girls.

In one important respect Dr. Eliot appears to differ from the modernists. Power derived from hand- and eye-work, he says, can be transferred to book-work when once created. If this is so, the reverse should be true. But the modernists tell us with emphasis that power secured through the study of a given subject can be transferred in only a limited degree to the study of kindred subjects and not at all to subjects of a different kind. But more of this doctrine later. Dr. Eliot's attitude is common enough among men of exceptional ability, whatever the nature of their earlier training. Possessed of unusual intellectual powers, they naturally long for those things that have been denied them; and the pre-eminently successful business man, engineer, or scientist, whose training has been largely if not wholly based on observation, feels the lack of memory training as keenly as Dr. Eliot feels the lack of training in observational

study. Schoolmasters who have talked with parents of this class and have heard them express their ambitions for their sons can testify to the truth of this assertion. Dr. Eliot himself admits that if one were forced to choose between training the senses and training the memory and the language powers one would choose the latter. Unfortunately we are not all geniuses; and the result of the attempts to combine these two factors in our education of to-day is that our boys and girls are being given a smattering of many things and an exact knowledge of none. Observational subjects very naturally most interest a child; but that interest does not often hold; and in the meantime the average child seems clearly to lose his willingness and ability to handle successfully the less agreeable but equally, if not more, important work demanded by memory and linguistic studies.

Dr. Eliot opens up a big question when he says, 'The men who since the nineteenth century began have done most for the human race . . . are the men of science, the artists, the craftsmen, etc.' This may be true of the limited period specified. It is not true in the history of the human race as a whole. In spite of all science has done to make life more comfortable and more pleasant in recent years we could more readily and with less disaster to the human race part with these benefits than we could with those less tangible but infinitely more valuable possessions which lie largely within the realm of ideas, which through the centuries have moulded and lifted humanity, and which have been given to us by the world's great philosophers and thinkers. One thing is clear: the admirers of Dr. Eliot, and they are many, will ever be grateful that he was trained and his marked ability developed under the old order rather than the new.

It is difficult to discuss the substance of the other two articles referred to above without a feeling of impatience: the changes suggested are so radical; the justification offered so unsatisfactory; and the new scheme of things so boldly proclaimed as worthy to replace the old, so indefinite and incomplete. From beginning to end these articles bristle with assumptions. And yet we are constantly reminded that the main trouble with the old education is that it is based on assumption. The author would seem to be lacking in a sense of proportion, or humor, or both.

The theory of the non-transferability of power is one to which the modern pedagogical psychologist — whatever his right to that title — has given an unusual amount of attention. Indeed, he is fully satisfied that he has settled the matter beyond dispute; that intellectual power acquired through the study of any given subject cannot be utilized for other work; and that the whole question is no longer open to argument. The absurd limits to which he is willing to carry the logical conclusion of his premises seem not yet to have been fully reached, and already cause the ordinary mortal something of a shock. To the 'expert' these conclusions may seem sound. To the average schoolmaster, dealing with facts rather than theories, the prosecution has signally failed to make out its case. We are perhaps ready to grant that the old theory has been a bit overworked; that we have laid a bit too much stress on the value in other work of effort directed towards the mastering of a given subject. But the ridiculous extremes to which the modernists have carried their doctrine make us only belligerent.

Such at least was the effect recently created on a representative gathering of schoolmasters when one of the acknowledged leaders in this modern school asked with commendable frank-

ness that his remarkable claims be accepted as final truths. We were assured that even in the modern realm the old doctrine had proved itself a mere fetish. In proof of this contention we were told that it was a well-known fact that gamblers, notoriously dishonest in ordinary relationships, would scrupulously meet all gambling obligations, and that business men who were the soul of honor in personal and domestic affairs would not hesitate to resort to dishonest practices in business. A pugnacious member of the gathering, unable longer to control himself, finally put this pointed question to the speaker. 'Do you mean to imply that the habits of honesty in thought and speech and conduct that I am daily seeking to develop in my young son will not be of value when he enters upon a business career in later years, but that a fresh start must then be made?' With a smile of assurance the champion of this new doctrine replied, 'That is a fair assumption.'

A more monstrous doctrine than this it would be difficult to conceive. We must admit its consistency, to be sure, but we are not willing to deny the validity of our own senses, of the facts of everyday experience, and the testimony of the human race since the dawn of history. If the old theory, accepted through the centuries as a self-evident truth, is based on assumption as the modernists claim, their own startling doctrine is surely so based, and to an infinitely greater degree. Schoolmasters who are compelled to deal with the product of this sort of teaching find little to arouse their enthusiasm. And men and women everywhere who clearly recognize how precious to their later lives have been the results secured through training under the old established order will steadfastly refuse to accept such a gross assumption as this. The 'expert' is more on the defensive

than he seems to realize. But he will realize the fact with increasing force just so soon as sensible men and women comprehend the absurd extremes to which his doctrine logically carries him, refuse to accept his assertions on faith, and begin to do a little serious thinking for themselves.

III

Closely related to the theory of the non-transferability of power is the problem of mental discipline so scoffed at by the modernist. Mr. Flexner tells us that mental discipline is an 'impressive phrase,' that it is based on pure assumption, and that no affirmative case can be made out for it. He chooses the study of Latin as the basis of his argument, and cites the case of Mr. James J. Hill to prove that mental discipline may be secured in other ways than by the study of that ancient language. Surely the modernists must be hard pressed for material if they are compelled to dig up isolated cases of this kind to support their contentions. Has any one ever claimed that mental discipline could be secured alone by the study of Latin or any other individual subject? As well argue that there is no mental discipline to be had in developing a large portion of a sparsely settled continent because, forsooth, Mr. Gladstone developed his unique intellectual powers through the study of the classics and in other old-fashioned ways. One wonders that so able a man as Mr. Flexner should have resorted to such a makeshift as this. Innumerable cases can be cited of men who in the world's history have attained the highest degree of mental discipline without the aid of Latin, or, for that matter, of the American Northwest. Yet it might not be impertinent to ask just why Mr. Hill elected to send his sons to college, and one of them at least for a despised

classical course. It is just possible that Mr. Hill recognized — as so many other self-made men like him have clearly recognized — a real lack in his earlier training, a lack which he believed could be supplied by the curriculum of an old-fashioned college. Or was it culture — perish the thought! — that he sought for his children? May we even dare to mention this subject on which the modern 'expert' has heaped his most violent anathema?

Yes, there are some who have not yet bowed the knee to the materialistic Baal so widely set up as our modern American god. And, strange to relate, some of these benighted old-fashioned folk, with their 'inherited' and 'traditional' ideas of education, are wonderfully successful men of business and affairs, even when success is measured in modern terms of dollars and cents and scientific accomplishment. Some, too, have dared to believe and confess that this old-fashioned training has contributed to their success. And just because they are big men and have lifted their heads above the common herd, their vision is perhaps less distorted, a bit wider in its scope, less likely to be colored by the views and opinions of the crowd that swarms about them. I have talked with such. Most schoolmasters have. And contact with such great souls brings its own cheer and inspiration, after constant dealing with the more common lot of men who honestly believe that 'we cannot afford to waste our time in that way in these days.'

There are still men whom the business world and scientific efficiency have not warped and who see in a cultural education — even in the study of the ancient classics — an opportunity to broaden one's vision, quicken one's perception of the real values of life, and accumulate against dark and stormy days resources that will enable the pilot with clear eye and steady hand to bring

his human craft safe to port. To such history has its lessons, literature its inspiration; and these can best be secured by an earnest effort at mastery, not by trusting to the shifting and unstable 'interests' of youth or the uncertain and even more unreliable selections of the modern pedagogical 'expert.' And, curiously, some of these misguided souls are just foolish enough to believe that possibly — possibly their sons will be a bit bigger and better business men and engineers and men of affairs because they will have built upon this broader foundation. I have in mind several men of this kind who have very frankly stated to me their opinions on this much-discussed question — men who have done big things in a practical and scientific way, and who are recognized by the public as real leaders in their professions. These men have grave doubts — very, very grave doubts — as to the soundness or value of modern tendencies in education. Their testimony is of one general kind. They believe that the classical or cultural education supplies the best foundation for the engineer and the practical scientist — and for several reasons. They accept as valid the arguments in its favor advanced above. And they go still further, for, strange to relate, they have discovered no good reason for abandoning the doctrine of mental discipline. They have worked with and directed the work of men trained for their profession in our best scientific and technical schools, and they have not been satisfied with their material.

One of them summed up the general criticism when he said to me in substance, 'The graduate of the modern scientific school seems lacking in imagination. He has been too accustomed to work with only exact sciences. $x + y$ has always equalled z . Any other answer must of necessity be wrong.

These men make good engineers, but seldom great ones. They can solve readily the ordinary problems known to the engineering world, but they are unequal to those that are new and unusual. And the engineer who is truly great and who exalts his profession and wins personal fame is the one who can draw upon his imagination when the necessity arises; can weigh and balance, and now and then take a chance in wrestling with, the new problems that confront him. It is my belief that study based in the main upon mathematics and science does not train the mind in this way. That training comes from the study of languages, including the classics, where shades of meaning count, and where frequently more than one construction or translation may be correct, but some are better than others.'

Yes, even the doctrine of mental discipline has still its disciples apart from incorrigible and tradition-ridden schoolmasters, and disciples too among those whom our modern pedagogical psychologist recognizes as successful and efficient men. When he falls in with men of this sort the schoolmaster takes courage, for then he realizes that the whole world has not yet lost its bearings.

But Mr. Flexner is not satisfied with heaping ridicule on the old-fashioned courses of study in which he has singled out Latin and mathematics for his most violent attacks. Under this method of training, he says, pupils not only ignominiously fail to gain either knowledge or power, but they spend an inordinately long time in failing. To prove his assertion he cites the large percentage of failures in Latin and mathematics among candidates who tried the examinations of the College Entrance Examination Board in 1915. Statistics are frequently impressive, but often misleading; and never more so than

when incomplete. It is strange indeed that Mr. Flexner should have chosen this particular illustration to attempt to prove his case; for we cannot believe that he intentionally desires to mislead us. But the argument is misleading none the less; for had Mr. Flexner told us the whole story of these examination statistics he would have been forced to abandon either the illustration or the conclusion he seeks to defend. A fellow schoolmaster has very recently, in an able article in the New York *Evening Post*, called attention to the fact that this illustration of Mr. Flexner's becomes something of a boomerang when all the facts are known. For the facts are these: that although in truth a regrettably large percentage of candidates fails in Latin and mathematics, a still larger percentage fails in some of those subjects which Mr. Flexner and others who share his views tell us are alone worth while. On the basis of excellence in results as reported by the secretary of the College Entrance Examination Board for 1915 the ranking of individual subjects is given as follows: botany, Greek, zoölogy, French, Latin, physics, German, biology, chemistry, drawing, mathematics, English, geography, history, Spanish, music.

Think of it! Greek second in order; Latin fifth; the sciences well behind the despised classics; and music last! How are our modernists to explain away these facts? It will not do for them to argue that more time is devoted to preparation in some subjects than in others; for in every case the examination is carefully based on the amount of time the subject has been studied. Nor can they fairly claim that the sciences and more modern subjects are unfairly handicapped by the limitations of curricula and teachers. Even granting that to a degree this might seem true, the fact remains that Greek especially, and to a large degree Latin,

have been more handicapped in recent years than have any other subjects. Both have had to fight for mere existence. Notably in the public schools the fight has been a losing one. The classics have been side-tracked to make room for the practical and more modern subjects. Those who have taught them have been forced to contend against increasing limitations of time schedules, and — what is vastly more deadly in its benumbing influence — a hostile public attitude. This attitude induces a natural aversion to the subjects and leads the majority of pupils to attack them with sullen hostility or open resentment.

Mr. Flexner will have to find a better illustration than the one he has chosen. That American boys and girls spend an inordinately long time in failing — and in succeeding too for that matter — we will grant. It is not only the modernists who are awakening to the fact that several years may be saved with distinct advantage in the early period of the child's education. On this point many of us, whatever our views may be as to subjects and methods, will heartily endorse the views of both Dr. Eliot and Mr. Flexner.

From beginning to end, discipline permeated the curriculum of the school of yesterday. The interests of the individual pupil were rarely if ever consulted. The work assigned was to be done. The question of its appeal, of its difficulty, of its practical value to a particular pupil, was not even open for discussion. And what splendid men and women this old-fashioned, not always agreeable, disciplinary education developed; or, according to Mr. Flexner, what fine characters were developed in spite of it. Under the old régime there was bred a ruggedness, a virility, a sense of obligation, a respect for authority, a readiness to respond to the

call of duty, that to-day are sadly missed in the rising generation. These traits, so absolutely necessary to good citizenship and to strong manhood and womanhood, are no longer developed and fostered in our American homes and schools where modern theories have exerted their paralyzing influence. Nor has any satisfactory substitute been offered to take the place of that which has been lost. And yet we are told that all this was wrong and a waste, that hard work has no value in itself, and that our starting-point, the dominating factor indeed, should be the interest of the individual child. Fortunately the modernists are satisfied to offer us only a starting-point. Had they undertaken to do more, to map out for us for example a chart to guide us in dealing with the numerous and ever-varying interests of the child from, say, five to fifteen years of age, they would have had time for nothing else, and the office forces of our great American educational foundations would be working overtime.

In no other way, perhaps, than in their advocacy of this pernicious doctrine of individual interest have the modernists more seriously undermined sound scholarship, proper habits of study, and the development of virile, rugged character. Of all the latest educational nostrums that have been foisted upon us, this is one of the worst. Even a child can feel its appeal; for the pill is thickly coated with sugar, and every child's 'interest' draws it to sugar, even though a stomach-ache or something worse may result. Where, pray, are we to begin and where end in this weighty responsibility of heeding and catering to the interests of youth? Was there ever a normal boy who did not successively show an 'interest' in running a candy store, in becoming a policeman, or a motorman, or an engineer, or the captain of an ocean liner?

Can we conceive of a red-blooded youth to whom electricity and machinery and chemical experiments do not bring their special appeal? Would we regard a boy as having ordinary intelligence who could not readily learn to understand the mechanism of his father's automobile? As a schoolmaster I am only too well aware that fathers with such normal sons see unmistakable signs of budding genius in this natural ability of youth; but as an ordinary individual I am disposed to class these deluded parents with those whose sons have 'never told a lie.' They lack perception.

IV

The modernists lay great stress on the glories of this eminently practical age of ours, with its automobiles and aeroplanes, its wireless telegraphy and its engineering feats. We are given to understand that the proper use of these great scientific inventions and accomplishments requires a special training that the old education failed to supply. And because an individual boy shows a wholesome interest in these things and a normal boy's ability to understand their mechanism and the general theories on which they have been constructed, we are asked to give him credit for ability and powers which were developed in the minds of the inventors only after years of hard and persistent labor — a labor, too, that dealt largely with underlying and none too attractive fundamentals. Some way that old despised education, with its insistence upon hard work and its belief in mental discipline, seems to have done remarkably well in fostering inventive genius and in making science accessible to the practical life of the world. No doubt Mr. Flexner is right in believing that a capable high school boy can in a measure work out the

mechanism of wireless telegraphy, if by that he means to construct a wireless apparatus that will work. Scores of cheap books can be found that will give him all needed information for such a simple task. But the practical electrician will be the first one to advise that boy to spend his time in more useful ways if he ever hopes to master and excel in his profession. A thorough grounding in mathematics and in the principles of science — including the study of electricity — would be the first and essential requirement. And when they once undertake the hard and so often unattractive work that this necessary process involves, the hosts of these aspiring geniuses rapidly dwindle, to the disappointment of doting parents and friends, but to the benefit, doubtless, of science and the world. Buildings will continue to require foundations, whatever the material may be out of which they are constructed.

Nor is this all. The modernist has yet to prove that these more practical, or scientific, or observational subjects — call them what you will — can in the end be made to hold the interest of the pupil any more than can those old school subjects he would have us discard. The testimony of those who have taught in both types of school assures me that the amount of waste is as great in one as in the other. In some of the very best of our scientific institutions the percentage of students dropped because of inability or unwillingness to master the work required of them is far greater than in classical institutions of the same high grade. Yet these students in a very real sense have selected these institutions because interest prompted them to do so. Moreover, they have generally been prepared in special subjects leading directly to this higher work, and they have passed successfully rigid entrance tests. What are the facts? As the work grows hard-

er, interest wanes; or that which was regarded as special ability is discovered to be a superficial inclination merely, incapable of enduring the severer tests. These unfortunates, yielding to modern demands, have begun at the wrong end. Had they first of all, and regardless of the individual subjects concerned, developed by hard and sustained effort the power of concentration, of holding the mind to a given task, however hard, the story would have been a far more satisfactory one. The successful scientist, or engineer, or business man would much prefer to employ the boy who has learned to use his mind, who has developed the will to do, rather than one who, however deeply interested he may be in the work assigned him, has not acquired through hard labor those habits of mind and thought upon which in the end all true successes must depend.

And why should we believe that in the intellectual realm alone the interest of the undeveloped child should be of such paramount and controlling importance? Why not, then, in the moral and physical realms? Yet youth is proverbially a period of limitation, requiring processes, often painful, of curbing and restraint. Give the youth, whether boy or girl, free rein in yielding to moral — or immoral — interests, and moral ruin will generally result. Give the growing boy the liberty to follow his physical inclinations, and disaster must surely follow. On what fair assumption, then, may we claim that in things intellectual the child's interest should prevail? And which interest are we to choose? And when? And how? Surely we have not grown too old ourselves to recall how many, how varied, and how shifting were the interests of our youthful days. And some of us will even remember with gratitude that it was in the days of young manhood and womanhood that the higher education

that we were privileged to enjoy first revealed to us the supreme interest that was to dominate and control our lives. For let it be well remembered that one of the most valuable factors in the higher education lies in its revealing power. We are too ready to ignore this truth in these days.

What kind of books do our boys and girls read to-day? What sort of musical shows do they frequent? asks Mr. Flexner, seeking thereby to show the failure of the old-fashioned type of education to develop and foster proper tastes. Alas! We are only too readily compelled to anticipate and acknowledge the truth of the answer he implies. It is a tragic one at best. But we see a very different cause to account for the tragic fact. Does Mr. Flexner believe that modern parents and schoolmasters deliberately choose and recommend these soul-destroying pastimes for their boys and girls? Many of us are forced to believe, and with all our hearts, that at the root of this deplorable situation lies a widespread acceptance of this modern doctrine of yielding to the interests of youth. The schoolmaster, struggling with misguided parents to whom this doctrine has become law, feels at times in his depression that the fight is becoming too severe, the handicap too great. In the frequency with which he knows that his pupils, without parental guidance or restraint, attend during vacation days vulgar and sometimes obscene performances on the public stage, he sees the logical working out of this pernicious doctrine. In the ever-growing number of alluring and indecent magazines flooding the public bookstalls, especially in school and college communities, he has clear proof of the literary taste that surely eventuates wherever the interests of youth are unrestrained. Does Mr. Flexner honestly think that these boys and girls, with poison already invad-

ing their minds and undermining their characters, can ever be made to read Homer, or Chaucer, or Shakespeare 'for sheer fun'? Or would he even admit that a 'lifelong hostility to Burke' was less to be desired?

Those of us who have enjoyed the God-given privilege of old-fashioned parents, who knew better than we what was good for us, can still recall those moments of hostility when we were told to read great masterpieces of literature that ran counter to our interests. But, thank God, we can recall too, and with heartfelt gratitude, that such reading frequently kindled a new and wholesome and lasting interest that has served us well through all the passing years. Perhaps we cannot, many of us, read our Homer and our Virgil with facility in these later years; nor is this essential, for we have felt the inspiration that breathes through these masterpieces of the world's great literature, and that inspiration has quickened us intellectually and spiritually, and has strengthened our desires for and facilitated our grasp of things that are good and true and well worth while. We cannot measure these values on charts as the modern psychologists would have us. Like countless other factors and influences that have lost their identity in the passing years in the building of character, they may no longer be visible; but we know that they exist and we know that life would be poorer and narrower without them.

We cannot attempt within the limits of such an article as this to discuss in detail all of Mr. Flexner's unique and frequently interesting suggestions. Some are self-contradictory. Many would prove wholly unworkable. Most are based on pure assumption against which we are so often warned. The prediction that parents are conspiring to investigate us schoolmasters causes no alarm. If we could believe that this

was really true we might even rejoice. There are parents and parents, as every schoolmaster knows. Those who are truly interested, who honestly care, to whom a divine Providence has vouchsafed a reasonable degree of parental common sense—how gladly we welcome them! how readily we listen to their quiet criticism and suggestion! but—how rare they are! Those ‘modern parents’ of the ‘charming’ kind, who organize societies and attend lectures that they may the better discover the duties and responsibilities of true parenthood and more intelligently supervise the work of the schools! Yes, we know them, too. Like the majority of those who seek courses of pedagogy in the deluded hope that in this way the ability to teach which has been denied them may in some way be supplied, these modern parents will be misled by superficialities, caught by phrases and formulæ, and hypnotized by methods and approved courses of study, forever blind to the fact that parents like teachers are born and not made, and that now as always, in teacher and parent alike, personality, not rules and methods, is the essential and determining factor. We shall not worry. We shall be glad to explain the ‘how’ and the ‘why’ to those who really care. As for the others, they can doubtless afford to and probably will start or foster private schools of their own, where the modern pedagogical ‘expert’ can give full play to his fancy at the expense of the helpless boys and girls intrusted to his care. Thoughtful parents will continue to send their boys and girls, as they have been doing in recent years in significantly increasing numbers, to schools which still place character above mere efficiency, which have not lost faith in mental discipline, or even culture, and which are not ashamed to point to their product

as proof of the soundness of their methods and ideals.

In the meantime we shall watch with interest the attempt of Mr. Flexner and his followers to put into actual practice the ideals and methods advocated for his ‘Modern School.’ At present the attempt reminds us of that amusing but abortive effort of an ancient Chinese emperor to establish the beginning of knowledge with his reign. In only one way could the feat be performed. Knowledge to date must be destroyed. But somehow knowledge continued to exist in spite of imperial decree and burned books; and education to-day will survive the test. In spite of theorists and of educational foundations we shall continue to find values in the education of the past, as our fathers did before us. And we shall find too something of educational value in the mere process of watching the new experiments, if Mr. Flexner can demonstrate to the satisfaction of any intelligent human being how he is to put into actual practice his sweeping and astounding proposition that ‘What is taught, when it is taught, and how it is taught, will depend altogether on what is needed, when it is needed, and the form in which it is needed.’

Some one, somewhere, somehow, at some time, is to tell us what, and when, and how. Can human omniscience soar to greater heights? At present it would seem that only a Jules Verne and a Mark Twain combined could do full justice to such a theme. In view of these latest efforts to make chaos out of our American education one is tempted to exclaim with a great English schoolmaster facing a somewhat similar crisis, ‘For God’s sake teach anything, only insure that your great schools put the construction *into more benefit through teaching*, and afterwards it will be time enough to discuss subjects.’

SNIPE

BY CLARKSON CRANE

I stood aft in the engine-room, watching the long line of steel arms busy with the shaft; the sluggish churn of the thudding pistons; the more delicate and eminently more feminine twisting of the two eccentrics. Their motion was that of wrists, slender and womanish, working with precision; but the plunging piston was like the upper arm of a giant, with the flying cross-set for an elbow; and the tapering connecting rod which gripped the crank-pin was wiry and rigid, a tense forearm. On the grating above me a round-faced wiper was at work; and drops of oily water from his mop trickled downward to the corrugated floor-plates, where they hastened backward and forward with the swinging of the steamer.

He leaned on his mop for a moment, and, catching my eye, winked and nodded his head toward Snipe, the sharp-nosed oiler of the bottom grate, whose duty drew him close to the evaporator in which I was hammering. I knew precisely what I should see, yet I looked, nevertheless. Snipe, ten feet away, his cadaverous face yellow in the glow of the electric bulbs, was gripping the railing that surrounded the thundering crank, and was vomiting silently into a blackened tin which he held in his greasy left hand. As he swayed with the abrupt tumblings of the ship, the muscles of his lean hand on the rail made ridges under the oily skin; his blue shirt stretched and creased with the bending of his body. Then he raised his head and looked at me with a wink. His left eye was drawn in a per-

petual squint, and when he winked his right, he appeared to be standing for a moment with both eyes half-closed, regarding me from behind the shelter of his lashes.

'Every twenty minutes, regular as a clock,' he said with the leer which went with him for a grin.

'Your first trip?' I questioned, stooping with my scaling hammer in my hand to crawl into the feverish interior of the evaporator.

'No — I've been to sea four years altogether; and for the first five days of every trip — it's this.' He lifted the tin. 'Ain't it a hell of a life for a man to lead? — There's the cross-set whistlin'.'

He snatched his oil-can from the grating and hurried off to starboard.

'Why don't you quit?' I shouted after him; but the sole reply I received was the glimpse of a second leer, and the sight of his blue-sleeved arm bracing him, while he poured his jet of oil into the cup.

I myself was compelled to grasp the edges of the evaporator with both hands while I groveled in through the minute opening, like a dog entering his kennel. And even then I was tossed against the half-scaled side by a vicious lurch of the steamer. The weather was the kind which puts the nerves of engineers on edge. The ship was grubbing her way through a furrowed sea. With a northeast wind beating her on the shoulders, she was advancing with enough difficulty to make her one day late into San Francisco, but with not

quite enough to lend to her tardiness the excuse of a gale. From my heated cylinder I could see Tony, the broad faced, half-Kanaka third, standing with his hand on the lever, ready to throttle her down when she kicked her heels too high out of the water.

The engines had already been cut down to half speed; but with every pitch of the steamer, when the screws broke the surface, they ran free for an instant, and thumped and rattled and racked, so that the monkey wrenches slipped from the holders in the sudden jarring, oilcans upset, and the entire watch cursed as the floor-plates bounced beneath them.

'No 'Frisco until Thursday,' Snipe called to me on his way to the ladder.

He had calculated well; for as he put his foot on the first step, the round-faced wiper pounded eight bells on the triangle. The new watch, which had been standing in wait since the clanging of the warning bell ten minutes before, glided downward; the old passed them in the ascent; and to one standing on the bottom and looking up through the grates, there was a spectacle of inter-weaving blue forms and champing mechanism. I climbed slowly to the after deck, wiping my hands on a towel. As I stepped from the companionway, hungry for a glimpse of the waves which were pounding by with locks of froth streaming out behind them, I saw that Snipe was there before me. He was leaning on the after-rail, watching the crumbling layers of foam as the stern pressed them out. The sea had fallen a trifle, but the rollers still swept by us, capped with a white that glittered in the sombre air. Snipe glanced up at my approach.

'Look at 'em laugh,' he said angrily, and spat into the foam. 'Huh!'

'Are you feeling better?' I asked.

'Oh, I suppose so. I usually do along about the fourth day.'

'But why don't you work ashore?'

'It ain't so easy to leave the sea — as you might think. I tried it. Last year I spent nine months on the beach lookin' for a job, but I could n't make it go. Something always happened, some little thing, but enough to put me out. And finally I came aboard here to satisfy her.'

'Satisfy whom?'

'Why, the sea, of course. She likes me, she does — but she don't treat me square.' He spat over the rail again. 'Look at me. Sick five days a trip. Can a man last with that? Look at me.'

I did so. I do not know how long the nickname Snipe had been his. But it seemed to be a good one. His nose, long and almost knifelike, beneath a narrow forehead, overhung the thin-lipped, crooked mouth and receding chin, like a beak. The skin was pale, doubly so on account of the two four-hour sweat-baths below; it had grown white like that of an underground plant. And the pores stood open perpetually. Two buttons of his shirt were left unfastened; and one could see his chest below his sagging collar, whiter, if possible, than the skin of his face. His belt, too, was negligently strapped, for two of the loops had been torn away from his jeans. And beneath their oily, stiffened legs, his shoes, like crippled things, chafed gray and soft as mittens from the oil, pitched to the sides on worn-down heels, and yawned with crooked mouths through the irregular network of tattered laces.

'Why did you come to sea?' I asked him.

His eyes narrowed scornfully.

'Why does the wind blow?' he answered.

'You shipped young?'

'Sixteen. I always wanted to, but my father kept me from it. He was an old sailor. But when he died, I just cut loose, borrowed twenty-five from my

brother, joined the union, and shipped as wiper aboard the old Isis. She's still on the rocks up coast a ways, though there ain't much left of her.'

'And you've stayed with it ever since?'

'Quit after the first trip. But I could n't stay ashore. I could n't. She would n't let me — so I tried again. They laughed at me, most of 'em; and the first made me work without a stop, moppin' and wipin', moppin' and wipin' — sick, O God! and waitin' for the damn bell to ring. I was glad when she went ashore. After that trip, my brother tried to get me a job in 'Frisco, but it was no good. It was back to the engines for me, this time on a steam schooner with a dinky coffee pot of an engine down below. It was the same story.'

'Is your brother a sailor?'

'No, a stevedore. That's why he lent me the money to go to sea. He'd never been there himself. He'd only seen the crews go ashore when the ships docked, while he was sweatin' thirty hours with the bales. He thought it was easy. Well, it is easy for most fellows, damned easy — but they ain't built like me. Most of them can quit if they want to. I'll tell you about the last time I left the sea. I got a job in a garage fixing engines and mending tires. It was a snap. But the old woman kept pesterin' me. I'd seem to hear her rumbling in the night like she was breathin' soft and regular, and I'd lie awake and think of the islands, and the sea when she's blue and white and smooth. I always thought of her when she was blue and white and smooth. And I'd miss the pitch of the deck when I walked across the room. "You damn fool," I used to say, "you got a good job; why don't you stay where you are?" Then I'd pass the docks on my way to work. I always liked to look at the Australia boats.

I don't know why, except that they went through the sea where it was blue and white and smooth. God, how jealous I'd be of the engine crew! I used to spend the noon hour with my feet hangin' over the edge of the wharf, watchin' the crust of sticks and straws lap at the steamer's bowplates. "That bow's been to Sydney," I'd say to them, "no wonder you like to touch it. I should like to." But I could n't quite. They were always moored too far out.

'And then I'd always have to go back to the shop and spend long hours in the same place. I hate to stay in the same place. "I'm goin', damn it, I'm goin'!" I used to say to myself; but I always knew what would happen if I went. She kept draggin' me and urgin' me to come, callin' to me, and grinnin', every time I looked at her damn shining face, and I thought I loved her, and she got me again. — Yes, she did,' he added after a moment's pause. 'And that's why I'm at sea now.'

He grinned at me with his head cocked to one side. I have called the expression a leer, and there could be no better name, for no mirth was in it. Mere bitterness was there — wrath at the whole grinding fabric of things which had placed him where he was, and given him the power to know it. The snarl of a kicked dog sometimes resembles a grin.

'I'm goin' to turn in,' he said; and, shuffling a trifle after the manner of men who have stood much on decks, he walked to the companionway, and turned toward me with a hand on either side of the door, and with one foot raised to enter. His face, splashed with light from the caged bulb on the bulkhead, was still twisted — as if he were remembering a great deal.

For the next two days, Snipe and I conversed but little. He nodded to me,

and I to him, when we went to work together at eight in the morning; but apart from the perfunctory, our intercourse was small. He grinned with something approaching real merriment when we did not reach San Francisco until Thursday night; and he appeared to experience a genuine satisfaction at the grumblings of some of the men, when we pierced our way into the darkening channel, just after sundown, too late for the doctor to pass us through quarantine. And so we dropped anchor, and lay in the drizzle off Meiggs's wharf, strangely still and motionless, with the toy waves lapping the ship's flanks. And Snipe chuckled when the other oilers stared at the city lights shining tearfully through the mist.

I saw but little of Snipe the following morning, just enough to say goodbye before I went down the gangplank; and since my seafaring was for the time completed, the environment of the water-front, with its blue-jerseyed seamen and striped funnels, became but vivid memory portraits of a past vacation. Snipe, however, was not to pass so easily from my circle of realities. Yet it was fully three months before I saw him again, and when I did meet him, on the lower deck of an Oakland ferryboat, he laughed almost cheerfully, perceiving my surprise at his appearance.

'I've quit,' he announced triumphantly, twisting his neck within the band of his starched collar; 'and what's more — I'm married.'

For a moment I could but exclaim and congratulate: I had never realized that clothes and a few months of healthy living could so improve an ugly man. But at length I mastered my surprise, and questioned him concerning his new condition. He told me of it eagerly, with grins more genuine than the old leers breaking into his sentences.

FOL. 118 - NO. 5

His wife, it appeared, was a stenographer in the office of the garage in which he had worked. He had known her during the period of work which followed his last relapse to the sea; and the memory of her had remained intact during his months in the engine-room.

'It was she that persuaded me to leave the sea,' he explained, 'when I met her ashore, after a trip. It was the trip you were on. I told her it was no use, but she kept insistin'; and, to make a long story short, I did as she wanted me to. Two weeks later I married her. — I wish you would come out and see us,' he added. 'We have a little place at North Beach.'

Since I was free for the time and felt no small interest in this new development of Snipe's career, I agreed to accompany him at once; and while we were seated on a Union Street car, rumbling through the odors of the market district, he revealed the details of his situation. He had been permitted to return to his job in the garage, with a good prospect of advancement; and he felt confident, he told me, in what seemed a curious vein of boastfulness for so flimsy a man, that his boss had already observed how much more efficient he was than the other workers.

'And for the time being, until I get on my feet a bit more, Jessie is still typing in the office,' he finished, as he raised his hand for the conductor to stop the car.

We left the car at Washington Square, and walked north along its green flank.

'It's on the third floor,' announced Snipe, pointing to a frame apartment building which overlooked its fellows on a side street; 'the bay window to the left. You see,' he went on, as we entered, and were climbing the stairs, 'it is only four or five blocks from the garage, and we get a good view of the docks from the kitchen window.'

Jessie opened the door, and, smiling at Snipe, with her filmy blue eyes never leaving his face, stood aside for us to enter. She was a small creature, this wife who had stolen a man from the sea, short and meagre, with features round and a trifle flat, and a question ever in her eyes, as though she sought in vain to comprehend the causes of things. When we were introduced, she gave me an embarrassed nod, thrusting both her hands beneath her apron, which was old and stained, and drawing back against the open door, so that she stood constrained, like a shy animal longing to escape. But a few words from Snipe, and a due appreciation of their home from myself, destroyed the tension; and in a few moments she was chatting comfortably, relating a host of petty plans to me, and glancing at Snipe at the close of each sentence for approbation.

'This is so much nicer for Alfred than that awful boat,' she prattled on, beaming from one to the other of us; 'he is so comfortable here, and has a good steady job in the garage. Ain't a man fortunate to have a steady job, instead of wandering around uncertain?'

And then, after a glance at her smiling husband, she insisted that I inspect her kitchen and enjoy the view from its window. Two of the windows opened on a compact shaft that gave a doubtful light to the interior of the building. Lines of half-dry clothes were stretched between its walls, the damp garments stirring sluggishly in the breeze which descended from above; and the air was pregnant with the odors of olive oil and garlic. Jessie explained volubly about the 'nice Italian families in the other flats!' But the third window opened to the north, and from it one could see the blue level of the bay with its rim of hills, the flashing white square of Alcatraz prison, and,

near at hand, the concrete surface of Meiggs's wharf, and the spars of a British bark that lay moored beside it.

'Loadin' barley for the Allies,' Snipe explained to me.

'Is n't it nice?' asked Jessie when she led the way back to the other room; and when I left, they stood arm in arm at the apartment door, and urged me to visit them again.

But my way for the next few weeks lay far from that neighborhood. Snipe and his wife soon occupied the position in my mind of a score of other acquaintances whom I saw but little; and my remembrance of the pair, as I had last seen them, assumed a permanent air which grew more fixed as the days passed by. But like most impressions of the sort, by which we deal mentally with things we know nothing of, it was at fault.

One morning, as I hurried south along Stockton Street, I heard myself called upon by name, and, glancing up, saw Jessie standing with a sheet of paper in her hand before the door of a garage which I was passing. Her appearance had scarcely altered, but it seemed to me that her eyes looked more perplexed than ever.

'You have n't heard, have you?' she asked, after a quick greeting; and when she saw that I had not —

'Alfred has gone,' she said.

'Gone! Not back to the sea?'

'Yes — on that very English bark you saw when you were in our flat. He went just a week after you were there.'

'But for how long? What did he say?'

I thought she was going to weep on the spot, her blue eyes were so watery; but she controlled herself and spoke rapidly.

'I don't know! I can't see why at all. He was so comfortable. He said himself he had never been so comfortable before. But he just went. I noticed

he'd keep lookin' out of the kitchen window at the docks; and I spoke to him about it one day. But he laughed and said it was all right.' She stopped for a moment and sniffed. 'One day he come home early before me, and when I found him, he was that nervous. He kept walking up and down the room, never saying a word, and every once in a while he'd come to me almost savage — for him — and kiss me, and say he did love me. The next morning he was gone, and the only word he left was a letter telling me the name of the boat

and saying not to expect him back. But why did he go? He had a steady job, and plenty to eat, and — Do you think he likes some one better than me?'

Her eyes had the puzzled uncomprehending look so usual with them, this time mingled with tears; and when we separated, I could see that she was trying to understand something that she was wholly unable to conceive.

And as I walked, I could not help thinking of Snipe as I had first known him — sick and wandering.

WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

BY AMORY HARE

WHAT does it matter that the time must come
 When all my petals shall be blown away,
 Leaving a brittle stalk where wild bees hum
 And woo the living flowers all the day?
 I too have trembled to the kiss they brought,
 Was wooed and knew the sunlight and the dew;
 I too have trembled to the living thought,
 Have bent and swayed the teeming summer through;
 These have been mine unto the uttermost,
 And peradventure shall be mine again;
 When some new shell becomes my spirit's host,
 Life, beautiful as this, shall fill me then,
 And strange new thoughts may grace another spring,
 Making existence seem a deeper thing.

'TO THE MERCHANT SKIPPERS OF BRITAIN'

A TRIBUTE FROM A FRIEND

BY LEWIS R. FREEMAN

ALL yesterday evening I came upon little knots of sailor-men gathered along the quay or at the corners of the streets of Harwich and Dovercourt. Their parchment-brown, weather-beaten faces were drawn and troubled, and they spoke in the jerkily lowered voices of men not wont to hold their tongues or passions in restraining leash. There was something in the half-stunned, half-angry looks suggestive of the expressions that I had seen on the faces of the sailors at a North Wales port on the evening that a carelessly framed dispatch had tricked them into transient belief that the British Fleet had been beaten by the Germans in the North Sea. But I had been with naval men all afternoon; I knew that there was nothing fresh to report from behind the gray fog-curtain to the North. The trouble was of another kind, and from past experience I knew that, when the British sailor-man spoke through clenched teeth in those jerkily lowered tones, with his brow corrugated in dark wrinkles of perturbation and his blue eyes fixed absently on the fingers of his working hands, it was not the moment for even the most sympathetically curious to intrude upon him.

Enlightenment came later, when I asked the maid who lowered the shutters and drew the double curtains of my room in the little hotel on the Dovercourt cliff why it was that the

children who were playing below my window lowered their voices and tip-toed as they came down toward the seaward end; and why many of even the belated delivery carts were taking another way on their clattering rounds.

'Is somebody sick?' I asked, 'or is one of the neighbors dead?'

'Did n't you know, sir?' faltered the girl. 'That's Captain Fryatt's 'ome down there. It's the little red brick 'ouse — the fourth or fifth from the corner. We all o' us 'ere knew 'im, sir, an' loved 'im; an' — you'll excuse me, sir' (her voice broke for a moment and the starting tears glistened in the flickering light of her candle), 'but I was thinkin' o' the missus an' the nippers. They's waitin' for more news from Belg'um. I hates to think o' 'em. It makes me want to scream an' — an' to fight. I'll be going now, sir; it gets me all wrought up w'en I talks about it.'

It came to me all at once what those stunned, angry sailors were talking of, and the hot wave of indignation — checked for an hour or two by the excitement of meeting and boarding a returning submarine — that had surged over me that afternoon when I first read the news of Captain Fryatt's execution welled up anew inside me and throbbed against my temples.

'No sleep while I feel like this,' I told myself. 'Best to let the sea-air in for a while and cool down.'

I pulled up an easy chair, lighted a

cigar, blew out my candle, and sat down by the open window.

For a few minutes, like the chambermaid, I was 'all wrought up,' but before long those age-old sedatives, sea-air and sea-fog, had done their work, and the flame of my anger flickered out, to leave behind it a quiet confidence that time would right the wrong that had been done. There was a strange sense of personal loss, too. I did not for an instant endeavor to dramatize my feelings to the extent of fancying myself in a position even remotely similar to that of the silent watchers in the little red house in Oakland Road; nor yet could the tragedy mean to me anything comparable to what it meant to those bronzed, bowed sailors I had seen during the afternoon, or even what it must mean to any man that sails the seas under a flag unblackened by the stain of piracy. It was only that I was conscious of the passing of one of a class of men whom I had learned to know and love during many years of intimate association — in craft stout and frail, on seas fair and stormy; and the fact that the death of this man had been compassed with a cold-blooded cynicism scarcely paralleled in modern history brought the significance of it home to me with especial poignancy. In a dull sort of way I had been conscious of a similar feeling every time I had read of the loss of merchant officers and crews from the inauguration of the submarine campaign; but only now had I come to understand how much of a hold these same sailor-men had on my affection, — what parts they had played in scores of the vivid incidents of my life that I cared most to dwell upon in memory.

Three of the last ten years of my life had been spent upon the sea, I reflected. Of this time perhaps six months had been put in on one or another of the floating palaces of the main

tourist routes, and scarcely more than that aboard ships under the German, French, Dutch, or American flag. That left a good two years spent aboard the smaller British merchantmen — tramps, coasters, colliers, traders, flat-bottomed river stern-wheelers — in out-of-the-way water-lanes of the world. Two years of my life (and what treasured years they were, too!) spent in the care of the bluff bronzed British merchant captains who drove 'the swift shuttles of an Empire's loom.'

What strange seas they had steered me through, and what strange corners in the ports that served those seas! And what adventures they had run me into, and what scrapes got me out of! And what courtesy, what consideration — aye, even what tenderness in times of misadventure and sickness — had I not enjoyed at their hands! And now that one of them was dead — murdered in cold blood for doing the same things for those who sailed with him that his brother skippers had so often done for me — it was only meet that I should stand that midnight watch, well called by the sailors of all the seas the 'graveyard' watch, as a token of my affection for the British merchant skippers as a class — as a small tribute from one they had so safely brought to port.

Pulling on my cardigan jacket, I 'stood-by' as the hour of eleven — midnight by the sun-time by which the ships of the sea still sail — drew near; and at the instant when the steamers in the harbor would have been sounding 'eight bells' had there been no lurking Zeppelins to guard against, I leaned out of the open window till the in-drifting fog blew sharp against my face, and began my 'watch.' Just so — with a rough blue sleeve brushing against mine — had I leaned over the bridge or taffrail of a hundred steamers, ploughing a hundred sea-ways; and now, with the familiar breath of

the sea in my nostrils and the familiar mist of the sea damping my hair again, old friends of other days strode down the corridors of memory and ranged themselves by my side. At first I tried to muster them chronologically, in the order in which I had known them from my first tentative coastal voyages in the Pacific: B——, of the Vancouver-Seattle packet, who let me sleep on his cabin couch one night when the rooms were all taken, so that I might be rested for the tennis tournament I was engaging in at Tacoma on the morrow; R——, of the old Alaska 'Inland Passage' coaster, who taught me to box the compass and awoke the slumbering love of the sea in my blood with tales of the Victoria sealing fleet; P——, of the Mexican trader, who smuggled me out of Guaymas when the Sonora authorities were trying to arrest me for landing on Tiburon without a permit. But presently the magnet of my quickened memory began drawing them forward out of turn, and ere long they were crowding on like guests at a reception.

Now I would think of the bravery of them, and instantly a series of pictures took shape before my eyes, a score of names leaped to my lips, a score of hands — hard, brown hands, with a world of warmth in their steady grip — reached out to clasp my own. Who was the bravest among men that had all been brave? I asked myself; and then how the pictures formed and dissolved as one stirring incident after another flashed across my mind! What could have been finer than the way Captain K——, of the cranky clipper-bowed C.N. steamer, had stuck out that typhoon off Taiwan, lashed to the bridge for three days, and subsisting on coffee and rum and pilot bread? I could see his brine-white face (as I saw it when I took a timid peep up the companion way on the day the 'twister' began to

die down) taking shape out there in the drifting fog even as the recollection of that fearsome storm crystallized in my memory; then fancy turned another cog, and it was a sun-blistered South Pacific trader that I seemed to see, with a sallow, fever-wracked figure at the wheel, and two or three dozen naked blacks writhing in agony on the forward deck. How old B——, of the Cora Andrews, took his load of plague-stricken Papuans through the Barrier Reef and into the quarantine station at Townsville is a South Sea epic.

Then came memories with a more personal touch, and I dwelt for a few moments over the shifting scenes of the mix-up I started the time I tried to take a flashlight of the smokers in the opium den of the old Yo San, plying on the Hongkong-Bangkok run. Some of the Chinese crew were smuggling opium that trip, and, taking me for a Secret Service officer on search, started to wipe up the deck with me. Curled round my camera under a bunk in the corner of the opium den, with nothing to save me from annihilation but the fact that my assailants were so numerous that they got in each other's way; expecting every moment that one of them would collect his wits sufficiently to pounce on me through the slats, I cowered in terror and shielded myself against the blows. Was ever music sweeter than the raucous bel-low of bluff old Captain G—— when, cursing like a pirate and banging right and left with the belaying-pins that he held in either hand, he ploughed his way into the den and yanked me out by the scruff of the neck? Poor old G——! he was lost with his ship two voyages later, when the ancient Yo San was piled up by a typhoon on the Tongking coast.

Then the recollection of the ignominious way in which old G—— had pulled me out from under the bunk by

the coat-collar recalled the time when another British skipper — his command was only a P.S.N.C. tender in Valparaiso and I had long since forgotten his name — saved my life by handling me in quite the same uncereemonious manner. The schooner on which I had planned to sail to Juan Fernandez had broken loose in a violent 'Norther' and was fast driving before the mountainous swells upon the *malecón* or sea-wall, when the Navigation Company's tender, out to salvage some drifting barges, came nosing cautiously in toward where the hollow waves were curling over into crashing breakers. The barges and their cargoes were probably worth more than our walty old hooker; but the skipper of the tender, noting only that there were lives to be saved on the latter, hesitated not an instant about deciding to try and stand by. Unfortunately, we had a lot of German *colonistas* aboard, and the panic among them prevented many from the schooner being saved. I was one of the half dozen who did not fall short in leaping for the tender's outreaching starboard bow; but my hold on the slippery rail was so precarious that only the mighty hand of the skipper on my neck prevented my slipping back into the sea. For a moment now, out in the drifting fog, I saw his round, red face, under its sou'wester, just as I had peered up into it after he dragged me over the rail and slammed me down on the reeling deck.

At times memories crowded so that they got confused. I was not sure, for instance, whether it was T——, of the Eimoo, or P——, of the Levuka, whom I had seen go over the rail into shark-infested Rotorua Lagoon to jerk the kink out of an air-hose before his diver strangled; or which of two otherwise well-remembered 'B.I.' skippers it was who waded in, bare-handed, and floored every one of a bunch of Lascars who

were fighting with their knives; or whether it was the mate or the skipper of a certain East African coaster who, with one of his thighs being torn to ribbons by the beast's hind claws, kept his grip on the throat of a young leopard which had slipped from its cage and which he was afraid might become panic-stricken and jump overboard before it could be recaptured; or whether it was the captain of a 'Burns, Philips' or a Union steamer that I had seen put out through the tortuous passage of Suva Bay when the wind was snapping the tops from the coconut palms, and the barometer was at 28.50 and still falling, just because the wife of the missionary on some obscure little bit of the Fijian Archipelago to the north was expecting to become a mother and needed the attention of the ship's doctor.

I would have gone on to the end of my 'watch,' thinking of the bravery, — moral and physical, — the ready nerve, and the general sufficiency unto occasion of my old friends, but most who had been brave had also been kind and considerate, and every now and then I found my mind occupied with recollections of the little things they had done for me, or that I had seen them do for others.

There was B——, of the old Changsha, running from Yokohama to Sydney, who went miles off his course just to satisfy my whim to pass over the spot where the Mary Gloster was buried at sea. What an afternoon that was! The Straits of Macassar 'oily and treacly,' just as Kipling had described them, and the milk-warm land breeze wafting the odors of the spice groves of Celebes. B—— had his volume of Kipling and I had mine, and between us was the reef-freckled chart of Macassar Straits, with Borneo to starboard, Celebes to port, and a thousand dotted lines indicating islets and reefs and half-submerged rocks in between.

'By the Little Paternosters, as you come to the Union Bank,
We dropped her — I think I told you — and I pricked it off where she sank —
(Tiny she looked on the grating — that oily, treacly sea —)
Hundred and eighteen East, remember, and South just three.
Easy bearings to carry . . .'

read B——, running his finger along the chart. 'Aye, easy to carry. *Here's* the spot.' And he marked it with a circled dot. Then we 'dead reckoned' the latitude from the noon sight, and 'shot' for the longitude as we 'came to the Union Bank.' And finally, when we were over the spot as near as might be determined from the hasty reckoning, nothing would do but B—— must start the lead going to determine the depth. Never shall I forget how his face lit up when the leadsman droned out 'Fourteen,' and there were tears glistening in his eyes as he turned back a couple of pages and read, —

'And we dropped her in fourteen fathoms; I pricked it off where she sank.'

'I might have known that Kipling worked it out with a chart,' he exclaimed; 'but what a thrill it gives one to find it exact, even to the soundings!'

The margins of 'The Mary Gloster,' in my copy of *The Seven Seas*, bear the penciled records — now thumbled and fingered into dim blurs — of our 'mid-sea madness' to this day, and there is nothing that I treasure more. B—— would never have taken his 5000-ton freighter miles off her course, at the cost of some hours of time and a number of tons of good Nagasaki coal, had he been any less daft about Kipling than I was. But all British sailors love Kipling; as a class, I have always felt that they had a fuller appreciation of the message of 'the uncrowned Laureate' than have any others.

For an hour at least I must have

turned in fancy the pages of Kipling, now with this well-remembered skipper, now with that, until the current of my thought took another drift through the recollection of kind old N——, of a Liverpool-Manaos freighter, who had read to me 'The Hymn Before Action' one night when I was half delirious from the Amazon 'black-water' fever he had been nursing me through. N—— was only one of a dozen who had coddled me through some sort of tropical illness or patched me up after some sort of a smash-up. It was R——, of the Valparaiso-Panama coaster, who had put my hand in splints after it had been crushed between the gangway and a dug-out full of ivory nuts off some pile-built village of Ecuador; and it was my fault rather than his that the little finger was still crooked. And it was H——, of the big White Star freighter on the Australia-South Africa run, who labored for an hour in helping the ship's doctor worry back into place the shoulder I had dislocated in the 'sports' one afternoon. It was D——, of the Rangoon-Calcutta 'B.I.,' who reduced with horse-liniment the ankle I had sprained in dodging out of the path of a temperamental water-buffalo while ashore at Akyab; and it was A——, of the Lynch river-boat that plied from Basra to Bagdad, who stitched up my scalp after the Arabs of the bazaar of Kut-el-Amara had been amusing themselves with bouncing rocks off my head because (this was during the Turco-Italian War) they imagined that I looked like an 'alien enemy.'

A—— was killed when the Turks shelled his ship, then a transport, early in the Mesopotamian operations; and this led my thoughts off to the long watch I kept by the bedside of poor old Y——, on whose 'B.P.' steamer I had roamed in and out among the Solomons, New Hebrides, Fijis, and

other islands of western Polynesia for two months. Y——'s heart had been giving out for several years, and now very hot weather, following the excitement of seeing his ship through an unusually heavy hurricane, had hastened an end long inevitable. He knew his number was up, and so he told me that night of things he wanted me to explain and set right for him in Australia. It was the thinking of these, and the visit that I subsequently paid to his wife and children in the Illawara, that finally brought my mind back to that other bereaved family in the little red house beneath my window.

The short night had passed, the fog had lifted, and now in the early morning light I saw a milkman stop his cart a half-dozen doors from the Fryatt home and go softly tiptoeing on his nearby deliveries to avoid making unnecessary noise. Out of the retreating fog-bank to seaward two small freighters took sharpened line and headed for the harbor mouth. They were much of a size and type, but the gay red and white splashes on the bows of the more northerly indicated that she sailed under the flag of an enterprising Scandinavian country, while the unbroken black of the side of the other told just as plainly that she was British. As I watched, the shifting of the shadows on the sides of the Norwegian told me that she was altering her course sharply every few hundred yards — 'zigzagging,' to minimize the danger from submarine attacks. A wise precaution, I told myself; now what about the other? I took up my glass and held it on the Briton. Three — five minutes passed. All the time the wave curled evenly back from her forefoot; not a ripple of shifting light or shadow on her rusty side told of the deviation in her course of the fraction of a point.

'Straight on to your goal, little ship,' I said, saluting with my glass. 'But I

might have known as much. That was Fryatt's way, and that was the way all my friends of the Red Ensign did, and always will do. Good luck, fair weather and snug berths to you all; aye, and a quiet haven when the last watch, the long watch, is finally over!'

Knots of troubled sailor-men still gathered along Harwich quay this morning, but now that I understood by what they were moved I no longer hesitated to mingle and talk with them. Their slow anger was steadily mounting — gradually crowding out all other feelings — with every word that was spoken, with every hour that passed; but among them were still men who were stunned and dazed, who could not understand how a thing so monstrous really could have happened.

'But w'y, w'y ha' the 'Uns done it?' persisted a grizzled old salt, turning his troubled eyes to mine after all the others had shaken their heads perplexedly.

I gave him the only explanation that my own perturbed mind had been able to frame.

'It's just possible,' I said, 'that the Germans believe that the execution of one skipper who attempted to ram one of their submarines will make the others think twice before trying to do the same thing.'

Two or three of the older men fairly snorted in their incredulity that even the Germans should thus cheaply rate the British sailor, but the plausibility of the theory soon convinced even these.

'Do you re'ly believe the 'Uns think that o' us?' one of them finally ventured.

'I do,' I replied, 'for there is nothing else to think.'

The old man took a deep breath and turned his eyes away to sea.

'God pity all 'Uns,' he muttered; and 'God pity 'em!' 'God pity 'em!' fervently echoed his mates.

NEUTRAL EUROPE AND THE WAR

BY L. SIMONS

[For a full understanding of this article our readers should realize that the author is a Dutch publicist, portraying a national point of view which may fairly be called representative of the dominant neutral sentiment of Europe. As editor of a well-known *Wereldbibliotheek* (*Library of the World's Literature*), Mr. Simons is familiar with the alien cultures of England and Germany; while his knowledge has been extended by residence in both countries. — THE EDITORS.]

I

THE editor of the *Atlantic* has been kind enough to ask me to write an article on 'the probable results about to ensue for neutral Europe by a pronounced victory either of the Germans or the British.' The question may not have been put in this form as designedly as it sounds. But even so it strikes me as the expression of an American opinion, which is largely shared among neutral Europeans, that this war, begun as a struggle between Austrian and Russian influence in the Balkans, and into which England only entered as a fifth party, has in reality developed into a struggle for supremacy between England and Germany.

Putting the tendencies of the war in this handy nutshell, one finds an equally short answer to the question as formulated above: for neutral Europe the pronounced victory of either party will prove almost equally disastrous. The future safety of all the smaller nations,

who have done their utmost to keep outside the war, lies in a termination of the struggle that will practically imply neither victorious nor defeated party. That they all feel like this is adequately proved by their aloofness and the strictness of their neutrality. Notwithstanding pressure from inside and outside their borders; notwithstanding the fiercest incriminations against this neutrality as a shame, a weakness, and a cowardice, the majority of these nations and their governments have adhered to their original attitude. And they have done so, not only because they feel that they have no interest in making either Germany or England paramount, but because on the contrary their only safety and future welfare lie in a balance of power between the two contending groups, so long as a federation of all the European nations, on the basis of the Swiss constitution, may remain outside the sphere of practical politics.

The reader of this article will, of course, not be content with this mere statement. He has a right to hear the arguments that underlie it. He may be of the opinion that England has entered this war in order to guard the smaller nations against German aggressiveness. He may have come under the impression of the proposition, continually set forth by French publicists, that France is fighting the generous battle of liberty against military power. Or, on the other hand, he may have yielded his belief to German statements with regard to Germany's right to a place

of its own under the sun; to Germany's ethical and organic superiority to English and French degeneration, and her sacred duty to bless the whole of Europe with an infusion of that same superior *Lebensauffassung*. And whether he leans to the point of view of the Allies or of the Central Powers, he will find the expression of our neutral attitude utterly devoid of any idealism or sense of the greatness of this immense struggle, and rightly dismiss us as small-minded dwarfs, unable to rise to a great opportunity and Cause.

Now the bitter truth, as it appears to us neutrals, is that this fierce and bloody contest has in reality no more of idealism behind it than, let us say, the endless War of the Roses. If it had, we might witness the destruction of life and prosperity, the terrible hardships thrown on wretched noncombatants, and bear our own share of the general misfortune that has fallen on Europe with greater equanimity and less rending of hearts. There was, indeed, a moment in this war, after Germany had broken her faith and her treaty with Belgium, and tried to bully her people, and England had promised to stand by her obligations, that we felt a great principle at stake, and, in strong sympathy with Belgium's defense of her rights and her neutrality, found it difficult not to throw aside all feelings for our own safety and rush to her assistance. But almost immediately after Belgium had received England's promise of assistance, it turned out that Great Britain was not really going to take up the cudgels for right against might, but was bent rather on making a business out of a welcome opportunity, and was going to fight rather for her own interests than for the ideal of safeguarding the existence of the smaller nations. Looking back into the history of the last twenty years, the students of European foreign politics saw

how its entanglements had gradually prepared the outbreak they were witnessing. And in these entanglements there was a pursuit of selfish interests and little or nothing of ideals. The work of diplomatists, acting more or less as conscious agents of greedy Imperialism, Conservatism, Capitalism, Jingoism, Militarism and the like.¹ No sign of a momentous struggle for any principle, any real great thought, for which it would be good to fight and to suffer.

In putting down this blunt statement, I would rather not be misunderstood. I do not mean to convey that all the men who, either voluntarily or under compulsion, set out to risk their lives; all the women in the contending countries who united the greatest sacrifices, even of principle, with the highest courage, were themselves devoid of idealism. The pity of it was, that they,

¹ [By 'Militarism' I understand the point of view that a nation is perfectly *justified* in extending its empire, its influence and its trade by means of its military power (Army and [or] Navy.) This militaristic spirit is strengthened when the making of war is considered a manly exercise, a biologically necessary phase in the Evolution of Mankind and the State, the ultimate means to settle international difficulties; instead of damnable murder and horrible inhumanity, a phase of men's evolution to be conquered by means of true civilization.

By 'Imperialism' I understand the avowed lust of national aggrandizement, whether for the sake of looming large in the world, or arising out of the misguided feeling that one's national life and institutions are so far superior to those of other nations, that these ought to be blessed with annexation.

'Jingoism' means to me the vulgar, popular, self-conceited nationalism, which blends 'Militarism' and 'Imperialism' together in their most rough-and-ready form, without any notion of foreign life, merely aiming at 'giving it the other hot,' 'putting one's foot down,' and all such bluster of the rowdy crowd and the yellow press that makes a living out of its utter lack of civilization. It arises out of the same emotional vulgarity that enjoys wrestling, plundering of alien shops, murder-scenes on the stage and in the cinema, etc. — THE AUTHOR.]

on the contrary, were driven by the highest sense of duty to their country, and were made to believe that the leaders of their foreign policy, their governments, kings or emperors, could not but call upon them to risk all and all for their country, since a base enemy had chosen to attack it. Never have suggestive phrases sounded more highly; and once the sword was drawn, the politicians, journalists, men of letters, professors, leaders of thought of every shade in the respective countries, set to work to asphyxiate the public mind with more flaming phrases, more suggestive cries. It appeared as if all visions, desires, ideals, thoughts, that had been rampant or dormant in minds and breasts were waking up to their highest potency; and as if we were going to witness a struggle so full of political, economic, biological, moral, and religious tendencies as had never raged before. The culture of Europe in its deepest roots and its widest aspects seemed to have been thrown into the cauldron, and the contending soldiers were led to the front with the burning sense that they were going to fight no less than an inevitable holy war against the devil and his might, for the highest ideals of their own commonweal.

But the neutral student of European life and politics, who heard the cries, read the lies, saw the working behind the scenes on both sides, was not so easily led astray as the 'patriots' in the countries at war under the suggestion of the highfalutin' writings and speeches. Where the contending partners were all bent on pointing out a division between angels and devils along vertical lines, this student could not help seeing a similar division, not so melodramatically colored, but certainly between agents and dupes, along horizontal lines, splitting each country on *both* sides, and not dividing Allies and Central Powers. The clamor against Ger-

man militarism, which had tried to set at naught the attempts of the various peace conferences to put Right before Might, found for him his counterpart in British navalism, which had refused to accept the Declaration of London, and wanted to maintain Great Britain as the divinely appointed Ruler of the Waves, especially created by the Lord to protect her world's power. Prussian ferocity against women and children in Belgium had rightly to be compared with similar methods made use of by the English in their North and South African Wars. The *Junkerthum* that ruled Prussia and, through Prussia, Germany, appeared to be neither better nor worse than English conservatism, which, in the House of Lords, had set a bulwark against reforms and freedom for England, Ireland, and India.

And if Germany, with its Kaiserism and its feudal government, appeared as a relic of mediæval times, Russia, the friend and ally of republican France, had worse to show, with its retrograde absolutism and its tainted bureaucracy. And as to France itself, had not its extreme protectionism, its narrow-minded, very egoistic colonial policy, its chauvinistic leaning to its Russian antipode, called upon it the disasters that were threatening it? As the war went on, did not England and France themselves become more and more militaristic and freedom-hating, and fall into all the horrors of the Prussianism they set out to kill? The respect for the rights of the noncombatants and the neutrals, for international law, dwindled more and more as English commercialism set to work to get done with its great German competitor, and the jingoistic and chauvinistic English and French press appeared to rule the policy of the Entente powers more and more for the worse. The war, which at first was heralded as a struggle for Liberty, saw Liberty sink deeper

and deeper in the morass. And the neutrals could not help feeling that between the contending parties they stood between the devil and the deep sea, and that none of these had to offer them any ideal which they themselves, left to their own devices, had not already realized in a more complete and a purer form.

Plunging deeper into the issues and causes of this terrible war, they found before them a history of political intrigues, of race and commercial expansionism, of alliances and counter-alliances, of sacrifices made in order to get the better of the competitor, of an endless strife for 'places under the sun' — always at the cost of the weaker. It became clear to them that all these issues could have been settled by mutual confidence, but were kept in agitation by endless distrust and egotism, by nationalism run riot. Internationalism, that had been building up a feeling for the mutuality of interests, of respect for other people's characters and points of view, had continually been counteracted by stupid hypernational self-conceit, which hid itself under the banner of a wider sentiment, called itself Panslavism, Pangermanism, Imperialism, Chauvinism; and all these *isms* had been working themselves up to fiercely antagonistic forces, that sooner or later were bound to come to blows.

At the same time, commercialism and industrialism were doing their work; and their egotisms, blinding the eyes of the people to the sounder economic truths that were underlying their own growth, were strewing mines for future destruction. In their wake followed a difference between two phases and methods of life, bound up with historic developments which need not have come into collision but for the fact that both have presented themselves during the last forty years in

their very extremest forms. I am thinking of *Kultur* versus *Culture*; and I would define the two in this way: *Kultur* as the methodical nurture of forces to a definite aim; *Culture* as the result of a long growth of welfare and civilization. The former, an attempt to shape the future; the latter, a desire to enjoy the fruits of the past.

II

Now Germany, ever since 1870, had set to work all its energies on the side of *Kultur*. By the middle of the nineteenth century German life had arrived at a crisis. For a hundred years it had lived on the fruits of a literary, musical and philosophic culture, a renaissance which had originated nearly three centuries behind the rest of Europe, but which, by its blending of reverence for classic beauty with modern romanticism and individualism, by the depth and richness of its growth, brought to its own people and to Europe a message and fruits that would affect them for a long time to come. To Germany, which was then only a name, but no reality (the country having been split into a number of tiny feudal kingdoms or dukedoms), the message had been one of Unity and Liberty. The French revolution of 1848 promised to effect the realization of that message to the German people; but when feudalism became victorious, hope of the realization vanished anew. And then romanticism, which in its dreamy way had turned its eyes to the mediæval past of the great German Empire, got hold of the image of a still remoter Germanic past — of the old Gods, Wotan, Thor, with their fierce energy and passion. Such widely different types of men as Bismarck and Wagner seemed to hit at the same time on the idea that the only two things that could weld Germany into unity were *energy*

and *force*. Friedrich Nietzsche put the lesson into a nutshell by his image of the hammer and the anvil. The German people had to learn to swing the hammer, unless it wanted to remain the anvil forever. And as Bismarck was a thorough feudalism himself, who had no intention of teaching his people the handling of the hammer for its own political emancipation, he prepared the way for the swinging of this instrument against other nationalities. Denmark, Austria, and France felt the effect, and the new German Empire was the result of the first efforts.

The new cry of Bismarck and Wagner gave it its further lead. Energy and force! The young German Empire found a wealth of it stored up, ever since the religious wars of the seventeenth century, which had broken the country for two centuries to come. It also found a mighty task, and a task for more than one generation, before it. The entire economic fabric had to be built up anew, and, in setting it to work at this task, the government of the young Empire could rely on turning the people's minds away from any revolutionary longing for political self-government. The drill and method that had enabled the German army to gain victories over old military nations were now to be set at work to ensure the German people the fruits of a great economic victory. Never was such a strenuous race started toward prominence and wealth than when the young German Empire began to apply all its reformed energy to these ends. France, but more especially England, which till then had almost a monopoly of modern industry and commerce, and which provided the world with its wares, had to be caught up with and, if possible, left behind. Tradition and training, the two sustainers of English industry, were not to be had for the asking: the leaders and the men had

both to be formed, and methodical Germany set to work with the assistance of science and technical teaching to nurture both.

The home market could be won by closing the imperial borders by means of high tariffs; foreign markets had to be gained by studying their wants, demurely following up their wishes, and by underselling competitors. At home, laboratories, libraries, technical higher and secondary teaching, abetted by compulsory schooling for the young working men up to the age of eighteen; a banking system intended to supply the financial needs of the growing industries; working hours that got out of the human and steel machinery all the energy stored up in both; foreign forces and results called to the assistance of the home students and home factories; trusts and division of labor; all these were enlarging the field and the results of action. Organization and standardizing could exert their influence to the full, with no traditions, no old and mouldy methods, to hamper their effectiveness. Abroad, prices could be reduced after the home market had paid for initial and general costs, — thanks also to export subventions paid by the state, — and an army of commercial travelers and agents, assisted by catalogues in all possible languages, fitted to the commercial necessities of all sorts and conditions of communities, set out to offer the goods and conquer foreign markets. Next to a nation in military arms, one could witness a nation in commercial harness, drilled and stung by governmental and private desire to 'arrive'; working its way in the world of commerce with a will; leaving nothing to chance or to luck.

Kultur in this onward march did not stop at acquiring a better financial and industrial position: it aimed at a victory all round — in science, the arts,

even in *Culture*. The middle-class notions of a former period were to be driven out; French, Russian, and Norwegian revolutionary points of view, French taste and French wit, English smartness and style of living, American directness, English and Dutch sense of style in arts and crafts — all these had to be adapted to and engrafted on the modern German New-comer, in order that he might take the lead in the graces and beauty and daring of life. The results were sometimes pitiful in their coarseness and wildness; sometimes, when the official leader of the Empire took the lead here as well, quite astonishing in their *baroque* showiness. But the worst feature of all this methodical nurture, this Kultur, was that the soul of Germany itself scarcely found its own old voice again, and that in many a German mind the belief in the immense superiority of the German mental and moral equipment and innate power became deeply rooted.

As all upstarts out-Herod Herod, so did the German copy of the type. It could not help gloating over its own unsurpassable greatness, and trying to make everybody else feel that without the assistance of this superiority they would be nowhere. Although in fact the sudden and exuberant growth had left many a weak and foul spot in the nation's mentality and morality, a growing mass of Germans, unconscious of the impression they created, came to share the belief in the Kaiser's word: 'Europa muss am Deutschtum gesunden.' Only a minority began to see through the artificiality of all this hot-house Kultur and its divergence from true culture. In literature, as in architecture, they plunged back into the soul of the race and its utterings in the days before Kultur had been set in motion. Books like *Jörn Uhl*; Kellermann's *The Fool*; country-houses in old

German style and simplicity, came as agreeable proofs that the finer fibre of the nation's inner life had not been entirely coarsened and 'kultured' away.

All this explosive energy might, nevertheless, have worked to the good of the world at large, and its excesses have wrought nobody any harm but the Germans themselves, who were growing into their new life with the inevitable exaggerations and ups-and-downs. The new German Empire, however, had at the same time turned itself into the most formidable, highly trained and well-organized military power, and that power had been wielded by a favored and tremendously self-conceited feudal class to which military prowess and class-distinction came first of all, and which still regarded the State as being made mainly to protect its class interests and prejudices. The tremendous rush of prosperity which the economic revival of Germany brought about enabled its feudal government to turn a good part of the new energy to the improvement of its 'hammer'; and to set the pace for a continual increase and improvement in armaments, which forced the whole of Europe to follow suit. The commercial and industrial class, with little influence in the only nominally parliamentary State, which at first had stood for liberalism, gradually, with the increase of capitalism and the Social-Democratic movement it had called forth, saw its own advantage in upholding and strengthening the military spirit and the bureaucratic régime and in encouraging even the growth of a strong navy.

For with expansion of trade, the necessity of more material for its factories, and the foundation of colonies, Germany found itself driven more and more in the direction of expansion, which England had followed long before. It became a competitor, not only

in commerce, but in political power as well. And the Pan-Germans saw with growing irritation that the yearly drain of emigrants, who left the mother-country to gain more elbow-room, meant a great loss to the common stock of the race. For in England, Holland, Belgium, and America, in the English and Dutch colonies, the German industrial and merchant classes found, not only a living, but a freer and more congenial atmosphere, more recognition of their worth and standing, than in the mother-country, where Kultur, under the influence of the feudal and bureaucratic hegemony, stopped short at the nurture of self-reliance and independence amongst the non-favorite classes and masses. The picture which the German Empire as a political commonwealth offered to the world at large was one of a highly prosperous family, where the old-fashioned father, after having spent no end of trouble and money to make 'men' of his sons, kept them in leading-strings even after they had become full grown — prepared to provide for them when in need, as long as they behaved as decent boys and did not venture any opposition against his parental national and military class prejudices.

And so the strong young German Empire was now and then given up to severe attacks of nervous tension, which, before 1914, more than once came to the point of open outbreak, endangering the peace of the world by the 'mailed fist.'

III

The picture which 'Culture,' on the other hand, showed us in England under the Victorian and Edwardian eras was even less hopeful. The great men and women it had brought forth, to whose voices many a man and woman outside England was listening with

eagerness, were largely left by middle-class England for export. The immense fortunes it had lent all over the world threw into the mother-country their yearly increasing rentals and dividends, and the same period that found Germany busy overtaxing its energies, saw the increase in England of the stagnant pool of middle-class people with independent incomes, passion for sport, deep respect for 'good form' and the outward decencies of life, an extremely weak desire for the exercise of mental, artistic, or moral powers, and a well-developed craving for speculation as a stimulant. It was especially the South of England — drawing the line a little north of Bristol and Bath — that saw the agglomeration of this herd of 'shareholders' and 'sleeping partners' in the nation's prosperity, who, far from contributing anything to it, only hampered it by the attraction of its 'society' prerogatives, by its withholding from agriculture immense plots of land merely to satisfy the lust of hunting, and by the support it gave to all and every one who promised to uphold its class-advantages and prejudices against new ideas, new methods, against democracy and modernism. Never before had so much superficiality, so much silliness and lack of brain power — results of the merest smattering of education — tried to rule an entire country by its dead weight of money and superficial civilization. To hear these 'ruling classes' talk in their monotonous self-satisfied way, propounding with mannered pronunciation all the same conventional trash about the ways of the world, the library, books without literature, the theatre without any meaning in it, painting without any art, and music which they could not understand, was one of the worst trials a man or woman of any real culture might undergo.

Higher up north the real life of mod-

ern England began to show its worth. It is a well-known fact that to the north-countrymen, the Welshmen, the Scotsmen, the Irishmen even, has fallen the task of leading and ruling Great Britain. Already George Meredith, in one of his early lyrics, had pointed to England's necessity for a 'growth of brains' such as the Celtic part of the British population could boast of. In Middle England the movement led by Ruskin and Morris for university extension had given a wider and deeper culture to many a workingman than the people of the South-British middle classes could generally show; and in the great Midland towns the members of these flourishing communities showed their appreciation of science, art, and technical knowledge by the foundation of universities, museums, libraries, and polytechnics at their own expense. That the Welshmen and the Scotsmen were stronger in their love for a sound and wider education, far more original in their way of thinking, more really individualistic, at once more simple and less snobbish in their manner and method of living, than the majority of Englishmen, and more enterprising as well, need scarcely be restated; and it is among these populations further north, that John Bright and Cobden, Ruskin and Gladstone, and, later, Campbell-Bannerman and Lloyd George, found the true echo of their liberal and democratic principles, the foundation of England's position in the modern world.

And yet, even among these more modern communities of the industrial and commercial classes there reigned largely the typical insular abhorrence of modern scientific methods in industry and commerce. Nineteenth-century England had found the world glad to have its wares without any cajoling, or any attempt on the part of the Eng-

lish to provide them in any other form, any other packing, any other weights or measures, any coinage other than it pleased his majesty the British manufacturer to produce and to make the world glad with them, clumsy and ugly as they very often were. His working-men had the tradition of sound workmanship; he himself had that of using good material and being fair in trade; nobody else could easily compete with him. If his adherence to the old method of 'rule of thumb' had made the Englishman rich, as it made his father; if his factory was never at a loss for work, what reason had he to overhaul his machinery, to adopt arts and crafts models and designs, to change his packing, to send out commercial travelers, to bother about catalogues in foreign languages, foreign measurements and coinage, and to learn foreign languages himself? Bother these fools of Prussians with all their newfangled ways, their applied science, their bowing down to the blooming foreigner! He, for one, was not going to walk in their wake! And if they came too near him in his trade, why, there was the Foreign Office and Parliament and the British Navy to keep them within bounds and teach them a lesson once for all. And every Britisher with the same proud dislike for 'foreign ways' and the same difficulty of understanding them, applauded, and wanted bills, and protection, and, if necessary, a war, to keep the world open for British methods and articles, and to protect British merchants and manufacturers and city clerks against the consequences of their abhorrence of 'Modernization'—of more brain power and more knowledge.

There was especially one group of Britishers who heartily sympathized with this boisterous idiocy: the so-called Imperialists, Jingoese, or 'whole-hogs.' Like the Pan-Germanists, they

looked upon the world as being especially in want of their national institutions and guidance, and they could not help thinking that this world would be all the better under the British flag. And as such extension of the rule of the mother-country brought with it sound promises of more profits to the British capitalists, the entire shareholders' group would naturally stand by them. With the assistance of a 'yellow press,' to which every emotion for its readers was a profitable asset, they turned out an extremely plausible propaganda, in which, by means of lies and forgeries, the other part of the British public, the conscientious, more idealistic half, was led to believe as a pure and holy cause. Thus the Boer republics, coveted for the sake of their mines, were pictured as the most rotten states, under whose flag the English 'outlander' was suffering indignities such as no Britisher should be subjected to. And the world saw the politicians, who refused Home Rule and good government to the Irish, appear as fierce denouncers of a foreign government that refused votes to — Englishmen, who never wanted to become true burghers in that foreign country!

The story of the origin and sequel of the anti-Boer campaign had to be referred to in the present argument as an illustration of the dangerous character and power of this British Imperialism and Jingoism. The groups that should have withstood and counteracted this campaign, the democratic and 'conscience' forces of Great Britain, were literally thrown off their feet by the whirlwind of false and misleading statements spread broadcast by the Jingo government, Jingo orators, and press, and they did come to their senses, wiser and sadder men and women, before the war was over, the trick done, the Boer republics brought un-

der British sway, and the escutcheon of Great Britain blotted by so unworthy a campaign and so low a victory.

It was after this awakening of the better forces and their attempt to redeem the misdeed done (at least partly), that these groups also set to work against the insular prejudices of the conservative and protectionist set, and tried to wake up their countrymen to the fact that, if British manufacturers and merchants were threatened in their trade by more modern methods, the only way to hold their own would be to modernize themselves, take up the study of science and foreign languages, send out good travelers, and if necessary, adopt the decimal systems. And although the protectionist scaremongers tried to impress the British public with figures showing a far greater increase in German commerce, the adherents of free trade found no difficulty in proving that such increase, reckoned in percentage, must necessarily seem greater for the newcomers, but that Great Britain itself was largely increasing its trade and holding an easy first. The last years before the war saw Great Britain indeed more prosperous than ever, the workers better provided for, technical and secondary education gaining more public favor, and, as a result, the fear of German competition and the animosity against the growing rival diminishing. The Radical government, with a strong current of public opinion behind it, could risk a *rapprochement* with Germany, to the end of diminishing armaments, without having to fear too much the cries of the Jingoists that they were traitors to their country — all the less as 'little-Englandism' seemed to grow out of favor, and care for the strength of the fleet and improvement of the home defensive forces had become a plank even in the Radical platform. In the first half of 1914 British workers went to

Germany to study life over there, and in July the Leipzig Exhibition saw the Germans and English most heartily fraternizing. Then the war broke out.

v

The few strokes by which the situation in the two contending countries has been sketched, may suffice as a background for the conclusions now to be drawn.

The image they should have called up before the reader, of both Germany and England, is one of light and shade in each. It must be clear to him by now, that in each of the two nations there were at work powers to the good, and powers that meant a lasting threat to other and especially weaker nations. And in setting out arguments for the final reply to the question put to us, as to 'the probable results about to ensue for neutral Europe by a pronounced victory either of the Germans or the British,' we shall have to show what such a victory would mean with regard to each of those forces.

The reply cannot be given without some reference to the circumstances that led to the immediate outbreak of the war. Granting that a fully justified and qualified verdict as to its origin and causes cannot so far be given, I presume that the following rough-and-ready summing up of the immediate forces at work by the end of July, 1914, may not prove too far from objective truth. In Vienna the Serbian plot against the old Emperor's heir had strengthened the hands of the militarist and imperialist party, which had long wanted to teach Serbia and the Russian Panslavists a lesson. The fact that the death of the old Emperor might come at any moment, with unknown consequences to the very weak fabric of the Empire, made it seem imperative to seize time by the forelock.

In Germany the militarist Junker party, sure of the lead of the Crown Prince, who was hankering for 'a fresh and jolly war,' could not but have its eyes open to the fact that France and Russia were preparing for such a war, 'when they should be ready' (French chauvinistic and Russian Panslavist papers had, during President Poincaré's visit to Russia, mentioned 1917 as the year of reckoning), and that any weakening of the Austrian Empire by the death of the old Emperor would certainly be made use of by these two 'allies.' Hence they strengthened the hands of the militant imperialists at Vienna, to seize the opportunity to menace Serbia, frighten that country, and through its humiliation hit Russia, as its protector, a strong moral blow.

Former occasions in which a threat with the German 'mailed fist' caused France and Russia to withdraw from a perilous position, may have raised the hope that again an easy victory might be won. Anyhow, the moment was too good not to be used, even though it were to bring on a war, which, with France and Russia both still unprepared, would offer an almost sure chance of victory, promising the Central Powers a lasting hegemony on the entire continent. In the diplomatic scuffle that followed after the issue of the sudden and brutal note to Serbia, — as brutal as energetic admirers of the Germanic 'hammer' could hope to strike on the weaker anvil, — the attitude of Russia, like that of Germany, showed two divided forces at work. In both countries the 'extreme' military parties were demanding strong measures and unbending attitudes; the telegrams which the Tsar and Emperor William exchanged between them speak, on the contrary, of a tragic struggle which both 'peace' princes were waging against the powers behind the thrones, in order to save their

empires from the terrible ordeal of a threatening war. The French Republic, though headed by so strong a chauvinist as President Poincaré, showed little inclination to take up arms at that hour, when its new military organization was not nearly complete.

In England, Lord Grey saw himself in the most difficult position possible. On coming into office he had found England's foreign policy led by King Edward up to a close contact with France against Germany. The policy of his own government, as already pointed out, had sought a *rapprochement* with the latter country without loosening the intimacy with the French Republic — preparing a gradual softening down of the sharp antagonism between the two continental groups and, as a consequence, a diminishing of armaments, in accordance with the political programme of the Asquith government. Pending the Balkan wars he had done his utmost to bring all the great European powers to mutual understanding and coöperation. An outbreak of hostilities between the Central Powers and Russia would not only bring to naught what had so far been accomplished: it would, in addition drive England herself to the brink of war. For if Russia was attacked, France would be bound to stand by her, and although the English government had never entered into a bond with France, it certainly had, by its friendly understanding with its over-sea neighbor, undertaken certain moral obligations to protect her northwestern coast against attacks by the German fleet. And what if Germany were to beat down France? England could never allow Germany a free access to the western coast, without forever exposing her own safety! But would the democratic following of the Asquith Cabinet support a war on these suppositions? The negative answer was to be

expected. And so Lord Grey, in order both to protect his policy with regard to a better European understanding and to prevent his being called upon to take sides with France against Germany, did, in his turn, his utmost to prevent the outbreak of hostilities.

But in moments of stress and excitement the men of peace will have an uphill task to keep the militarists in hand, once these are absolutely bent on 'fighting the question out.' They will depict the immense danger to the fatherland in allowing the antagonist 'time.' The German Staff, especially, is all for sudden blows. How their attack on Belgium helped Lord Grey to the one argument he needed to commit the British Empire to a stand against German aggression, once the German militarists had overcome the resistance of the Kaiser and the Imperial Chancellor, I need not here point out.

But no sooner had England set out on the warpath than all the rampant and latent antagonism of the commercial, industrial, capitalist, and Jingo circles saw a chance at last of striking a decisive blow against the troublesome competitor. As always in times of stress and war, when brutal strength becomes the necessity of the hour, the adherents of strong measures soon won the upper hand over the men of principle and conscience, and even succeeded in turning the scruples of the latter to the furtherance of their own ends. To overcome German resistance by striking at its commerce as the root of its power, was shown to be the most 'humane' of all methods of warfare. And once more the English humanitarians followed in the wake of the 'wholehogs.' The fight for the small nationalities, for Right against Might, upon which the English Radical government (with the exception of three of its members, too astute in their principles to be led astray) had officially entered,

was soon turned into a struggle for English commercial supremacy, when necessary at the cost of the neutral states as well. And the 'economic' position of the two contending groups has gradually grown to be almost the most important question for the present and the future.

The attitude of England was finally settled when the Imperialist party, which had originated the campaign against the Transvaal, had to be admitted into the English Ministry to fight out the war for — the smaller nations!

Whereas in England the outbreak of the war has brought upon the Radical government the necessity of submitting to the influence of the conservative, Jingoistic, and military forces of the country, in Germany — as in Russia — the inverse evolution is daily becoming more and more apparent. Originally, in the first year of the war, when it appeared as if the Germans were marching on to a sure and easy victory, the spirit of Pan-Germanism swept the country in a wave of the most insipid self-assertion and conceit. But as the struggle wore on, a gradual change made itself felt. The tremendous sacrifices which the government was forced to demand from the nation in its entirety — sacrifices of blood and money and of standard of living — made it more and more impossible for it to lean solely on the classes who till then had been the state favorites. The Junker group and the bureaucrats could no longer be hailed as the main supporters of 'Crown and Altar'; the entire nation, the masses almost more than the classes, became the pillars of the Fatherland. The Junkers, as agrarians, saw, moreover, the foundation of their favored position badly shaken. Before the war the high tariffs on food-stuffs on which their wealth largely depended had always been defended on

the ground that the German people should be prepared to make sacrifices in times of peace, in order to be sure of its food-supply under stress of war. The fact that this supply has signally failed it must strike at the root of the position of the Agrarian party. And the fact that the war, instead of being a boisterous, short, and victorious adventure, has proved a long, terrible and most bloody struggle, the end of which is now sighed for by the mass of the German people, has visibly influenced the tendency of the German government to a reasonableness not in keeping with the fierce desires of the German 'whole-hogs,' the adorers of blunt Germanic energy and unmitigated brutality.

And so after two years of exhaustive warfare, the political atmospheres in England and Germany are daily approaching the same level. England is growing more militaristic, more inclined to 'stand no nonsense,' less high-minded and liberal, more conservative, jingoistic, and protectionist; Germany less feudal, more open to modern and moderate views, less militaristic in the depth of the people's heart.

VI

We are at last able to come to conclusions.

A '*decisive*' victory of one of the groups can have no other meaning than a victory which leaves the one party absolutely at the other's mercy and enables the victor to dictate terms. And the character and costs of this war leave very little doubt as to the content of these terms. The moment the vanquished party shall have to accept them, all the fierceness, passions, hatred, feelings of revenge, that we have witnessed pending the war, will flame up together and try to burn to ashes the enemy's pile. The chauvinists and

'whole-hogs' amongst the victorious group will cry out that this is their moment. No sweetness of temperate opinion, no sense of a common humanity, no regard for the common European future, will hold them within bounds.

For the Central Powers, a dictation of peace to the Allies would therefore certainly mean: annexation by Germany of Belgium and a good part of Russia and France (those parts which hold the greatest mineral wealth in their soil); by Austria, of Serbia, and perhaps a part of North Italy; by Bulgaria and Turkey, of as much of the Balkans as they can lay hold on. The Allies will have to pay all the costs of the war of the victorious countries. They will have to submit to commercial exclusion from the whole of the territory held by the Central Powers, but to open their own borders to the free influx of the victor's goods. England will have to allow Germany a great colonial empire and free access to the sea.

The results of such 'terms of peace' can easily be imagined by the reader. France will remain an absolute cripple, economically and politically. England, Italy, and Russia, broken under the stress of double war costs and the economic competition of Germany, will find the greatest difficulty in rising again to their feet. The Central Powers, once paramount and having nothing to fear from any other great power, will hold all the 'neutrals' in the hollow of their hands. Holland, Denmark, Switzerland, Greece, and Roumania will have no choice left but to enter the 'Federated States of Central Europe,' there to dance to the Prussian tune. Sweden, Norway and Spain will enjoy no greater freedom of movement.

That England and Russia, and what will be left of France and Italy, should permanently submit to such a state of things is naturally out of the question,

and, more than ever, Europe will be turned into a hothouse of militarism. The struggle against Napoleonic tyranny will once more be prepared and fought out. The Swiss, the Dutch, the Danes, the Roumanians, forced to fight with and for usurping Germany, will turn against her, and Sweden and Norway, though the former stands in fear of Russian aggression, will have to join hands. Europe will once more become the scene of a war which will shake it to its depths. In the meantime Japan, which is now already greatly profiting by providing the war necessities of its 'allies,' will have become paramount in Asia. The war of the races will then become inevitable.

In the meantime, in the victorious countries themselves life will have assumed unendurable conditions. All the instincts of privilege, self-conceit, bullying tyranny, will have free play, once the bloody adventure of the military, feudal, and capitalist classes has turned into so signal a success. This war has been theirs, and they will duly claim the fruits of their victory. The Kultur will go on drilling the old and new acquired masses; it will infuse youth with all the ideals of the feudal state, with as little left of individuality as man can live on. In the conquered territories the population will be held in the helot-like position of that of Alsace-Lorraine, Schleswig, and Prussian Poland, and their children will be 'kultured' into *Staat-Deutschen*. The wealth of the victorious empires will grow beyond the dreams of avarice, and the usual stigmata of demoralization and decadence, which were becoming already much in evidence in Germany before the war, will make themselves seen. The German Empire will go the way of Rome under its emperors — and all the more swiftly because, notwithstanding its outward Christianity, its soul has really re-

mained heathen, germanically heathen, to the core.

The inverse result — a victory that will allow the Allies to dictate their terms to the Central Powers — will scarcely open a brighter prospect for Europe at large and the neutral states in particular. The growth of influence of the Jingoist, militarist, conservative, and protectionist groups in England will grow apace. In France the same tendencies will become paramount, while in Russia the weak struggles of progressiveness will utterly cease under an absolutist and corrupt government. England's insularity and self-conceit will have it all their own way, and her rule of the waves will be secured for all time by her seizure of the German and Austrian navies. Germany and Austria will be bled almost to death by the payment of the war costs of the Allies and the rightful compensation to Belgium and Serbia; economically both countries will be handicapped as much as possible by their exclusion, not only from the markets of the Allies and their colonies, but also from those of the neutrals, who will be forced to choose between trading with the impoverished Centrals or the wealthy Allies, and therefore will have practically no choice whatever. Belgium, restored to 'independence,' will be enlarged with slices of Germany and, if possible, of Holland, in order to punish the latter country for its neutrality, and to break the backbone of the Dutch-Flemish nationality¹ so that Belgium itself may

¹ Strange as it may sound to the non-European reader that Belgium, after having suffered for the right of the small nations to hold their own, should try to enlarge itself at the cost of Holland, which has offered hospitality to hundreds of thousands of destitute refugees in their flight, the tenor of speeches and articles under the non-official protection of the Belgian government leaves little doubt about the influence such 'imperialistic' expectations are gaining even in these

be all the more surely gallicized and held under French sway.

But as both Holland and Belgium will be cut off from their 'Hinterland,' and as England will moreover have to satisfy the craving of its ally Japan for the Dutch Indies, both Holland and Belgium will show economically only a shadow of their former state, and Belgium's so-called independence will really prove nothing better than an entire dependence on France and England. Denmark and Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, and Roumania, equally cut off from trading with Germany and Austria, will be equally dependent on what the Allies may leave them of industry and commerce, and the two latter countries will have to submit to a political 'influence' of Russia. Such, also, will be the relations of Spain to France. Kultur having been brought to submission, Culture in its most retrograde form will become paramount, and the clock of real European modern civilization will be turned back for long, weary years, just as happened after the Congress of Vienna in 1815.

In the meantime, militarism, which should have been killed as a result of the decisive victory of the Allies, will prove a greater necessity than ever. Of course, an astute and energetic people like the Germans is not going to take its licking without nursing the strongest feeling of revenge. It will set its teeth and concentrate all its Kultur power on preparing itself for a strong and final blow against its victors, who, in their turn, will have to prepare for a fresh war, compared to

circles. And it is quite certain that the Walloon influence aims at throttling once for all the just aspirations of the Flemish to a complete acknowledgment of their claims in their own fatherland. If proof were needed of my thesis about the immense danger Europe is running of becoming the victim of its retrograde forces, the attitude of Belgian governmental circles would provide us with it. — THE AUTHOR.

which the scientific and technical atrocities of the present conflict will prove mere child's play — a war which, no doubt, will approximate Mr. H. G. Wells's prophecies in *The World Set Free*. But not only will the Allies have to prepare for a war of revenge by the Central Powers (welded together, perhaps, by their misfortune, into one great Unity), but England and Russia, both led by the hot-heads and fierce nationalists, will have to be mutually on their guard against each other's lust of expansion in Asia. And the neutral nations of to-day will no doubt be driven on, by force of circumstances and by direct influence from the side of the Allies, to further impoverishment through supplying more and more armaments. Though nominally independent, their self-government and economic position will be entirely at the mercy of the paramount powers, and again this modern Europe will leave them no really free air to breathe in.

Looking on 'this picture and on that,' the reader will easily see that the choice between the one and the other is not really very great, and that we neutrals are fully justified in our hopes that neither of these possibilities may come to be realized. Should any one feel inclined to put in the observation that both are extremely 'extreme,' the reply is that we were asked to look extremes in the face. A 'decisive victory' cannot but mean that one group is to have unbridled exercise of its own sweet will, held in bounds only by its possible sagacity. Our argument had led up to the conclusion, that the chance for such sagacity, once the victor can put his foot down, will be very small indeed; that, on the contrary, the clamorous seekers after power and revenge will then insist on getting the last drop of blood.

Of course, our survey of the powers

now at work or dormant in our present Europe had to be largely a summary one, and the writer is fully aware that, for one thing, no attention has been paid by him to eventual revolutionary movements by the masses as a factor to be reckoned with. But such a movement will find little root in the countries that will share the spoil of victory, and in the conquered and impoverished ones the victor, who got the better of trained armies, will soon bring to submission the untrained masses.

The conclusion, then, set forth in the opening sentences of this article, appears to have been made good by the argument that followed it. And even if the result should be less extreme than we judged ourselves obliged to face, the choice for the neutrals between Kultur and Culture, both at their worst, with an inevitable strengthening of the forces of reaction and militarism, can offer them little hope of a better future either for Europe or for themselves.

Their hopes should, therefore — and I feel bold enough to say *do* — look to an end of this war that will offer the only prospects for a friendlier, more humane, and less restive Europe than we have known since 1870. The only chance to keep militarism and reaction within bounds is to make them fail in their attempt really to settle economic, national, and cultural questions by means of alliances, morbidly intriguing diplomacy, the costliest military preparations, and, finally, by ruinous and most terrible war.

The enemy to be overcome is not one group of the nations now at war, but the militarism, imperialism, and Jingoism in each of them. And so far this fight has not even got a start. It is only when nobody can really claim to have been 'victorious,' — when nobody can dictate terms, when the end will have

brought about what could have prevented the dire beginning, — a collective conference to thrash out the difficulties and allow everybody fair play and his due, — that the ground will be laid for a future which each of the nations at war professes to fight for: one in which the life of a cultured continent, which for centuries has been marking the pace for civilization, cannot of a sudden, by the mere machinations of a few men behind the scenes, be thrown into so dire and disastrous a calamity as fell on us all in 1914.

Already many a man amongst the neutrals has set himself to think out the best means of arriving at this result. Compulsory arbitration, a combined military force to make war on the war-makers, universal free trade, a federation of the States of Europe, are among the propositions put before us. This article is not intended to consider them further. The main thing will be, first, to bring about a better understanding, and to make it clear that the only safety and hope for the future lie in a mutual respect of the independence, methods, and points of view of others. Whatever this war may have brought us for good or for evil, it should certainly teach the contending parties that in love for their own country, in sacrifice for that country, in energy, courage, and power of organization, each of them is worth its salt, and the hatred, fanned to flame by so many a man at his writing-desk, should now give way, in all who have really worked and suffered, to a feeling of mutual respect, a rebirth of the old sentiment of a common humanity, a common task, and a common future. If once this sentiment, which we neutrals in Europe have done our best to keep burning,

should really revive, the way out of our present hell to a better earth would soon be found.

There is one objection to such an understanding that should be met, to wind up our argument. Men are asking whether we are to leave unpunished the crime, committed against our civilization and against so many human beings by those who started that war; whether Justice should not have the last word. The reply may be given, that victory in a war is as little real proof of innocence as it used to be in mediæval ordeals. The question of guilt will have to be decided by a tribunal or by history, and the chances are — as our argument has tried to show — that not one of the contending parties would pass muster as absolute innocents and acquire a verdict of 'not guilty.' Not guilty, however, are all those men of both parties who are being sacrificed daily on the field of battle, and their relatives who remain behind to weep for them. Not guilty are all those millions of non-combatants who, in the countries at war or in the neutral ones, are being submitted to hardship and poverty. The conscience of those who want to fight out this war to the bitter end, in order that the initial crime may be revenged, and who to that end are daily heaping higher this sacrifice of the innocent, passes beyond the comprehension of us neutrals — unless we accept the theory that they are still under the influence of war-psychosis. But then why not put them in concentration camps, instead of the wretched non-combatants, and make it impossible for their perverted minds to continue bringing misfortune on our common European humanity?

EASTER

BY NORA CONNOLLY

ON Easter Monday morning, 1916, Irish men and women declared their belief in their country's right to national independence, and their willingness to die if need be to win that right.

They took possession of the capital, and hoisted over it the green, white, and orange flag of the Irish republic. Unfortunately, owing to the demobilizing order issued by Sean MacNeill, the Republican forces were small, not very much larger than a battalion of the English Army. On Easter Monday morning there were only nine hundred men in arms, but at the end of the week about fifteen hundred men surrendered.

The fight was short, but it was a good, clean, able one. Fifteen hundred men held the city for a week against a force of twenty-five thousand English soldiers, supplied with armored cars, field-guns, rifles, and all the necessary equipment of an army of war.

It was a week full of heroic incidents. At Mount Street Bridge a body of two thousand English soldiers with full war equipment was held at bay for over twelve hours by five rebels armed only with rifles. When, near the end of the fight, the ammunition was giving out, two of the men went for supplies; the remaining three gave no sign that their numbers were lessened. A little later one was killed and then one man held the fort while the other buried his dead comrade. Two forts overlooking O'Connell's Bridge were held by six men, three in each. They were not killed, although shot and shell were

poured into the forts. When they could hold out no longer they made their way to the General Post Office. These six were what was known in Dublin as Kimmage men — men who had been born in England or Scotland and, in most cases, had never been in Ireland before; men who, knowing the day was near, came over to Ireland to make ready.

It seemed to me, in those days, that they were like the reserve men who are mobilized by a nation on the eve of going to war. Most of these men spoke with a Scotch or English accent, and an amusing story is told of one of them. A party of seven was evacuating one of the forts, and making an attempt to gain the General Post Office. The street was swept with machine-gun bullets. They had to cross the street. They took a zigzag course, one after another — the first, second, third, and fourth men crossed in safety, and the fifth was so struck by this that in the middle of the street he stopped to remark to the man behind him, 'Blimy, this is gryte!' and then made his way across. Our men seemed to lead charmed lives. Their casualties were marvelously small, — one hundred and fifty killed and wounded, — the dead numbering about thirty.

I was first sent to the North of Ireland with a dispatch on Easter Monday morning. I was commandant of the Ambulance Corps going North, and had all my medical supplies with me. Unfortunately, the men had received the demobilizing order, and be-

lieving there was to be no rebellion, they had returned home, so there was no need for me.

When I was going back to Dublin, I went to stay the night in a house that had just been searched by the military, and a small amount of ammunition had been taken from there by them. I had to pass through the military on my way to the house, and as I was in a motor-car with all my bundles, they evidently came to the opinion that I was bringing more ammunition there, as they paid the house another visit at two o'clock in the morning. They searched the whole house again, questioned me closely, took my address, and went through my kit bag. They finally left, seizing all my medical supplies and not disdaining to take my haversack, containing two days' rations. This frightened the lady of the house and she asked me to leave. She said she did not want an arrest from her house. I left early the next morning.

I had sent a young girl ahead with a dispatch some time before. Feeling myself responsible for her, I did not care to return to Dublin without her. I started for the town she was in. The lady of the house told me it was not five miles away. I decided to walk: to go by train I would have had to pass the inspection of a constabulary, and that was the last thing I desired. I set out at seven o'clock, and walked all day on a lonely mountain road — mountains on one side of me, bogs on the other, and never a tree for shade, and never a house to get a drink in. The sun was roasting that day, and I was heavily laden. I had my uniform on, under a skirt and mackintosh, and was carrying the kit bag of the other girl and my own. I walked until I was completely worn out, not able to go more than a few yards at a time. Near my journey's end I met the girl I was looking for. She took me to the house she was

staying in. In that house, I learned that I had walked nearly twenty miles.

I rested that night and in the morning the little girl and I started for Dublin. We took a train which brought us to Dundalk. When we arrived there the station was full of military and constabulary. We asked if we could get to Dublin, and were told the only train going there was a military one, and that the lines were in the hands of the military. We decided to walk. We learned from the automobile signs that it was fifty-six miles to Dublin. We started on our road after lunch and we walked all that day. We had to pass a military barricade at a place called Dunleer, some eight miles from Drogheda.

We were rather nervous. We did not want to be stopped, for we did not know the name of the next village. If we were asked where we were going, we could not say, — it would be worse than folly to say 'Dublin,' — but we passed it, however, and walked until dark. We thought it possible that there might be military or police patrols, and as no hotel was near, we did not desire to arouse suspicion by asking for a night's shelter, so we decided to lie out in the field that night. We did so, and a most uncomfortable night it was. It was very cold. A heavy mist came down and soaked into our clothes. We watched for the dawn, then we resumed our walk, and reached Drogheda in time for seven o'clock mass.

We had no adventures until we came to Balbriggan. There was another military barricade there, which we managed to pass while the soldiers were having a heated discussion with three men they desired to search. At 7.30 on Sunday night we arrived on the outskirts of Dublin. There we learned the dreadful news that our men were surrendering and that my father was

wounded and a prisoner in Dublin Castle.

I saw my father the following Tuesday. He was in bed, his wounded leg resting in a cage. There was an officer of the R.A.M.C. in his room all the time I was with him. He was very weak and pale and his voice was very low. I asked if he was suffering much pain. He said no, but that he had been propped up in the bed and court-martialed and the strain was very great. I was very much depressed at hearing that. I had been thinking that there would be no attempt to shoot him till he was well; but I knew then, that if he was court-martialed while he was unable to sit up in his bed, the authorities would not hesitate to shoot him while he was wounded.

He was very cheerful, as he lay in his bed making plans for our future. He gave my mother, who was with me, a message to Skeffington, asking him to get some of his songs published. It nearly broke my mother's heart to think she could not tell him that his good comrade and friend had already been murdered by English soldiers. (Before we were permitted to see my father, we were asked to give our word of honor that we would give him no news from the outside.) I tried to tell him some news, however. I told him that Captain Mellows was still out with his men in the Galway hills. He smiled and said, 'They were always good boys.' I told him that Lawrence Ginnell was fighting for the men in the House of Commons. 'Good man, Larry!' he said; 'he can always be depended upon.'

He was very proud of his men. 'It was a good clean fight,' he declared. 'The cause cannot die now. It will put an end to recruiting. Irishmen now realize the absurdity of fighting for the freedom of another country while their own is still enslaved.' He praised the

brave women and girls. 'No one can ever say enough to honor and praise them,' he said.

He told me about one young boy who was carrying his stretcher when the rebels were trying to retreat from the burning Post Office. The street they were crossing was swept with bullets. If a bullet came near the stretcher, the boy would move his body to shield my father. He was so young-looking that my father asked his age. 'I am fourteen, sir,' he replied. My father's eyes lit up while he was telling this story. At the end, he said, 'We cannot fail. Those young boys will never forget.'

When next I saw my father, it was at midnight on Thursday, May the eleventh. A motor-ambulance came to the house. The officer who accompanied it said my father was very weak and wanted to see his wife and eldest daughter. My mother believed this, as when she had last seen my father he was very weak and suffering much pain. He had told her that he never slept without morphine. Nevertheless, she was a trifle apprehensive, for she asked the officer to tell her if they were going to shoot my father. The officer said he could tell her nothing.

It seemed to take hours to get to the Castle, and when we were stopped by the sentries the minutes seemed hours. Finally we were passed in, and were taken to my father's room at once. We were surprised to see on the small landing outside his room about a dozen soldiers encamped. They had their beds and full equipments with them. Six were on guard at the top of the stairs, and in the little alcove leading to his room were three more; all had their rifles with fixed bayonets.

We entered the room; my father had his head turned to the door. When he saw us he said, 'Well, Lillie, I suppose you know what this means.'

My mother cried out, 'O James, it's not that, it's not that!'

'Yes, Lillie, I fell asleep to-night for the first time, and they wakened me at eleven to tell me I was to die at dawn.'

My mother broke down, laid her head on his bed and sobbed heart-breakingly.

My father patted her head and said, 'Don't cry, Lillie, you will unman me.'

My mother sobbed, 'But your beautiful life, James, your beautiful young life!'

'Well, Lillie,' he said, 'hasn't it been a full life and is n't this a good end?'

I was crying, too. He turned to me at the other side of his bed, and said, 'Don't cry, Nora, there is nothing to cry about.'

'I won't cry,' I said.

He patted my hand and said, 'That's my brave girl.' He then whispered to me, 'Put your hand here,' making a movement under the bedclothes. I put my hand where he indicated. 'Put it under the clothes.' I did so and he slipped a paper into my hand. 'Smuggle that out,' he said, 'it is my last statement.'

Mother was sitting at the other side of the bed, her face growing grayer and older every minute. My father turned to her and said, 'Remember, Lillie, I want you and the girls to go to America; it will be the best place for them. Leave the boy at home in Ireland. He was a brick and I am proud of him.'

My mother could only nod her head. My father tried to cheer her up by telling her about a man who had come to the Post Office during the revolution,

to buy a penny stamp, and how indignant he was when he was told he could not get one. He turned to me then and said, 'I heard poor Skeffington was shot.' I said, 'Yes,' and then told him that all his staff, the best men in Ireland, were gone. He was silent for a while. I think that he thought that he was the first to be executed. I told him that the papers had said that it was promised in the House of Commons there would be no more shootings. 'England's promises!' was all he said to that.

The officer then told us we had only five minutes more. Mother was nearly overcome. We had to give her water. My father tried to clasp her in his arms but he could barely lift his head and arms from the bed. 'Time is up,' the officer said. My father turned to say good-bye to me. I could not speak. He said, 'Go to your mother.'

I tried to bring her away. I could not move her. She stood as if turned to stone. The nurse came forward and helped her away. I ran back and kissed my father again; then the door was shut and we saw him no more.

We were brought back to the house. My mother went to the window, pulled back the curtain, and stood watching for the dawn, moaning all the while. I thought her heart would break and that she would die.

We went to the Castle in the morning to ask for my father's body. They would not give it to us. A kind nurse managed to get a lock of my father's hair which she gave to my mother.

That is all we have of him now.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR

BY HENRY W. NEVINSON

MANY years ago (in the early nineties) I stood almost alone in England as an advocate of general military service. I advocated it because I knew that regular food and athletic life (the most vital advantages of our two ancient universities) would be of physical benefit to our working classes, while hardship and sense of equality in the ranks would do a lot of good to the classes which are called 'educated' because they go to those universities, and 'independent' because they depend on the labor of others. But even then I foresaw that difficulties would arise from the clash between compulsion and conscience. For the keynotes of English history have been 'freedom of conscience' and resistance to 'State compulsion,' especially when it touched the province of religion. I foresaw our prisons crammed with Quakers, Salvationists, Socialists, Humanitarians, and other obstinate and peculiar people who regarded militarism and war, not merely as unnecessary evils, but as definite sins against the Holy Spirit, whether of God or man. So formidable was the prospect that I gave up all attempt to impose so abhorrent a benefaction upon my countrymen; for it appeared evident that they set more store by the will of God and the guidance of the 'inner voice' than upon physical development or social equality, and that all efforts to convert them from belief in Christ's teaching would be vain.

Further residence in Germany and Russia compelled me to modify my

own advocacy of conscription, and to admit that my fellow countrymen were right in their opposition to it. For I discovered that universal service increased the virtue of obedience to a dangerous extent, and gave the government too strong a hold upon the populace, not only in military questions but in all affairs of life. People lost the courage of initiative; in everything they looked to the government for direction or assistance; they were over-socialized, and officials dominated nearly the whole of life, especially in Germany. But as my own belief in militarism began to shake (in spite of those obvious physical and social advantages), I found a belief in it steadily gathering strength among my own countrymen. After the Boer War, an enthusiastic propaganda for universal service was started, chiefly inspired by Lord Roberts, whose splendid career and personal charm saved his proposals from the neglect or mockery with which mine had been treated ten years earlier. Many leading journalists and politicians, especially among Conservatives and the class from which officers were chiefly drawn, began to support his view, and it made considerable progress, though the mass of the people remained indifferent or hostile.

Then came the war, and for the first year and a half it was carried on with an enthusiasm of voluntary enlistment unequaled, I suppose, in history. Recruits offered themselves in such great numbers that the War Office was submerged by the flood of men.

'Never has the world seen so magnificent an uprising of a whole people,' said the French Chief-of-Staff at Salonika, in a lecture to us war correspondents last December. He could only compare it with the uprising of France against her encircling enemies in the Revolution. The movement was indeed superb, and history will record it among our country's noblest honors. But the advocates of conscription saw their opportunity in the nation's danger. They invented the nauseous metaphor of 'combing out.' They raised the impracticable cry of 'Equality of Sacrifice' (impracticable because the circumstances of men of military age differ widely, and men of ministerial and episcopal age are, unhappily, excused from service). Lord Northcliffe 'tuned the pulpits' of his powerful press to the cry. The Prime Minister reluctantly yielded. Lord Kitchener yielded, also reluctantly, as is believed. The House of Commons yielded, being reduced to impotence under a Coalition Cabinet. Compulsory service was enacted, first for single men (January 27, 1916), and afterwards for all citizens (women are not yet citizens here) of military age (May 2, 1916). England was added to the list of conscript nations, and among great powers the United States alone remains outside it now.

The trouble which I had foreseen in my premature proposals for military service as a poor man's university at once arose. The Conscientious Objector is no new apparition. He embodies that danger defined by Thomas Hobbes in the *Leviathan* :—

'The most frequent pretext of sedition and civil war, in Christian commonwealths, hath a long time proceeded from a difficulty, not yet sufficiently resolved, of obeying at once both God and man than when their commandments are one contrary to the other,'

Hobbes was the extreme apostle of the State. To him the State was 'that great Leviathan, that mortal God, to whom we owe, under the immortal God, our peace and defence.' To him any question of the State's authority was so heinous a crime that 'on rebels,' he said, 'vengeance is lawfully extended, not only to the fathers, but also to the third and fourth generations not yet in being, and consequently innocent of the fact for which they are afflicted.' And as to conscience, he maintained that 'if every man were allowed the liberty of following his own conscience, in such differences of consciences, they would not live together in peace an hour.' Yet he was compelled to admit (and indeed the contemporary troubles under Charles I, Cromwell, and Charles II forced the truth upon him) that in Christian commonwealths the difficulty of obeying both God and man when their commandments are contrary, had not yet been sufficiently resolved.

Conscientious objectors have given trouble in other than Christian commonwealths. Socrates must be counted among them for listening to his indwelling 'dæmon,' or conscience, when it forbade him to obey the Thirty Tyrants and other State authorities. Sophocles created a noble type of conscientious objector in Antigone, who refused to obey the law of the State, and illegally gave her brother burial, acting, as she said, in free obedience to 'the unwritten and unchanging laws of heaven — laws that are not of to-day or yesterday, but abide forever, and of their creation knoweth no man.'¹ That I believe to be the finest definition of the conscientious objector's position. But the difficulty naturally increased with the nominal acceptance of Christianity as the religion of the State. For Christ's words, taken in their obvious

¹ Sophocles: *Antigone*.

meaning, are commands directly contrary to the commands of every civilized state, and would make nearly all the chief functions of State, such as war, law courts, punishment, and the protection of private property either nugatory or impious. Obedience to such commands involves a life of Anarchism, in the holiest sense of the word.

This truth has been recognized by genuine Christians from the time of the Primitive Church down to Tolstoï. It has been recognized also by ecclesiastical authorities whose Christianity is more complicated; as, for instance, by Dr. Magee, Bishop of Peterborough, who admitted that no state founded upon the Sermon on the Mount could stand for a week. It is obvious, then, that people who proclaim Christ's teaching as the actual words of God, and yet remain bound to a civilized state by ties of obedience, fear, patriotism, or self-interest, must become entangled in inextricable perplexities and contradictions, certain to increase in time of war, when the commands of Christ and of the State are most insistent and most opposed. The difficulty defined by Hobbes is then at its worst.

The clash between the divine and social commandments has, naturally, been most violent where the State compelled military service. The early persecution of Christians was largely due to their objection to bearing arms as being contrary to Christ's teaching. The particular cases of Maximilianus and a centurion Marcellus, executed because their consciences would not permit them to bear carnal arms in contradiction to Christ's words (*circa* 300 A.D.), are well known, and were accepted even by Gibbon as authentic.¹ Like Socrates and Antigone, they both died as conscientious objectors, and their names were added to the roll of the

¹ *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, chapter XVI.

noble army of martyrs. The difficulty did not frequently arise during the Middle Ages, when the compromises of the Roman Church were generally accepted, and certain kinds of war were even called 'Holy' by Christians as by Moslems. But it remained latent, and bishops, who were inspired by patriotic passions as violent as the present Bishop of London's, went out to battle in person, it is true, but armed only with studded maces, which killed without un-Christian bloodshed. The expansion of individual thought, and the simultaneous return to Christ's teaching as the final truth in the sixteenth century, produced a copious outgrowth of conscientious objection throughout Europe, and its later forms among Anabaptists, Fifth-Monarchy Men, Levellers, Diggers, Quakers, Moravians, Doukhobors, Molokans, and many other sects, would make a lengthy record of obstinate resistance to the State in the name of God.

II

When the first military service act was passed in England, I was with the Allied armies in the Near East, and so cannot speak of the opposition to it from personal knowledge. But against a cabinet of all the talents opposition in Parliament was vain, and Sir John Simon remained the only Member of the highest rank who stood out. Under representations of national emergency, the trade-unions submitted. Even the religious or conscientious opposition was not so determined or well organized as I expected. For one thing, the Salvation Army did not combine against it, though Christ's teaching of non-resistance to evil has been one of their main tenets in earlier days. Several of their members had joined the army long before the act, and their patriotism had been acclaimed by that

energetic Christian, Mr. Harold Begbie, in a poem of which I recall one verse, perhaps not quite accurately: —

You've a sense of soap and water,
And you fight like Christian men;
Ho! a man can do some slaughter
When he knows he's born again.

But when the government, under the persistent pressure of Lord Northcliffe's organs, passed the act abolishing our voluntary system, the religious objectors found themselves reinforced by a certain number of Socialists who believed in international brotherhood, and by Humanitarians, who believed Christ's teaching to be reasonable, if not divine. Socialism is not necessarily pacific. I was present at a Socialist congress in Copenhagen (I think in 1910), where Keir Hardie proposed a general strike of European workers if war was threatened. Many delegates accepted the proposal, but the solid body of German Social Democrats refused it as 'unpatriotic.' Still, a considerable number of Socialists who have not come under German influence, are inclined to regard militarism upon German lines as promising small advantage to the working classes, and tending to obstruct fraternal comradeship among the workers of all nations. As Mr. Clifford Allen, Chairman of the No-Conscription Fellowship, himself persisting in conscientious objections as a Socialist rather than a Christian, wrote to *The Nation* of June 10, he and others like him object, not to killing only, but to war, 'because it is a denial of the worth of the individual, the method by which every movement to social betterment is retarded, and it engenders a spirit of domination, bitterness, and fear.'¹

In like manner, Socialists no less than

¹ Mr. Clifford Allen has lately (Aug. 30) been sentenced by court-martial to a year's imprisonment for disobeying orders. — THE AUTHOR.
POL. 118—NO. 5

Christians may attach some value to Treitschke's objection to Hegel's 'deification of the State.' 'The State,' said Treitschke, in one of those lectures which did so much to create the German spirit of State domination, 'the State is not the whole life of man or of society. It does not and should not touch his conscience or his religion. There is an inner life which is a man's own.' And that saying of Nietzsche — so often coupled with Treitschke in the joint apostolate of modern Germany — is even better known: 'The coldest of all cold monsters is called the State. Coldly it utters its lies, and from its mouth this lie issues, "I, the State, am the People."'²

Thus our Government might have been prepared for a certain passive resistance from social thinkers and Christians alike; but in framing the Conscription Act they appear to have contemplated nothing but religious opposition, and to have thought chiefly of Quakers. For the self-denial of Quakers in regard to the temptations of pugnacity was familiar history, and, by self-denial in other respects, the Quakers have acquired a comfortable share in this world's blessings, part of which they have generously devoted to the enlightenment of public opinion through Liberal newspapers. The Quakers, therefore, had to be considered, and it so happened that, at the beginning of the war, a large section of them had devised means of serving their country without offending their conscience by actual fighting. They had equipped a motor-ambulance unit, in the first organization of which I am myself proud to have assisted. It worked admirably for the Belgians and French along the front from Dunkirk to Ypres, and even the haughty British army was glad to make use of it later. As it grew, it developed two

² Also sprach Zarathustra: 'Das neue Idol.'

or three stationary hospitals. A large section joined the Italian army in the Trentino. Another Quaker division assisted the ruined villagers of Eastern France in rebuilding their villages and reclaiming their fields. Along these lines a perplexed Government, caught between God and Lord Northcliffe, detected a way of escape. If Quakers accepted this kind of service, let them have it! Who else could object where Quakers made a compromise?

Accordingly, the Government created a 'Non-Combatant Corps' into which those objectors might be drafted whom the local tribunals decided to be conscientious. The local tribunals are small bodies of from five to twenty-five men and women, not, like Love, too young to know what conscience is. They are appointed by the borough or urban council, and are usually presided over by the local mayor, with the assistance of a military representative to watch the interests of the army. By the act the tribunals have powers of granting exemption:—

Section 2, sub-section (3). 'Any certificate of exemption may be absolute, conditional, or temporary, as the authority by whom it was granted thinks best suited to the case; and also, in the case of an application on conscientious grounds, may take the form of an exemption from combatant service only, or may be conditional on the applicant being engaged in some work which in the opinion of the tribunal dealing with the case is of national importance.'

As there was some doubt whether this wording gave tribunals the power of absolute exemption to conscientious objectors, the following explanation was added in the second act:—

Section 4, sub-section (3). 'It is hereby declared that the power to grant special certificates of exemption in the case of an application on conscientious grounds under sub-section (3) of sec-

tion two of the principal Act is additional to and not in derogation of the general power conferred by that Act to grant absolute, conditional, or temporary certificates in such cases.'

It was, therefore, the intention of the act to give the tribunals power to grant absolute exemption on conscientious grounds as an alternative to exemption from combatant service only. There was the further power of granting exemption where the objector was engaged in work of national importance, and a special committee, sitting at Westminster, with Lord Pelham in the chair (and, therefore, called the Pelham Committee) might be referred to by the tribunals to decide what work the words 'of national importance' might cover in each case.

The Government obviously intended the powers of exemption to be very wide, and they cannot be accused of deliberate desire to persecute. It was in administration that the act fell short of the intention. The action of the tribunals varied according to their composition. Some refused absolute exemption as being beyond their powers. Some were overridden by the military representative, who, like the objector, had a right of appeal from their decision to an Appeal Tribunal appointed for counties by the Home Office. Nearly all agreed in regarding conscience as an unpatriotic offense which must be visited by penalties. The penalties were intended to deter shirkers and cowards from escaping under the cloak of conscience. But large numbers of the genuinely conscientious were removed from work of undoubted national importance (such as education), and set to road-making, or hospital tasks, in which they had no skill or experience.

In some cases, however, total exemption was granted (usually on grounds of health); in others, exemption for a

few months, the case to be then reconsidered; in others exemption was given provided the applicant remained in his present employment. This gave the employer a tyrannical hold over the man, for, by threatening to discharge him and drive him into the army, he could compel him to any terms of work or wages. But still, in spite of much uncertainty, waste, and hardship, the exemption clause might have worked fairly well but for another class of men whose existence had not, indeed, been overlooked (for both Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Walter Long as members of the Government promised complete exemption in their case), but whose numbers and determination had been underestimated.

These are the men who refuse alternative or noncombatant service under the act. They are the logicians of conscience, the extremists of peace. They refuse to take service of any kind under the act. They will not be abettors in the crime of war, either by fighting or by performing tasks which might set others free to fight, or by acknowledging the necessity of war by obeying military orders or any orders connected with a state of warfare. How many conscientious objectors have come before the tribunals I cannot discover. About twenty-five thousand — including, presumably a certain number of shirkers — is the average estimate, but of these nearly one tenth have refused noncombatant or alternative service, and have been arrested and handed over to the military authorities. The exact number on the day of writing (August 30) is 1987. The great majority of them have been court-martialed under the Army Act for disobeying orders, and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment, the commonest sentence being one hundred and twelve days. While in military hands, their treatment has sometimes been brutal.

As an example, I give an extract from a letter written in Wandsworth Detention Barracks (end of April, 1916). The writer was a Teddington man, named H. W. Forrester, and it is fair to the War Office to say that, apparently owing to the treatment of conscientious objectors, the colonel concerned was soon afterwards removed from that command: —

‘As soon as we got in the prison (I was first) one of them told me with an oath to take my coat off. I told him that I was not a soldier and could not obey military orders. The Colonel was standing near, and he thundered up and shouted, “What! you won’t obey me?” with a thick accompaniment. I quietly answered, “I must obey the commands of my God, sir.” “Damn your God! Take him to the special room.” Four of them then set on me. One of them took hold of me by the back of the neck, nearly choking me, shook me and dragged me along, while the others punched and thumped and kicked me as hard as they knew how. They banged my head on the floor and the wall, and threw me into a little cell with thick walls and a small skylight.

‘They then told me to get my boots off, but I would not do so, and the Sergeant I have mentioned deliberately punched me behind the ear, and all of them set on me again and bruised me more. They at last cleared out and slammed the door, leaving me without boots, coat or braces, lying on the floor almost exhausted.

‘They then came back with the Colonel, who told me to stand to attention. I talked to him very calmly, but he gave me a kick with his boot, and the other fellows started the bruising again. When they had exhausted themselves and I still stood firm, the Colonel said, “Put him on bread and water for three days to begin.” And then they left me, hinting at certain

tortures they would put me through.'

I have seen a good many similar letters from other barracks or prisons, and all show that conscience arouses greater ferocity than crime. It was the same with the Suffragettes, whose treatment in many prisons was equally brutal, though few Quakers or Socialists troubled themselves much about the matter then. Jailers, and especially soldiers, are usually lenient towards drunkards, thieves, or swindlers, but directly they are put in charge of people who have yielded to some temptation unknown to themselves (such as crimes of conscience or political freedom), they are moved to violence by righteous indignation. The populace share this abhorrence of the unknown, as was seen at Chatham on July 31, when six conscientious objectors, after serving their sentence with great suffering, were temporarily released from barracks, but were set upon by a violent mob at the gates and narrowly escaped with their lives, 'their progress traced by the blood they left behind.'¹

III

In May three parties of conscientious objectors were sent to France, apparently with the object of bringing them under the severer military discipline that prevails in war zones. This measure of military authority again revealed the powerlessness of the Cabinet and Parliament in face of the Act which they had themselves created. Ministers had assured the House that no objector would be sent to France. On the very day on which they were sent the assurance was repeated. Yet the objectors had already started.

¹ See *The Chatham and Rochester News* of August 5, 1916, where comment is, 'Brutal perhaps all this, but unlike Germany a just brutality — the just resentment of Britishers who are fighting for their country.' — THE AUTHOR.

Their fate in France was still less expected by an innocent Cabinet. On January 18, 1916, Sir Frederick E. Smith, Attorney-General, had stated in the House: —

'I can give my honorable friend the assurance, on behalf of the War Office, that under no circumstances will the death sentence be pronounced or carried out on persons who come in any way within the class of "conscientious objector" as defined by this bill.'

No government undertaking could be more explicit. Yet thirty-six of the conscientious objectors taken to France were publicly condemned to 'death by shooting' for disobeying orders in the face of the enemy. These sentences were afterwards commuted to ten years' penal servitude, which they are now enduring.²

These facts, added to reports of 'crucifixion,' — attachment of the outstretched limbs, usually to wheels, — and other severe penalties inflicted upon conscientious objectors, roused so much protest among Quakers and other believers in the rights of conscience throughout the country that the Government devised various schemes for ending the scandal and relieving the army of disciplinary duties which did not conduce to success in the war.

² Parallel instances of the Government's helplessness in fulfilling its own pledges have occurred. On January 17, 1916, for example, Mr. Herbert Samuel, Home Secretary, speaking on behalf of the Prime Minister, said: 'Meetings which are limited to opposition to the passage of the Military Service Bill, or to advocating its repeal if passed into an Act, or to opposition to any extension of compulsory service, and writings of the same character, would not be liable to suppression.' Yet seven members of the No-Conscription Fellowship Committee were on May 17 fined £100 each or 61 days' imprisonment for issuing a leaflet called 'Repeal the Act.' The case in which Mr. Bertrand Russell, the distinguished mathematician and philosopher, received the same sentence (June 5) for writing a similar leaflet upon a conscientious objector is well known. — THE AUTHOR.

Of these schemes I need only mention the present arrangement, which the Government hoped would be final. All the objectors who are still in prison or whose sentences have expired and who would otherwise be sent back to the army, there to be put through the whole process of arrest, court-martial, and imprisonment again, are to be re-examined by a new Central Tribunal (appointed, I think, by the Home Office, and sitting in Westminster under Lord Salisbury as Chairman, but empowered to examine prisoners in various jails). If they then agree to sign a document binding themselves absolutely to obey a civil committee as to their employment, they will be sent under civil control to labor in parties or gangs, at some task of national importance, chiefly, as it seems, road-making in the country. Should they refuse to sign this document or to undertake the work, they will be returned to the army, and Mr. Lloyd George, speaking in the House as Minister of War on July 26, declared that 'he would only consider the best means of making the path of that class a very hard one.'

The intention of this phrase was explained by Mr. H. W. Forster, Financial Secretary to the War Office, when he stated in the House (August 16) that if these objectors still refused to obey military orders they would be dealt with in accordance with the Army Act. 'They had now got their chance; if they did not take it, it was their own fault.' He expected that they would be sent to the front. In that case, they became subject to the penalty of death for not obeying orders, and there is nothing to show that the penalty will not now be carried out.

Perhaps I should mention that I am not a conscientious objector myself. I have been in many wars and revolutions as a war correspondent. In the present war I should certainly have

taken a commission, if I had not been informed at the War Office that I was too old. I think the War Office made a mistake, for my long experience might have been set against my age. Under present human conditions, I think that even war, with all its abominations so familiar to myself, may sometimes be nobler than peace.

Nor, again, could I set myself up as a rival authority to Mr. Lloyd George on questions of conscience, for as a Nonconformist his regard for conscience is likely to be more scrupulous than other people's; and yet he would make the path of the extreme or logical conscientious objector a very hard one, leading, as it seems, to execution by shooting.

Nevertheless, though so little qualified to speak, I fear that the Government by its action is entangling the country in a great difficulty, and perhaps in a crime which we shall afterwards repent. By facing popular contempt and ridicule, ill-treatment in barracks, long imprisonment, and in thirty-six cases the shock of the death sentence, these men have proved their convictions genuine. They have shown themselves possessed of a moral and physical courage at least equal to the common soldier's, and far greater than most of us educated people could show. Some have disagreed with our bishops and clergy, believing that Christ's words are the words of God and were literally intended. Others have disagreed with our social philosophers, believing that war is necessarily bad for humanity, and that it is no use talking fraternity while the working classes are trained to kill each other at the command of kings and governments.

Of course, they may be wrong. I have the greatest respect for bishops and clergy, and social philosophers — a respect only heightened by my ignorance of their subjects. But still, the

Act was framed and intended to grant absolute exemption to such objectors as were proved genuine in conscience. These men have abundantly proved their conscience genuine. If the Government were wise, they would follow the words and intentions of their own act, lest they bring discredit upon both the country and the war. Even if we assume, with Thomas Hobbes, that the preservation of the State is the foremost object of human existence, and

the State the ultimate judge of good and evil, none the less, as Bernard Shaw has observed, to compel a conscientious objector to undertake the duty of military service is morally the same thing as compelling a nun to undertake the duty of having a baby. And besides, what if he should be right after all? What if his path (hard though it can be made) should prove the beginning of the straightest path to the far-off salvation of mankind?

THE CALVARY OF A NATION

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE

EARLY in the spring of 1915 the following proclamation was sent to all the officials in the interior of Turkey:—

‘Our fellow countrymen the Armenians, who form one of the racial elements of the Ottoman Empire, having, under foreign instigation, for many years past, adopted false ideas of a nature to disturb the public order and brought about bloody happenings and attempted to destroy the peace and security of the Ottoman State, the safety and interest of their fellow countrymen as well as their own; and, moreover, as they have presumed to join themselves to their mortal enemy, Russia, and to the enemies now at war with our State,

‘Be it known that our Government is compelled to adopt extraordinary measures both for the preservation of order and security of the country and for the welfare and the continuation of the existence of the Armenian people itself.

‘Therefore, as a measure to be ap-

plied until the conclusion of the war, the Armenians shall be sent away to places which have been prepared in the Vilayets of the interior; and a literal obedience to the following orders is categorically enjoined on all Ottomans:

‘First. All Armenians, with the exception of the sick, shall leave their villages or quarters, under the escort of the gendarmerie, within five days from the date of this proclamation.

‘Second. Though they are free to carry with them on their journey such articles of movable property as they may desire, they are forbidden to sell their lands or their extra effects, or to leave the latter with other persons, as their exile is only temporary, and their landed property and the effects they are unable to take with them will be taken care of under supervision of the Government, and stored in protected buildings. Any one who sells or attempts to dispose of his movable effects or landed property in a manner con-

trary to this order, shall be tried by *court-martial*. Persons are free to sell to the Government only such articles as may answer the needs of the army.'

The third clause contains a promise of safe conduct.

The fourth threatens with severe punishment any one attempting to molest the Armenians on their way to the interior.

The fifth clause reads: 'Since the Armenians are obliged to submit to the decision of the Government, if any of them attempt to resist the soldiers or gendarmes by force of arms, arms shall be used against them, and they shall be taken dead or alive. In like manner, those who, in opposition to the Government's decision, refrain from leaving or seek to hide themselves, shall be sent before a court-martial; and if they are sheltered or given food and assistance, the persons who shelter or aid them shall be sent before the court-martial for execution.'

In these few sentences a responsible government sanctioned and set in motion one of the most terrible of recorded tragedies — the Armenian deportation.

To the average person, these two words convey little but a vague sense of injustice done, of suffering endured. Such, after all, are the chief associations connected with the name of the Ottoman Empire, which has enjoyed most of its world-prominence through wholesale barbarities. Massacres have been one of the common occurrences of Turkish history. The Turk came from the heart of Asia to the land he now occupies, massacring; by intermittent massacres he held down the vanquished peoples. The nineteenth century saw some of the most horrible of these black deeds: the period of the Greek Revolution, 1821-27, when Ibrahim Pasha boasted that he would reduce Greece to a desert, and almost fulfilled his

boast; the Syrian massacre of 1860; the Serbian atrocities, and those of Bulgaria in 1875-76, when Mr. Gladstone declared that 'the Turk must leave Europe, bag and baggage'; the long and terrible record of Armenian slaughter. Down through the reign of Abdul Hamid the bloodstained story goes, straight on to the inauguration of the Young Turk régime, which was ushered in by such slaughter of the Armenians as surpassed the Hamidian outrages; and at each visitation of fire and sword upon unoffending peoples the world has thrilled with horror and sympathy, though it has been slow to realize that these things have come to pass chiefly through the protection afforded the Turk by the great European powers' jealousy of one another. Time and again the story has been repeated, until (must it be confessed?) Americans and Europeans have become weary of it, and have begun to regard the Armenians, with more or less resignation, as a race appointed to suffer.

No wonder, then, that at a time when all Europe is filled with blood and tears, and desolation stalks abroad among her nations, it is difficult to get people to lend an ear to the supreme ordeal of the Armenians, and to convince them that at this moment the Turks are writing unhindered what Professor Gibbons justly calls the 'blackest page in modern history.' It is difficult to convince them that the cruelties of Abdul Hamid were merciful by comparison with this final turn of the screw. The suffering caused by massacres was scattering; it smote only a fraction of the people, a thousand here, ten thousand there, while the bulk of the race survived. Such was the policy or wisdom of the Old Turk; he kept the cow alive that he might continually milk her. Not so with the Young Turk. Intelligent, cultured, irreligious, and unscrupulous, the old-fashioned method

of dealing with the Armenians was too slow for him; he set about finding a way to settle the problem once for all, and devised the scheme of deportation — which, bluntly, is another way of saying the extermination of the Armenian race in the Ottoman Empire.¹

The full story of the deportation will never be written, for the reason that it deals so largely with suffering that is indescribable, heartlessness that is incredible. The central fact is, however, that under the pretext of war-measures the Armenians have been driven *en masse* from the shores of the Black Sea and Marmora southward as far as the Syrian desert. People who were comfortably settled in their homes in regions where their ancestors had lived for centuries, were forced, on short notice, to abandon their all and march under the whips of the gendarmerie into the desolate *hinterland*, without provisions or shelter. Women whose husbands had been serving in the Turkish army for months were herded along with children in their arms.

The happenings that I saw in Marsovan will give a specific instance of what was going on all over the country. Marsovan, which lies in the Vilayet of Sivas some sixty miles south of the Black Sea, had a population of about 30,000 souls — half Turks, half Armenians. Of Greeks there were very few. On the last Thursday in April, 1915, twenty-five of the leading Armenians were ar-

¹ I shall not attempt here to go behind the Turks in trying to find the moving power that devised and organized the deportation. I personally believe Germany to be the real instigator. Germany, they say, planned for a *bona-fide* transfer of the Armenians to places in the interior. If this be true, the Turk took the hint only too well; he deported his victims into eternity. Certainly it would seem to be paying too great a compliment to the intelligence of the Turk, who for centuries had been able to devise no more efficient brutality than the old-style massacres, to give him credit for happening on the new scheme unaided. — THE AUTHOR.

rested without warning — among them the professor of Armenian in the American College and several graduates of the same institution. Next day they were dispatched under escort to Sivas, the capital. That was the end of them. Not one was seen alive again. Those who did not fall victims to the typhus that raged among the prisoners succumbed to tortures that were worse than mediæval. The professor's fate was particularly terrible. Credible reports had it that his eyes were gouged from their sockets, his nails torn out by the roots, and his hair and mustache plucked out slowly, hair by hair. The wretched man survived these ordeals, and was finally executed. No one knows what charges were brought against him as pretext for this maltreatment.

Stories of similar tortures came in from all quarters. A dentist and a prominent merchant of Amasia, both friends of mine, good citizens and men who had been of service to the Turkish government, were first thrown into solitary confinement, the guards preventing them from sitting or lying down *for days*, and then subjected to the bastinado, or beating with rods on the soles of the feet — a punishment too terrible for description. When unconsciousness mercifully came to them, they were revived and tended by their ruffian keepers, only to be put through the same process again. While they writhed under the rods, all kinds of questions were asked them, particularly concerning revolutionary plans, persons imagined to be involved, concealed arms, and so on.

The arrests continued through the months of May and June. It was one long reign of terror. No one knew whose turn would come next. Hundreds were carried off, usually at night, — taken from their beds to the jail, and then, as we afterwards learned, to places of execution. The scenes out-

side the prison were beyond description. I could see them from my bedroom window, every day — groups of women and children waiting outside the gates with little bundles of food for their relatives inside, although they knew how little chance there was of its reaching their loved ones. Quietly they stood there, though the silence was often shattered by the cries of some woman who had just learned that her husband had been taken away. This was the way mothers heard of the departure of their sons, sisters of their brothers, little children of their fathers. These sights were too heartrending to watch, but it was worse still when the poor people came to my study, begging me to offer intercession that I knew was utterly useless.

At last, toward the end of June, all male Armenians over the age of twelve were arrested. The place where they were herded was a subterranean chamber under the town barracks. According to the description of friends who were temporarily released, the chamber was literally packed with prisoners, there was just standing-room for many; the air at the entrance, they said, struck the face like the blast of hot air from an oven, and foul as the breath of the Black Hole of Calcutta, for one corner, perforce, had to be used for the necessities of nature.

Finally, numbers of the men imprisoned here were taken out one night and driven off in the direction of Amasia or Zileh. They never reached their destinations, however. At a distance of some three or four hours from Marsovan they were led aside in groups of five or ten, with their hands tied behind them, and, after they had been made to kneel down, they were butchered with axes or daggers and thrown into ditches. This comes straight from the testimony of eye-witnesses—Turks all, and some of them the gendarmes

who had helped consummate the massacre. According to one official, 1215 men were disposed of in this way. Before their bodies were abandoned, they were stripped of all their outer garments, and whatever was found in the way of valuables or trinkets went to the executioners, many of whom, penniless before the killing began, came back with bulging, clinking pockets. The shoes of the Armenians, and their clothes, were sold openly in the markets, and were recognized by the merchants as belonging to this or that victim.

The last Saturday in June, the governor of the town called the surviving men over sixty and under eighteen years from the jail, and told them that the Sultan had pardoned their offences. Let them return home and pray for the Sultan! The rejoicing over this clemency was unbounded; but on the next day the town-crier went through the streets of Marsovan, proclaiming that all Armenians must leave the place within three days and start for *Mosul* and *Der-Zor*, more than 1000 miles to the south! The men released the day before were to accompany the women and children. This was the first intimation the people had as to the real fate that awaited them.

On the morning of the third day, before dawn, ox-carts began to pour into Marsovan from all the neighboring villages; the Armenians were forced by the gendarmes to get into them with such belongings as they could hastily snatch up, and so the exodus began. The great, lumbering wains, loaded with terrified victims, rumbled slowly through the streets, while those who had been left behind stood watching in silence, knowing that their turn would come. And come it did, sooner even than they expected; for in two or three days the ox-carts returned, empty, to receive fresh loads. They had gone a comparatively short distance into the interior, then

the Armenians were commanded to get out and continue the southward journey on foot. The real 'deportation' had begun.

It should be kept in mind that the tragedy of Marsovan was being enacted, on a greater or lesser scale, in hundreds of other villages and towns, in all of which the eliminative processes had been working on the Armenians in the same general fashion. Before the wretched people were driven wholesale from their homes, the finest young girls and women were carried off to the Turkish harems. Their position, professedly, was to be that of servants, but their real status can easily be imagined. This 'selection' continued methodically all along the caravan routes which the refugees were following. Kurds, Turks, Arabs, attacked the defenseless victims and took their pick of them unhindered. The rest were forced to go on under the whips of gendarmes and other officials worse than slave-drivers.

As fatigue and hunger made their inroads on the Armenians, the conditions became indescribable. Mothers, with small children in their arms, staggered along until their outraged bodies succumbed, and they fell fainting by the wayside. Many others plunged from cliffs or flung themselves into rivers, in order to escape what they knew was worse than death. More terrible still was the predicament of women nearing confinement. The gendarmes had no mercy on them. When their hour had come they were scarcely allowed to wait until labor was over before the drivers' whips urged them to their feet and on and on — until hemorrhage put an end to their misery. The newborn children were in most instances dashed to pieces against rocks.¹

¹ For further information the reader is referred to the bulletins of the American Committee on Armenian and Syrian Relief, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City. — THE AUTHOR.

For the completer evolution of the 'deportation' system, we may again examine the case of Marsovan. This town is an important missionary centre. Under the American Board, an extensive medical, evangelical, and educational work was carried on here. There was Anatolia College, with more than four hundred students; a girls' boarding school of almost three hundred pupils; a hospital, a theological seminary, and an industrial institution. Forces for good were at work which spread their influence throughout the Ottoman Empire, and beyond — into Russia, Greece, and Egypt. Ambassador Morgenthau had secured promises from Enver Pasha and Talaad Bey that the college people should not be molested, but the governor of Marsovan declared that he had been notified of no such promise, and had received no orders save those to deport all Armenians. Once more the Turks had pulled wool over the diplomat's eyes.

And so, on August 10, 1915, sixty-one ox-carts entered the college compound. The gendarmes forced the great gates open, and battered down every closed door. They entered even the homes of Americans, and took away every Armenian on the premises. Professors, teachers, students, nurses from the hospital who had cared for Turkish soldiers for months, servants — all had to go. According to the testimony of the wives of the professors, seen near Sivas, they were all kept together until they passed Zileh (the region whence Julius Cæsar sent his famous 'Veni, vidi, vici'), then they were separated. The men, bound with ropes, were driven in one direction, the women and young children in another. According to the testimony of the gendarmes, all the men were killed. No word has been received from them to this day. Their number included Professor V. H. Hagopian, a scholar trained in the Univer-

sity of Constantinople, author of several books and legal adviser to the college; Professor A. G. Sivastian, who occupied the chair of mathematics and astronomy, — an experienced teacher and true Christian gentleman, — and many other members of the faculty. None of these had any connection with revolutionary movements; all were loyal and useful citizens who would have been welcome in any country and would have added to its welfare. That, it seems, was their chief crime.

The day after the evacuation of the college came the turn of the Girls' School. Early in the morning the gendarmes appeared and took all the pupils away. Before they were sent from the town each girl was put through a separate inquisition by a Turkish official, during which she was given the choice between adopting the faith of Islam and remaining in safety, and being deported. One and all decided for the latter. On the way similar propositions were made to them, to an accompaniment of threats. Fortunately the principal of the school, an American woman, begged permission to follow the girls and overtook some of them in Sivas, where she managed to get the Vali to consent to her bringing back forty-eight to Marsovan. The rest had been carried farther on, and were beyond help.

While the deportation was in full swing, various committees of government officials went about taking inventories in the houses and shops of the exiles, and going through the form of sealing them up. Many an official, however, got a fat pocketbook and a full house in the course of his duties; in fact, the property of the Armenians vanished so fast that, when the inventory-taking was over, the sum total of what was found in the houses scarcely sufficed to pay the expenses of the committees! And yet the Armenian homes

had been full of carpets, furniture, copper utensils, bedding, and so forth, all of which had to be left behind when the owners were driven forth to perish.

The terrible demoralization that prevailed in Marsovan from the time of the deportations decided me to leave the country; in the late summer, therefore, I set out for Constantinople, accompanied by Mr. J. Arozian, Professor of Chemistry in Anatolia College, — an American citizen, — and his wife, his daughter, and his aged mother. With us also went Mrs. Gullienthian, with her four daughters, who had come over from England to visit relatives (these two families held special permits from Enver Pasha to go to the capital), and the Rev. K. Domirgian and his wife and daughter. The railroad to Constantinople starts at Angora, and the long ride from Marsovan to the terminus had to be made in carriages. While we were still two days' journey from Angora, as we were climbing a steep hill near the village of Yaghly, we were stopped by a gendarme, fully armed, with an escort of eight or ten ruffians with axes in their hands. He asked us if there were any Armenians in our party, adding that all Armenians must return at once to the place whence they had started. I argued and pleaded with him, laying special stress on the passes from Enver Pasha, whose name, I thought, would work miracles; but the man cut me short with an oath, saying that he could neither read nor write; that he was put there to send back Armenians, and back they should go.

While we were arguing with him, up came a dozen or so men on horseback. They repeated the same order: 'Armenians back!' Our drivers, all Turks, came forward and pleaded for their customers; once more we showed the signature of Enver Pasha — this time to the headman, who immediately became very friendly, shook hands with

me, and bade us go our way in peace. We learned later that these men were one of the *chette's* bands which had been armed by the government and set loose to hunt Armenians. Convicts from the prisons were similarly armed and released for the same purpose. I was also told by eye-witnesses that numbers of Armenians had been killed near the very spot where we had encountered the horsemen.

But my friends had only a temporary escape. It was our bad fortune to reach Angora at the time when deportation had just begun. The previous Vali and the chief of police of this city had been opposed to the measure, and had held it off until they were summarily replaced by successors who were only too willing to obey orders from Constantinople. They succeeded in a very short time in rounding up the twenty thousand Armenians, among them the professor and the pastor who had journeyed with me from Marsovan. The driver who took them in his carriage to a lake four hours' ride to the south of Angora told me that they were shot before his eyes.

During my stay in Angora all the male Armenians were deported, chiefly toward the southern interior. Villagers and gendarmes reported that great numbers of them were killed a short distance outside the city. Every day I saw them hurrying through the streets in miserable droves, with the police brutally following them up. The Armenians of Angora were mostly Catholics. No massacres took place among them under Abdul Hamid. They were most loyal to the Turks; they took no part in nationalistic movements. They did not even call themselves Armenians. The Young Turks, however, made no discrimination of creed: Gregorians, Protestants, and Catholics were all put on the same footing and ruthlessly deported. Gregorian and Catholic priests

were often driven off in the same wagon and decapitated with the same axe. It is worth noting that while I was still in Angora the leaders of the Turkish Union and Progress Committee sent word to the Catholic bishop of the city that if he and his people would embrace Islam, they would all be spared. The refusal was unanimous.

As I continued my journey to Constantinople, further details of the great tragedy presented themselves. At every railroad station large groups of men, women, and children of all ages were waiting, silent and dejected, for the arrival of the freight cars that were to transport them toward Konia and remoter places of the interior. At some of the stations the police, with clubs in their hands, were waving their arms to and fro, hitting women and children indiscriminately, under the pretext of 'keeping order' among the poor terror-stricken creatures. Trains passed by us packed with exiles as with animals for slaughter; and never shall I forget the expression of their eyes as they peered from the slats of the slow-moving cars that were carrying them relentlessly toward the desert. This was the fate that met the Armenians of Eski Shelir, Biledjik, Adabazaar, Ismid, Bardegag, and the regions around Brussa and the shores of Marmora—including the Greeks of the latter region.

It is impossible to give any definite statistics as to the number of Armenians who have perished in the deportations. Even the exact number of these people in Turkey before the beginning of the war is not known. It is generally assumed, however, that there were about two million Armenians; and of this number it is no exaggeration to say that *one million* have been killed by actual violence or by exposure, disease, and starvation. According to a dispatch to the Department of State at Washington in May, 1916, there were

some five hundred thousand scattered through Syria and Mesopotamia; and three hundred thousand more are believed to be distributed in various parts of Asia Minor. Practically all of these are exposed to constant danger of further deportation and shiftings from point to point — and every such shift means the disappearance of thousands. Those in the Syrian desert were found 'eating grass, herbs and locusts. In desperate cases, the carcasses of dead animals and human bodies are reported to have been eaten.'

If these conditions continue, the result is plain. The Turks will succeed in exterminating the Armenian race by the action of 'natural causes,' — sickness, hunger, exhaustion. They will continue to drive them from place to place in the desert until all are gone.

No one can hear the terrible tale of the Armenian deportation without asking what the underlying reasons for it all might be. Even beasts of prey, it will be said, do not kill for the mere lust of killing; what is the object to be attained? What results do the Turks hope to get in return for the energy they have expended in prosecuting this extermination?

1. According to the Turkish Government, the plan was necessitated by the exigencies of war. 'Turkey,' they said, 'was engaged in a tremendous struggle against overwhelming odds, fighting for her very life. The Armenians were plotting with the enemy and preparing internal disturbances; therefore they had to be removed to a place where they could be rendered harmless.'

This charge of plotting is groundless. The only instance in which the Armenians made armed resistance to the Turks was at Van — and then only when they had been attacked and saw that they were doomed to extermination. It is true that, when the sale of

arms was generally permitted after the revolution of 1908, many Armenians took advantage of the occasion to secure weapons of defense. The source of these arms was controlled by the government, however, coming as they did direct from Germany; and when, after the declaration of war, the Armenians were commanded to give them up, they voluntarily obeyed, those persons who were at first inclined to conceal their weapons finally yielding to the persuasion of their priests or pastors.

Some slight excuse for the action of the Turks might seem to be found in the existence of the organized Armenian 'Hinchakist' and 'Tashuagist' societies which, under the reign of Abdul Hamid, were perforce kept secret. But after the revolution of 1908, these societies openly proclaimed themselves, and won the approval of the Young Turks, who declared that 'the Armenian revolutionists were among the pioneers of Ottoman liberty.' Their programme was broadly socialistic and educational, aiming at the instruction of the people and their elevation to those ideals which the Young Turks themselves had espoused with such high-sounding phrases. When the test came, it was shown how empty these phrases really were.

2. Race-jealousy is a factor to be reckoned with. The Turks are really aliens in the country they rule: they came as conquerors, and have maintained their supremacy by force. The Armenians, when they were subjugated by the Turks, were an ancient and civilized people, with an organized society which the Turks, in long centuries, have never been able to approximate: an enterprising race, thrifty, energetic, and capable of progress and culture along all lines. In spite of savage repression, they became the leading merchants, traders, lawyers, doctors of the country, especially in the interior.

Even in the reign of Abdul Hamid the Minister of Finance was usually an Armenian. They amassed great wealth and property, and the Turkish peasant was usually dependent on them.

Now the real programme of the Young Turk party is 'Turkey for the Turks.' Under the name of 'Ottomanization,' they were determined to assimilate or eliminate all the non-Turkish elements in the Empire, and uplift their own race at the expense of the non-Moslem peoples of the country. They were drunk with the idea of nationalism. They condemned the statesman-like policy of Mohammed II, conqueror of Constantinople, in organizing and establishing the Greek Patriarchate, with its special privileges and immunities, and bewailed the fact that the Old Turks had allowed the Greek, Armenian, Bulgarian, Serbian, and Jewish elements of the Empire to keep intact their religious, linguistic, and racial peculiarities for so many centuries. They were determined to be supreme in the land they conquered, absolute masters over the subject peoples.

3. All attempts to reform Turkey have been shattered against Mohammedanism. The very first article of the Turkish Constitution declares: 'The religion of the Ottoman Empire is Islam.' The Young Turks are mostly indifferent to matters of faith, if not actually irreligious, but they know the power of Islam over the people, — its value has often been proved in assimilating the non-Turkish elements of the Empire, — and in the present case they effectually roused the inherently intolerant spirit of Islam against the 'rebellious' Armenians.

Religious fanaticism was especially appealed to when the Russians withdrew from Van and the Gallipoli campaign collapsed, and the idea of the *Jehad* or Sacred War gained in popularity. That the cause of the Armenian

atrocities was not wholly religious, however, is shown by the extremely limited categories of persons to whom the choice between deportation or acceptance of Islam was offered.

4. As a fourth factor one must mention the conflicting interests and the intrigues of European diplomacy. The Christians of Turkey have suffered untold misery because Europe cannot agree. Turkey owes her existence today to the backing England gave her in the nineteenth century. Had it not been for the Crimean War, Russia would have swallowed up the greater part, if not the whole, of Turkey, and the world would never have heard of the Hamidian massacres. In 1878, when the Russian forces advanced to the very gates of Constantinople and the Sultan was glad to sign the treaty of San Stefano (with its Article 16, providing for necessary reforms in Armenia), it was England that stepped forward, vetoed the treaty, and arranged for the Berlin Conference, which resulted in the Treaty of Berlin, its sixty-first article stipulating even greater relief for Armenia.¹ That article was the starting-point of the Armenian troubles. Turkey promised; six great powers guaranteed the reforms — with the result that the Armenians are now in danger of extermination.

To the credit of England be it said, she used her influence with Turkey for the betterment of the fate of the Christians; but as a matter of fact, it was her backing that kept Turkey alive. British interests demanded the territorial integrity of the Ottoman Empire —

¹ Art. 61 of the Treaty of Berlin. (July 13, 1878). 'The Sublime Porte undertakes to carry out without further delay the improvements and reforms demanded by local requirements in the provinces inhabited by Armenians, and to guarantee their security against the Circassians and Kurds. It will periodically make known the steps taken to this effect to the Powers, who will superintend their application.' — THE AUTHOR.

and what an integrity it was! After repeated clippings on all sides — Bosnia, and Herzegovina going to Austria, the Caucasus to Russia, Cyprus and Egypt to England, Thessaly to Greece, Eastern Roumelia to Bulgaria — the 'territorial integrity' of Turkey remained intact, for so it had been decreed by the Concert of Europe!

But when the interests of England changed; when it suited her plans better to see the Russian Bear on the shores of the Bosphorus than the German Eagle, the Conference of Reval was held, and Turkey's disintegration determined on. But it was too late. A new defender had risen up, with more ardor and zeal than the Turk had ever known before. Kaiser and Sultan had

clasped hands, and under the electrifying influence of this new *rapprochement* the Young Turks startled the world. In six months they succeeded in doing what the Old Turks were unable to accomplish in six centuries. The extermination of the Armenians is well under way. Thousands of Nestorians and Syrians have vanished from the face of the earth. More than 300,000 Greeks have been deported from the Ottoman Empire, and many more sent to the interior. The fate that awaits the surviving Christians and Jews — in fact, of all the non-Turkish elements — depends on the term of the fratricidal war and its fortunes. The Young Turks are watchfully waiting to carry out their programme: 'Turkey for the Turks.'

THE DEFEAT OF THE GERMAN GENERAL STAFF¹

BY HERBERT SIDEBOTHAM

THE resignation of von Falkenhayn and the succession of von Hindenburg brought out a latent antagonism in German policy that has existed since long before the war. Von Falkenhayn, like most of the German General Staff, is a Westerner, and had persuaded himself that the way to victory for his country lay through France and Belgium. Von Hindenburg, on the other hand, is an Easterner. He would have made the main German offensive this year in the East, preferably toward Petrograd; but

if there had been any doubt about the attitude of Roumania, or of Austrian ability to hold the Russians, then toward Kieff. All through the winter, he and his army on the Dvina front were starved both for drafts and supplies, and there was a great deal of floating gossip about the set that had been made against him by the General Staff. Even in the brilliant campaign against Russia last year which, some will have it, was of his designing, there were signs toward the end that Hindenburg was being thrust aside, assigned the most difficult and thankless work, and left insufficiently supported. In the winter the General Staff, which had already turned their backs on the man,

¹ The character of this article makes it desirable for the reader to know that the author is the chief writer on military and naval affairs of the *Manchester Guardian* and editor of the *Guardian's History of the War*. — THE EDITORS.

turned their backs on his policy too, and faced right about to the West. The result was the great failure of Verdun, the breaking of the Austrian lines in Volhynia, and the entry of Roumania into the war. Hindenburg was proved indisputably right. Doubtless, if the main attack had been made in the East, the Allies would have attacked in the West; but the Germans would have been in at least as favorable a position to defeat them as they were after the heavy losses at Verdun; and one half the energy put into the western campaign, applied to the eastern, would have secured results which would certainly have made Germany arbiter of the East for this generation.

There are very few purely military blunders to be found in history; almost invariably they are an amalgam of some sort, political, social, or moral. It was so with Falkenhayn's blunders. His history is an interesting one. More than twenty years ago he left the army for a commercial post in China; his enemies said that he was in debt, or at any rate had more extravagant tastes than a captaincy could support. In China he did well, and when the Boxer outbreak occurred, he had acquired sufficient reputation and knowledge of the country to be attached to Count von Waldersee's staff in the expedition to Peking, at first in an unofficial, and later in a more regular, capacity. Waldersee liked him, took him back with him to Germany, and secured him the command of a provincial army corps.

Presently began the acquaintance with the Crown Prince. Falkenhayn had seen much more of life and of the world than the average Prussian general, who is usually somewhat provincial (both for good and evil) in manners and in thought. His mercurial temperament had not a trace of German dullness and stolidity. He was a man of form and taste, and his judgments on

men and affairs were illuminated with liveliness and a Gallic changefulness of mood. Not that he was shallow or lacked stability; intellectually he was very well-moored and his accomplishment was high. But a whole generation of German history and of 'getting-on' in the world is to be read in the difference between Falkenhayn and old Moltke, as in that between Bismarck and Bülow. Such a man was bound to succeed with an intellectually ambitious, but none the less feeble, German court, and princes have always been susceptible to the attractions of those who knew how to temper their undeniable talents with courtliness. He became a member of the Crown Prince's clique and of the General Staff.

This body was much more than a servant of the government. It was an opposition within a government. There being no party government in German Imperial administration, there could be no such thing as His Majesty's Opposition, and the nearest you could get to a German translation of so idiomatic a phrase of English politics would be to speak of the Emperor's Government and of the Crown Prince's Opposition. The General Staff belonged to that Opposition. There are no water-tight compartments in men's minds, and it is inevitable that the political and social ideas of a General Staff should color its military and professional judgments. They certainly did in Germany. For Russia these men had much admiration. War with her might be a disagreeable necessity, in order to attain certain definite political ends; but it should be a dynastic war, like those of the old-fashioned European history, not a conflict of political philosophies. But to the Crown Prince and his friends, war with France and England presented itself in a very different light. They were liberal countries and the ideas even of their rulers were very little

sounder than those of the hated Social Democrats in Germany. Here there were not merely governments to fight, but principles too, and people who were a living propaganda of them. This was a war of the heart — and of the stomach as well. England in particular was hated because she held the keys of the seas, and all the commercial Jingoism of the country heaved when it thought of her.

Love of the power that wealth brings, and of the opportunities of self-indulgence, had eaten deep into the soul of modern Germany and nowhere deeper than into the soul of its princes and generals. It made yet another reason why war in the West should interest the General Staff more than war in the East. Allowance too should be made for the deadweight of conservatism in military matters. The German military juggernaut had once rolled toward the West, and it tended by mere reflex action to roll the same way again. *Ruit mole sua.*

In their desire for an understanding with both England and France men like the Chancellor and, at any rate until 1912, the Kaiser himself, were almost certainly sincere. But they never had the sympathy of the military party. What is more, they never had even its unwilling coöperation. If war it must be, then it was for Germany an obvious measure of prudence that it should be war without England, and as far as possible without the national sentiment of France, against her. Assuming that the main motive of Germany in declaring war on Russia was to insure her position in the East, — in other words, that this was in its essence a war of the Turkish succession, — it is quite conceivable that Germany might have had a war without England and, if not without France, at any rate with France apathetic. Some of the suggestions made by Bethman-Hollweg just before the

outbreak of war show that this idea was insistent in his mind. So far, however, from receiving the support and coöperation of the General Staff, that was precisely the kind of war that they did not want. They put up with the war on Russia because in no other way was it possible to realize Germany's ambitions in the East. But the war that they did want was war with France and England. As the Kaiser stood on the brink, contemplating its black depths and wondering whether there were not some easier and less dangerous way of performing his theatrical rôle, Tirpitz and Falkenhayn came and pushed him in.

Nor is this mere metaphor. What made France keenly enthusiastic for the war, and England's entry inevitable, was not the eastern policy of Germany or any purely political aims of hers, but simply and solely the plans of the General Staff for putting the main military strength of the country to the West. These plans had doubtless been in existence for some time and it was difficult to change them at the last minute. Yet had the General Staff had the same angle of vision as the Chancellor, alternative plans would long ago have been prepared to meet a political situation which must have been foreseen as likely; and that they were not prepared was due mainly to the disloyalty of the Staff to the political ideas of the Government. There were in fact two governments in Germany: the official government, which was aiming at the realization of certain very definite political ambitions in the East; and the General Staff, which was in effect an opposition government. The Chancellor wanted one kind of war — a war with Russia for the Turkish succession with as few other enemies as possible. The General Staff, whose politics were other than the Chancellor's, wanted a very different sort of war, and got what they wanted. The Chancellor has al-

ways put forward as his excuse for declaring war on Russia that Germany could not afford to waste her advantage of more rapid mobilization. But the military chiefs made nonsense of this excuse by leaving the Russian front to Austria and using Germany's power of rapid mobilization against France. So little importance did the Staff attach to the danger of attack from Russia that they were caught completely unprepared on that side and East Prussia suffered a very humiliating invasion.

It will not do to say that the General Staff had no alternatives. They had two, either of which would have been better than the plan actually adopted. They might, best of all, have refrained from attacking France and remained on the defensive in the West. The political advantages of this strategy from the Chancellor's point of view would have been enormous, especially if it had been accompanied, as it might well have been, by a statement explaining the motives of the German policy. Supposing that Germany had said, as in such case she could have done, with a good show of reason, that having no quarrel with France she did not propose to attack her; and that as her object was to punish Serbia and to resist the claims of Russia in the Balkans, all her offensive operations, so long as she was not attacked from the West, would be directed against the East, it may well be that France, such is her loyalty to her Allies, might still have attacked. But it is obvious that the whole character of the war would have been different. There is no reason to suppose that the result of these attacks would have been different from the result of those actually made. But if the French armies had been defeated under these circumstances, is it to be supposed that they would have gone on attacking indefinitely? Would not a keen opposi-

tion have arisen in France to a war which it would then most plausibly have been said was not in defense of France but for Serbia, and for Russia's interests in the Balkans? Nor need we take the view that desire to protect Belgium was the sole motive for British intervention, to have the gravest doubts whether Great Britain would have entered the war if there had been no attack on France, and Germany had declared that she had no intention of attacking her but simply desired to assert her ambitions in the East. Vast as these political gains would have been, they would have cost Germany no military advantages. On the contrary, the military results would have been far greater than those actually obtained. A double German and Austrian offensive against Russia at the outset of the war would have inflicted a blow from which she could never have recovered. East Prussia and Galicia would never have been invaded, all Poland would have been lost before winter, and a spring campaign would have taken the German armies to Petrograd, Moscow, Kieff, and Odessa. Even if England had joined in, Russia's case would have been hopeless. But if, as is quite possible, England were still hesitating, Russia, without the assistance of British sea-power and completely cut off from all possibility of renewing her supplies, must have made peace before the war had lasted a year.

Secondly, an alternative less advantageous for Germany but far better than the course actually taken, would have been for Germany, if she must take the offensive against France in order to obtain greater security against attack, to rest content with occupying the Meuse heights. This would have been a very considerable military occupation, but it would have been easier at the beginning of the war than it was at the end of the second year, when the bulk of the

German armies were employed in defending parts of their line which, if Belgium had not been invaded, would have borne no sort of relation to the defense of their own country. Whether an attack on the Meuse heights would have any chance of success if directed from purely German territory is perhaps open to doubt, but an advance through Luxembourg would have answered her purpose just as well. If the occupation of the Meuse heights had been all that was desired, there would have been no reason for the Belgian invasion, which contributed less than nothing to her chances against Verdun.

There were thus two alternatives, both preferable to the plan of campaign actually adopted. It took the Germans two years to discover that the much-vaunted General Staff had quite gratuitously doubled and trebled the tasks of the country and made defeat at least as likely as victory would have been had it been less disloyal to the policy of the official Government. The dismissal of Falkenhayn is the manifest proof that this discovery has at last been made. It is the disgrace, not of Falkenhayn alone, but of the whole Staff, for Hindenburg is not a Staff man at all, but a mere 'regimental officer,' as they would say in England.

But mark, if we would understand the fatuity of the Staff, the stages which led to the discovery. The first to be disgraced was Moltke — and very justly. Even if we accept the view — and no one surely would accept it now — that the balance of purely military and professional reasons was in favor of the invasion of Belgium, it was nothing less than madness, having invaded Belgium and thereby made the intervention of England certain, to stop short of the sea and not to make certain of the coast-line. When the retreat of the British from Mons began, the whole coast-line of France could have been

had for the asking; and not until after the battle of the Marne did the Germans begin the conquest of the coast. It was too late. The Narrows, which in September would have cost them nothing, were not to be had in October even by the expenditure of 250,000 casualties in the so-called battle of Calais. Of all the blunders in military history there is none to compare with this. Nor were the mountains of German dead the only monument to this incompetence. It was in the period between the discovery of the German Staff that with England in the war the coast did matter, when they were in a state of nervous apprehension of a British landing on the coast, that their worst excesses took place in Belgium. They were cruel, as men often are, because they were afraid. Thus the blunder cost the German army honor as well as life.

But though the General Staff realized that the western campaign had been grossly mismanaged, in its execution, they were as far as ever from admitting that their whole conception was fundamentally wrong.

In spite of the attacks on Ypres in 1915, the main summer campaign of the German armies last year was in the East, and the remarkable measure of success that they attained shows how much more they might have done if they had begun the war in Poland instead of in Belgium. Had the policy of the Allies been wiser, the Germans would not have been able to repair in the East their mistakes in the West, and the opportunity let slip in the first autumn of the war would never have been caught up again.

The narrative of the blunders of German Staff strategy must here be interrupted by some observations on the war policy of the Allies, which delayed for another year the complete exposure of the German General Staff.

In the strategy of the Western Allies, and especially of England, the same antagonism between East and West is observable, though it took very different forms and was due to very different causes from those which we have seen in Germany. British foreign policy before the war was curiously lop-sided. Any doubts there might be about our duty and interest to assist France were resolved by the invasion of Belgium, but only a negligible minority in the Government or out of it recognized at the beginning of the war any duty or interest in Serbia. 'To Hell with Serbia,' said a placard of *John Bull* just before the war. Our views of policy, both military and civil, left that side of Europe out of account; that end of the stick was regarded as Russia's only. No one in authority seems to have realized that here in the East were the true political motives of the German Government, or that the domination of the bridge-head of Serbia was the end in view, and France and Belgium only the means to that end. All through 1915, the Western Allies were slowly adjusting themselves to what was for them a new orientation of the war; and a very tragic process this adjustment was. One man in the English Government saw early that after the German failure in the battle of Calais the true centre of gravity of the war had shifted, at any rate for the time being, to the East. Throughout this year England was accumulating an army in France for an offensive which had not the remotest chance of decisive success until the following year; and all the time the East, the jugular of the war, was comparatively neglected. Had we understood the situation in time, neither Turkey would have come in against us — and if she had, the fall of Constantinople would have been the penalty — nor Bulgaria, nor would Serbia have perished, nor would there ever have been

any doubt about the attitude of Greece. The price of foodstuffs would not have risen so high, had the forcing of the Dardanelles released the Black Sea ports; Russia would never have suffered from a munitions famine, and the Germans would have been unable in the summer of 1915 to call in the East to redress the balance in the West.

The one man who understood these things in time was Winston Churchill, to whom public opinion in England, or at any rate parliamentary opinion, has been bitterly unjust during the war. Mr. Churchill has many faults, but he is the one man in the Government who had anything like strategic vision; not for nothing was he the descendant of the greatest of all English strategists. Such a man sees the truth of a military situation in a flash, by a kind of second sight, and the process of converting others is maddening in its slowness, — like arguing a short-sighted man into an intellectual conviction that something which you can see with your own eyes is really there. Impatient intuitive vision on the one hand and unimaginative dullness on the other, laid between them the foundation of the disappointments that followed in the Dardanelles expeditions — disappointments that Lancashire of all the English counties most bitterly resents. Everything connected with that expedition is still the subject of heated controversy, and the discussion of any single one in the chain of causes that led to the failure would carry us too far from the main course of our argument. Nor is it possible at this stage to apportion justly the blame for what happened. But the leading facts stand out beyond challenge. In the early months of 1915, when the attacks on Constantinople began, the British, for the very first time in the war, and for the last time until the very end of the second year of the war, had the strategic initiative in their hands. The folly

and disloyalty of the German General Staff in concentrating against the West and leaving the East to Austria had left the citadel of Germany's ambitions almost defenseless. Had we acted with the necessary vigor, and been one quarter as generous in our provision for that part of the world where the enemy was weak, and immediate results of the most tremendous importance were to be gained, as we were for the West, where no decisive results were to be had for another eighteen months, there was no reason why we should not have been by the middle of last year in a definitely better position than now. The disgrace of the General Staff, which seemed imminent after the war had been in progress for four months, was thereby delayed for another twenty, and the war was lengthened by at least a year.

It was strange that England of all countries should have been slow to perceive the strategic importance of the East or if she perceived it, so reluctant to make the necessary sacrifices. Had it been France that was reluctant, the position would have been intelligible enough. Her country was invaded and her first anxiety was to get the enemy off her soil; her interests in the East, although considerable, were not to be compared with ours; and she was feeling the frightful drain on her manhood. For her to fight shy of the East and to grudge the expenditure of men on enterprises which she had some right to regard as secondary so far as she was concerned, would have been very natural. Yet such was not the view of the majority—at any rate in the French Chamber. On August 27, 1915, as M. Poincaré has told us, the three committees for War, the Navy, and Foreign Affairs unanimously passed a resolution embodying 'the attention and deliberation of two months,' calling on the Government to 'organize an expedition which would ensure the fall of Con-

stantinople.' That is to say, at a time when Frenchmen with the enemy in their country might justly have said that their chief duty was at home, the responsible committees of the Chamber were pressing on the Government the importance of the East and the need of making any drafts on their depleted strength that might win Constantinople for the Allies. Churchill said the same: 'All through the year (1915) I have offered the same counsel to the Government—undertake no operation in the West which is more costly to you in life than to the enemy. In the East take Constantinople; take it by ships if you can, or take it by soldiers if you must. Take it by whatever plan, military or naval, commends itself to your experts, but take it and take it soon.' The British House of Commons never quite understood Mr. Churchill's advocacy of the Eastern solution. The French Chamber understood without being told, although it was under the strongest temptation to look the other way. How English popular opinion in 1915 came to be enamored of the rank military heresy that you must attack where the enemy is strongest and you have the least chance of success—and this was literally true of the west front in 1915—is one of the mysteries of the war. Another mystery is the infatuation of military newspaper experts with the doctrine of attrition. As a matter of fact the attrition was against us, but in any case the bare idea of ending the war that way is anathema to the art of war and almost a denial that the art exists.

In the autumn of 1915, the General Staff suffered a great blow by the resignation of Tirpitz, partly in consequence of the firm stand taken by the United States on the submarine war. Tirpitz had been one of the pillars of the western school of German strategy. Not that the German military chiefs

had any great faith in the abilities of this ridiculously overrated man. Had he had a spark of originality and, instead of following the lead of Lord Fisher in the building of Dreadnoughts, concentrated on submarine craft and commerce destroyers, British naval power might have been in danger. As it was, Tirpitz discovered the submarine by a series of lucky accidents after the war had begun, when it was too late to make it a decisive weapon of war even if Germany had been prepared to have the United States added to the numbers of her enemies. But Tirpitz was a Westerner in his strategy, because the open sea was in the West, and he was an advocate of the ruinous Belgian strategy of the Staff because it promised to add more coast to Germany and give her another lung to breathe with. Tirpitz for the same reason was a frank annexationist of Belgium. His dismissal therefore was a great victory for the Chancellor. It meant more than disappointment with his conduct of the navy. Behind it all was a political triumph of the Chancellor's eastern school of politics. It was a defeat for the annexationists of Belgium and an advertisement that henceforth the political ends of the war for Germany were not in the West but in the East.

It was a plain warning to Falkenhayn. The errors of the past could not be wholly obliterated. Having wasted the strength of the German army on the Belgian chimera and doubled the magnitude of the war at a stroke — all for nothing, for the Chancellor had now declared against annexation in Belgium — it was not now possible to repair the waste by withdrawing and concentrating elsewhere. The Staff had made its bed in the West and must lie on it. Still, it need not have done more than lie on it. But the General Staff instead of cutting their losses,

like baffled gamblers returned and doubled their stakes. They did not, it is true, renew their offensive efforts through Belgium. Instead, they concentrated early in the war on the disastrous Verdun enterprise. If this enterprise had any military moment, it was a confession that the original plan of invading Belgium had been an unnecessary mistake; for if Verdun could be attacked without assistance from the Belgian side in the spring of this year, clearly it might have been attacked without Belgium in the summer of 1914. It was in effect the acceptance, eighteen months too late, of the second of the alternative plans set forth already in this article — the plan, that is, of attacking France without help from the Belgian side. Why it was too late and how it failed in France, there is no need to say here; but weakening as this Verdun enterprise was to the power of German offensive in the East, it need not have spelt such disaster as it in fact did. The obvious risk of the Verdun enterprise was that if it failed it might give Russia her opportunity in the East, and common prudence therefore suggested that the Austrian front should be doubly insured against risk.

The first six months of the war had given warning of the danger of leaving the Austrians without support against Russia. But not only were the Austrians left unsupported: they were encouraged to embark in an enterprise of invading the Venetian plains. This made Russian victory certain, and with the Russian victory came the invasion of Galicia and Bukovina and the addition of nearly a million Roumanians to the numbers of their enemies. Of course Falkenhayn had now to go. His disservices to Germany had richly merited the fall, and, in addition he had associated the Imperial house with the discredit of the disaster.

Wrongly do people praise the virtues of the German Staff and its achievements in this war. That it has great professional capacity and that it has shown originality on the mechanical side of war is not to be denied. But outside these technics it has committed every mistake possible. It began the war by invading Belgium and so making sure that Germany would have to face the naval power of England and its potential military power. It went on to strengthen that naval power by a series of outrages on neutrals and non-combatants that gave England the excuse to retaliate by a real blockade of all the inlets into Germany which otherwise would have been impossible. For this invasion of Belgium it got no corresponding advantage but got rather a disadvantage, even if we suppose — as is very unlikely — that England would have raised millions to assist France if Belgium had not been invaded. But if it was not necessary or even advantageous to invade Belgium in order to attack France, neither was it necessary to attack France at all. This decision not only had the consequence of converting England into a first-class military power but it threw France heart and soul into the war. It doubled the

military strength of France and added millions of British soldiers to the German enemies. Further, the invasion from the north was carried out without competence or providence and the risks of it made the Germans cruel and added disgrace to faults. In addition, the concentration on the west was responsible for the invasion of East Prussia and the losses of the Austrians. There was no excuse for the first commission of these faults; their second commission after all the warnings, was an example of 'Hubris,' of the overweening pride which inevitably, by a law of human nature, leads to disaster. It was not for lack of professional accomplishments that blunders were made which mere incompetence would have avoided. The cause was partly moral (for even this war, pitiable as it has been, does exhibit the working of a moral law), partly political, in that the General Staff were persistently disloyal to the political Government. They forgot the fundamental principle of the teaching of Clausewitz that war is a mode of politics. A strategy which conceals a disloyalty of politics will inevitably break either its own back or the back of the state. In this case it seems likely to do both.

THE FLAME OF FRANCE

BY ALLEN TUCKER

'Un poilu? C'est une âme avec un numéro.' And this line, from a verse written by a soldier at the front, entirely expresses it; for not only is each *poilu* 'une âme,' each woman and child

is a soul, or rather each one is a living, flaming piece of that collective soul which we now know as France. For this war, so far as France is concerned, is of the spirit. It is a war to save the

spirit, to keep the spirit of France independent, untrammelled, and pure. It is an effort of the most developed and civilized people on earth to save its soul alive. It is a glass, through which suddenly we have seen the soul of France.

Even before one lands in Bordeaux one feels it: when one first sees the lighthouse, rising tall and white from the low shore, one feels the ascending line of it to be expressive of aspiration and liberty. In Bordeaux there were soldiers leaving for the front, and one family is unforgettable. The man walked ahead on the narrow sidewalk in his new steel helmet, and behind him came his wife and little girl, and the face of that lady was to me as a vision of another world, — a face carrying such a fullness of victorious self-sacrifice, a face so intelligent, so understanding, so sensitive, so everlastingly sure of victory, so willing to pay the dreadful price, if that price must be paid to insure that victory. One felt it when one went for a brief moment into the beautiful church of St. Croix — felt it all through the darkness of the church, felt it in the old window at the end, where a pale Christ hung on the cross, dying for the sins of the whole world.

The soldiers one saw carried a look of indestructible gentleness, the quiet, retiring, but dreadfully steady eye of a certain type of natural fighter; the women the look of patient courage. 'Que voulez-vous? C'est la guerre.' The fact always looked straight in the face, never flinched from, never exaggerated, never belittled.

At a luncheon, the nephew of the host — a most talented young man — was about to leave for the front. His uncle rose, and proposed to drink to the health of his dear nephew, Emile, in champagne — a great rarity now. Before he could drink, the boy's mother leaped to her feet and cried: 'Non, non; à la Victoire!' And they all stood

and drank the toast in silence, with the tears running from their splendid eyes. People like that have understood; they have seen.

Of all the gardens, the Luxembourg is the one that carries most quality in it. It is as tender, enfolding, comprehending, as always, but now with a tenderness that comes only out of a deep passion. Sitting there, one could not define; one was sure only that one felt the poignancy, the penetrativeness of it all as one had never realized it before. It came to one through the bare clipped trees, through the straight lines, through the fading chrysanthemums, under the gray sky, with the glimpse of the setting sun.

In the trains arriving at La Chapelle from the front, the faces of the wounded are more like the faces of saints than the faces of soldiers — and now and then a bearded one lifted by suffering and sacrifice to a likeness of the very Christ.

The women in the villages are quite as wonderful as the wounded soldiers. One rainy day, coming across a field road deep in mud, I meet a young woman. She knows me, so I walk with her. She wears a thin black dress and one of those French knitted shawls that are mostly square holes, with only an umbrella to keep off the slanting rain. She belongs at the Post-Office. It is there I had seen her, at the rural free delivery. It is too muddy to ride her wheel, so she must walk. 'Ah, c'est trop! Trente kilomètres, vous savez, chaque jour; c'est trop.' And when I agree that 18 miles is too much, she says: '*Mais que voulez-vous?* My husband, he was killed in Champagne; my little girl has five years. I must work.' And then she races me in to the Post-Office to prove her path the shorter, and, when I arrive she, already behind her desk, laughs with gayety at my being in the wrong. A people like that is unbeatable!

A lady's maid in England gets a six months' holiday — comes to France. I saw her at work scrubbing floors in a hospital from seven in the morning till night — an intelligent, delicate woman with most refined and sensitive hands, always gay, no matter how many rainy days came in succession and how much mud was tracked over her floors. I told her she deserved the *Croix de Guerre*. It is such people who are saving France. There is no vindictiveness. The war is a matter of cold business, for the Frenchman never gets hot in his head; his brain is cool; he is always intelligent. The German is a *Boche*, that is all — the word expresses him entirely: and when one thinks that the Germans are described by the most intelligent people on earth as 'les sales Boches,' one feels that they are an unfortunate people, really to be pitied. The wounded, of course, — for it is of course, — never complain; always patient and always gay. One boy, very sick indeed, with four bad wounds and dreadful bedsores, in reply to a hope that things were going better with him, said, smiling, that 'affairs marched *doucement, doucement*.' That particular hospital occupied part of a college, and there d'Artagnan had, when a boy, been at school.

The college was built very near to the spring that had been tasted and blessed by St. Geneviève. And at midnight, when the wards were dark, it was hard not to think that, through the door of the ward and down the aisle between the rows of sleeping wounded, came the shade of d'Artagnan, gay and debonair, with his laughing Gascon eyes, with plumed hat, flowing cloak, great jack-boots, and heavy spurs — came until he reached the middle of the room, when off came the hat and out flashed the thin rapier in the *grand salut*; and then from the glorious ghost came the words: 'Messieurs mes frères,

au nom de la vieille France, je vous salue.' Later in the night, toward morning, when the life hung so feebly in the torn and wasted bodies, came St. Geneviève, shielding the flame of her lamp with her thin hand — came and stood over Ernest and made the sign of the Cross, while he, smiling in his sleep, muttered, '*Doucement, doucement*.'

The French know they beat Germany at the Marne, beat the German First Army, flushed as it was with victory. With 1870 tolling in their ears, they turned on the Germans and almost with their bare hands hurled them back. If there had been ammunition they would have pushed them back to Berlin, and they know now that in the field they are the masters.

It is the ordinary, commonplace man that is the wonder. The heroes of romance are seven feet high, with other attributes of the stage idol; but these heroes — these real heroes — are just the men of the shop, the field, and the marketplace. At the midnight Mass on Christmas morning, when they stood, a crowd of soldiers and wounded near the door of the packed church, one saw amid the waving candle-flames and the French flags, the long red streamers that reminded one of the oriflamme, and one understood something of Joan of Arc: how she too was a simple peasant, but, seeing the vision, had trusted in it and believed it, and by it had delivered France.

One saw in these simple men the everlasting brothers of the Maid — men who saw the spirit as she had seen it, and would again clear France of the invader and save it from destruction. One felt it again that night in the wards, when, after an entertainment of song and dance given by the wounded soldiers, a young man came forward at the end of the long room in the aisle between the rows of beds, and, laying

aside his crutches, leaned for support on a chair and sang the *Marseillaise*. One knew it when, at the end of the song, the wounded raised themselves in their beds to roar, *Aux armes, citoyens!* One knew then that one had experienced something that is rare in the world.

It is true that their capacity for the dramatic gives one a chance to understand them; but now the dramatic seems to be always any unconscious display of the spirit that is moving them. There is no brag; the spirit just shines through them. They cannot help it.

An aviator had fallen and had died in the hospital. The day of his funeral, a day with gusts of heavy rain, with gray streaked clouds crowding in the windy sky, the funeral procession was just leaving the hospital to go across the little place, under the clipped trees, to the village church. The priest walks at the head of the procession, intoning; the tricolor is carried at the head of the flag-draped coffin, the church-bell tolls, when screaming out of the wind-driven sky comes a war-plane, — down, down, over the church, and then, tilting at a terrible angle, around the church it goes, — once, twice, thrice, and then up and off again into the clouds. A more modern and more extraordinary expression of respect for the dead it is impossible to imagine.

All through the country one feels the same spirit everywhere that one feels in Paris — the straight roads with their sense of mental clearness and passionate directness, the poplars, monumental in their long lines against the sky. Even the clipped trees somehow convey to one a sense one never got from them before. All the common things have suddenly sprung to life, suddenly become symbols of the inner things. For a moment, the veil that hides the world from us, under the visible things,

is pulled aside, and we understand as we never understood before.

It is truly as a wounded officer said, looking across a valley on his first ride outside when convalescent, as he saw the dark bare apple trees and the rolling fields, and beyond always the rows of straight trees: 'Ah, is it not a country worth fighting for?' — and he had lost his right hand, his right foot was badly hurt, and there was a groove from a shell in the front of his head. And yet he hoped to be back at the front in the spring.

From an artillery regiment passing through a village on a foggy morning, one got a sense of efficiency, of power and completeness; the horses in good shape and the men looking — well, like French soldiers, soldiers of the best army in the world to-day. From one of them, in good American, comes, 'So long,' and they disappear down the foggy street. The sense of power and vividness is everywhere, even to the long thin bayonets of the infantry that are like exclamation points in steel; to the *Soixante-quinze*, that best of all cannon, as graceful and delicate in its way as was one of the gentlemen of Fontenoy in his.

France carries the civilization of the world in her hands, the civilization which is a heritage from the Greeks, and she knows that that is what she is fighting to save. As the Greeks saved it from the Persian host, she is saving it from the Prussian hordes, from the most backward, the most ruthless, the most material people that the world has yet had the misfortune to produce. France knows that this war is materialism trying to crush the spirit of man, the spirit of freedom, and the rights of truth and liberty, and that is why the common soldier says he is fighting for *la civilisation*.

Many of us over here think this is an ordinary war, a war between this man

and that man. Never was a greater mistake made. It is a war between liberty and beauty on the one hand, and on the other, tyranny and brutality—a war between the civilized man of the twentieth century and the man still back in the Middle Ages. For the German, in spite of his mechanical knowledge, is still in the Middle Ages, but the Middle Ages with chivalry left out—the Middle Ages without honor and without hope. That is why France wanted us to say that she was right—that was all, to say it; but as that is now too late, one hopes that we may think it, that we may understand that it is for us she is fighting—for the very things

that we have until now held sacred, for the only things that make life tolerable. What little help we can individually give her, let us give it. What we are officially, let us forget. Let us try to make her, or those of her people with whom we come in contact, understand that we, as a people, give her our respect, our admiration, and more than all, our love; that in us yet, somewhere, still burns the old flame; that in spite of a neutral government, in spite of unrestrained German aggression, in spite of luxury and materialism, there is an America still, and that America understands that France is carrying the hope of the world.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SCIENTIFIC WANDERLUST

WHEN sportsmen became infected to a slight degree by our love of specialization, and men who played tennis hesitated to row, and baseball fans sniffed at cricket, there was no need to grow alarmed. We called it 'scientific sportsmanship' and let it go at that. For these were affairs in which the public looked on and could be expected to take an interest in technique itself. But when intellectualism invaded the non-spectacular sports, sports performed for the joy of the performance, it was time to protest. In the showy game of baseball, it is well to perfect a manner of pitching and batting. Nobody decries, nay, everyone praises the ultimate curve, the bunt *fin-de-siècle*; but is it not a little too much to insist upon the only proper tent, the right paddle, the best frying-pan? Alas, that utility

has smirched the joys of camping; but even in camping there is ground for technique. Let it go the way of tennis and piano-playing.

The one sport, however, which I will not allow the hand of the specialist to corrupt is tramping. My protests may be ineffective, but at least they will be sturdy. Tramping, as all lovers of the English essay know, is a solitary adventure. It admits of no spectators; it is not a show, it is a rite. It is a rite in honor of the real inner man, carried out by his heart of hearts. It is a rite which bestows the waters of forgetfulness upon the tired business man and the bored scholar. And yet this rite has been defamed by commentators and its ritual amended by the uninitiate.

Take S—as an example. S— converted me to tramping, and I thank him for it. Previous to my entrance into grace, my voyages were confined to

my chamber. But gratitude need not obscure clear vision. I thank S——, but I denounce him. For from our earliest ten-mile trips, his conversation has been of that anticipatory sort which sucks all the meat out of a vacation before the vacation is had. We always knew when we were to start, at what point we were to meet, how much water and *Erbswurst* and chocolate we were to carry, and how much alcohol our flasks were to hold. We knew just how much weight our blanket-rolls would sustain, and spent precious minutes distributing that weight evenly. We knew who was to carry the axe and who the canteen. We even knew just where the extra tentpins were and how many the trampler ought to have. There was no trail which was unaccounted for and consequently no trail was a surprise. We knew where every spring was located together with the best camping sites. In fact, if maps were in three dimensions and naturally colored, our pencils would have been as good as our legs, and we could have truly enjoyed one of those 'vacations at home,' by the planning of which authors earn enough to go away.

I protested time and again to S——, but to no avail. He had read Kephart, adored the memory of Messmuk with him. So that when I pleaded for khaki, he coldly informed me that khaki afforded no protective coloration, whereas homespun was ideal. When I offered a bottle of canary sack, he spurned it for a tiny vial of bad brandy. I went down on my knees to him for a pocket edition of *Evan Harrington*; I wanted something sophisticated. He firmly told me that the A.M.C. guide weighed three ounces less. I argued that I was willing to lug the extra three. I was informed that I might drop dead and then he'd have them. Could I be selfish? I begged that I might have a silver knife, fork, and spoon, or at least plat-

ed ones. I had some old ones, why not take them along? The butcherish taste of steel gave me nausea. As a final *coup* I adduced Kephart's china cup without a handle, which the high priest confessed to as a unique transgression against professional style. Did that embarrass S——? He merely replied that we should have an opportunity to rectify Kephart's mistakes; that silver was effete, heavy, superfluous; that we should each have an aluminum spoon and fork and use our pocket knives to cut with.

I think I must have fainted at this point. The thought of constantly reaching out for things which looked heavier than they were, was too much for my nerves.

Still, I bore it for ten or twelve years. S——'s tyranny waxed with experience. Whereas time taught me the uselessness of plans, equipment, and style, it confirmed him in his adoration of them. He steadily read more and more authorities. He became one himself. He wrote for outing journals, descanted before sportsmen on the proprieties of the open road. The amount of ceremony he devised was appalling. He entered into debates with prominent Germans upon the superiority of the blanket-roll over the *rucksack*. He wrote a volume on tramping in which he ridiculed me for preferring 'gym' shoes to elk-soled hob-nailed boots, — I who had worn myself sore with his wretched hobs. He abandoned ten friends because they said in public that they used Alpenstocks. As soon as spring began, his maps were unrolled and he was off, describing 'unfrequented routes for pedestrians,' 'the Maine woods on foot,' etc. Folk gravely asked his advice on a thousand petty matters, and he dispensed it with the liberality of an allopath. And I, I who had shared the perils of those twelve years, — I took the place of a hero's wife!

Finally I saw what was the matter. Hence these words. Let them be a warning to readers of stylistic tendencies. I saw that S—— was formalizing something whose charm was its amorphousness. I saw that the technique of tramping was of far more interest to him than tramping itself. He said there was a right and a wrong way to everything. I answered that the right way was usually the wrong way and that I should follow that. I saw my crime in having listened to him so long. I saw that I too had defiled the Holy of Holies, had sacrificed to false gods. I took my *rucksacks*, boots, blanket-rolls, homespun knickers, canvas leggings, aluminum utensils, dried soups, waterproof match-safe, poncho, army blanket, together with the rest of that family of parvenues, and packed them all off to S——, saying that he could do with them as he would, for I would have no more of them.

I then put on a battered straw hat, a tennis shirt (not flannel), lisle socks, (not wool). I cut a good stout switch to beat up the dust with. I slung a knapsack over one shoulder — not on top of my shoulder blades; and put a thick *Oxford Book* in it — not the India paper edition; some white — not bandanna — handkerchiefs; some parlor — not safety — matches. I saw that being a true sportsman consisted in denying every dictate of common sense, and determined not to be a true sportsman. I decided that I'd sleep out when I pleased and in when I pleased; cook when I pleased and buy my meals when I pleased; do nothing by rule, everything according to fancy. In short, in the immortal words of Whitman, 'I tucked my trouserlegs into my boots and went off and had a good time.'

Whenever I came to a bad road, I turned in; whenever I saw a trail officially marked, I avoided it. I bought supplies at no recommended shop; I ate

no chocolate, no *Erbswurst*. I got soaked in the rain, I caught cold, I often made as little as five miles a day. I hooked rides, I utterly disregarded all the morality of the professional trampler. I used up my fixed sum of money within a week; I sent home for more. And I kept up my extravagance purposely. I landed in a seaport in rags and gave out my last five dollars for a berth on a cattle-ship. I was broke in Liverpool, arrested in Leeds, stranded in London. I marched in the protestant parade of the unemployed from Tower Hill down to Blackfriars. I slept on the Embankment. I dined at the Savoy in evening clothes and sold them the next day. I was almost drowned in the Channel and like Swinburne was rescued by a short-story writer.

And that very summer S—— was helping a little group of serious mountain-climbers shorten the trail up Chocorua.

This, then, is my protest against the intellectualization of tramping. I call upon all who value their better selves to support me in it. Note, we shall form no society, with neatly listed members and tidy rules. Rather shall our feeling of spiritual brotherhood bind us together in one glorious company. We shall know each other by our common avoidance of such words as 'hike,' 'the open road,' 'the lure of the trail,' 'vagabondia.' In this way can we preserve the one enjoyment left to true individuals, and prevent the incrustation of our fluid spirits.

HUMILIATION — DOMESTIC AND LITERARY

THE maid is in the kitchen writing poetry. I have promised to copy it for her on the typewriter, thus completing my humiliation. Only one who has been a moderately successful bungler

all her life can appreciate the depth of that humiliation, which began with the scrubbing of the gas stove and will soon have ended with the promised piece of stenography.

Many years ago, when I was entering upon my career as a successful bungler, I attempted the study of medicine. In the midst of a practical examination in physiology, in an effort to connect the apparatus used to register the blood-pressure curve of an unhappy fox-terrier, I turned the stream of salt water into the red and angry countenance of a nervous professor. At his display of exasperation, I turned it into his redder and more angry countenance a second time and thus failed completely in the examination. Always I have considered that the most humiliating period of my career as a bungler. To-day I know that there was a certain element of humor, almost of self-respect in that transaction which is wholly lacking in this procedure. I am nothing, so little of nothing that it seems hardly worth speaking about. Nevertheless, while she is writing her poem I can practice my touch and perhaps relieve myself of a little of the pressure of shame which bears me down.

Of course, it was vanity in the first place that led me to have a maid. There was no sense in it at all. And of course it is vanity that is being punished. The reason, as agreed upon between my husband and myself, was the fact that he needed some stenographic work done and that I had literary aspirations, he feeling most the necessity of the former and I leaning to the importance of the latter. There may have been, however, beneath his polite expressions of policy, the secret hope that the house might be dusted every day and the dishes washed every evening. Certainly there was beneath my reluctant acquiescence — which followed a judicious encouragement of the idea — the

hope that I might have somebody to wash the coffee percolator, and to clean out the sweeper, and to brush the crumbs off the table — my conception of a truly happy existence.

But this is the way it happened. The maid, an eighteen-year-old girl with fine brown skin and happy eyes, flew into my kitchen as though it were a case of typhoid and she a special nurse. In half an hour the gas stove, which I had considered at least respectably clean, was all in pieces and was being scrubbed and scoured piece by piece until it was in such a state of spotlessness as it had never known before. There my humiliation began; here I hope it will end. After the stove came the woodwork and the refrigerator, — I had always prided myself on that refrigerator, — and then the pantry and the butler's pantry; then the floor and then the rest of the house. I offered no suggestions, my imagination refusing to go the length of my maid's ambitions, and certainly never daring to venture beyond them. It was no comfort to me to have my husband rejoice openly in the speckless appearance of the house and assure me that he believed she was more than paying for herself. I knew that. I knew, too, that I had been a bungler at housekeeping, that I had not scrubbed the stove or washed the dishes regularly, or wiped the stairs every day, or cleaned the silver. The things that I had not done left no room at all in the memory for any stray duty I might have fulfilled.

Of course, as my hold on my career as a housekeeper grew feeble, I held more firmly to my hope in a career as an author. Clearly I was not a housekeeper, but I would have the opportunity to show what I could do in the literary line. My truest and deepest humiliation was waiting for me. This morning the maid saw me open my typewriter desk and spread myself before it.

'Do you write things on that, missis?' she asked; and when I assured her that I did, although as a matter of fact I am only a bungler, she announced that she wrote poetry herself.

Well, she *does* write poetry. She is writing some now on the kitchen table. Of course her work is done. It is always done. And nobody has a better right to poetry than she has. A girl who can hold to a philosophy of comfortable cheerfulness when she has had in her experience nothing more cheering than stepmothers, orphan homes, and other folks' kitchens, and who can express that philosophy in any sort of rhythm, is a poet, and a bungler ought to be very glad to help her by copying her verses on the typewriter, and sending them away to a publisher who should be very glad to get them.

Surely, you must see, no matter how wisely you may sympathize with the maid, that I am in a ridiculous and humiliating position. I acquired her in order that I might proceed upon my literary career, only to have her show me up for what I am worth in the kitchen, and then put me in my proper place of stenographer to her own literary efforts.

Perhaps it is no more than a bungler might expect, however, and at any rate it is a comfort not to have to wipe down the stairs, even though I have no time left to be an author.

P.S. The humiliation is complete. When I copied the maid's poem I ventured — it was no doubt the remnant of pride in me that led me — I ventured to suggest a change in one verse which seemed to me overgrown and wayward. Kindly, but firmly, I was put back into my place as stenographer.

'Don't you see you spoils the singin' when you reads it that way?' she inquired. And I went on pounding the keys.

THE GLORY OF INTOLERANCE

TO-DAY I passed through a moment of queer pain — the pain of memory — and it answered for me a question which has often importuned my fancy. This question had to do with a paradise I once conceived, full of the brightness and flying laughter of youth, an immortality of memories fashioned into realities once more. Here the early bravery of the spiritless and old should live unconquered, and the fleetness of the youthful runner be treasured up for him. Which of the gifts anciently mine should I claim in such a place?

To-day, in the library, I suddenly knew. I had opened a volume of Stevenson and begun to read a favorite passage, when some dimming instinct uttered its voice, a voice of scorn against my pleasure. This remembered scorn has come to me only rarely — to-day it had the vividness of an expiring memory. As its lost voice smote me, I put down the book, for it was then I knew.

'Give me back,' I said, 'my intolerance.'

All young readers know it — the period of intolerance, that time of complete spontaneity, when epithets rush to the lips almost with the first opening of a book. The youthful critic knows what is bad in books, and he cannot overlook it. His makeup is merciless, and he never forgets. He cannot be made to look for virtue where he has just unmasked vice. He draws some very black lines. Compromise he cannot understand. I remember well my first reading of Stevenson, and how I overtook him in some venial sin or other in the middle of the first page. 'Poseur!' I cried — I can feel now how my lip curled. For years I would not change the disdainful word. So, too, was Kipling rejected; I could not endure his salable situations, his eye out for the unworthy majority. I remember clearly

the things I said: back come the epithets — 'Commercial!' 'Meretricious!' lighted up in a blaze of virgin wrath.

Meredith, Benson, Shelley, Crothers, Rossetti, Howells, Whitman! Naming them at random from my most familiar shelves, I feel that I have fallen off indeed. They were all once on that long list of worthy hatreds which I maintained (as I remember it) with honor. One after another there return to me the swift impulses of thought which swept them magnificently into the heap of the condemned. One after another I recall the very causes of condemnation: a cheapness which I thought I detected, an insincerity which called aloud for correction, a pose, a liberty taken with my sensibilities — no matter about each one; they were all challenges, all vivid and conclusive enough. Cleverness in particular outraged me; Chesterton was long a synonym for the deliberately unseemly. But whatever the cause, my reaction to it was speedy and intense. And I was true to the reaction. I was not polite, social, or reasonable in my commerce with authors; I was, rather, arrogant and outlandish. And yet, within my own narrow limits, I was consistent.

The undiscerning philosopher would account for youthful intolerance in one way — a true explanation, so far as it goes. It is due, he would say, to the fewness of the young reader's ideas, and his attitude toward them. The mature mind harbors its multitudes, each tempered by the others, jostled from its absoluteness, and at peace with its kind. The mind of youth is sparsely stocked, and those scant numbers are all in all to him. Each concept is so sharply bounded, so excitingly itself, that he cannot trifle with its meaning. He is helpless before the absolute. There is for him an importance at once rapturous and awful about the principle that two and

two make four. His literary judgment partakes of the nature both of a rite and of a triumph, and every criticism he utters is a recourse to what he deems an eternal truth. This joyous logic has not yet been saddened by the discovery that two and two may make any sum, from zero to infinity.

But the philosopher who has loved books in his youth would know the deeper truth — the other, finer reason for youthful intolerance. To the older critic, judgment is a matter of opinion; to the younger, it is a matter of service. No one else in the world serves so whole-heartedly the idea in which he believes and the beauty which he has seen. This is his mission. His intolerance is only the reverse side of real literary passion; if he is ruthless, it is only because he is inspired by ideals of deathless strength and impossible beauty. If real poetic insight is ever granted him, it is granted now; and in the midst of unaccountable enthusiasms, he has gleams — let no one doubt this — of truer readings and surer raptures. There is something dedicated and knightly in his attitude. I remember that my first reading of Milton was a sort of accolade, an entrusting to me of a secret of incommunicable loveliness by which all else must stand or fall. I know other young readers who, unconsciously, also accept their revelations as a trust and a charge. Error must be met, truth defended, the unworthy sent down to defeat. To take new manners and new ideas on sufferance only; to judge them instantly; above all, to reject, denounce, destroy — all this is part of the service of the reader-errant, part of his narrow generosity and his bigotry of beauty. As ideas are the supreme excitement, so each book is the Great Adventure. No faltering is felt in the attack, no quarter given, and all his banners are planted firmly and haughtily upon a beetling hill.